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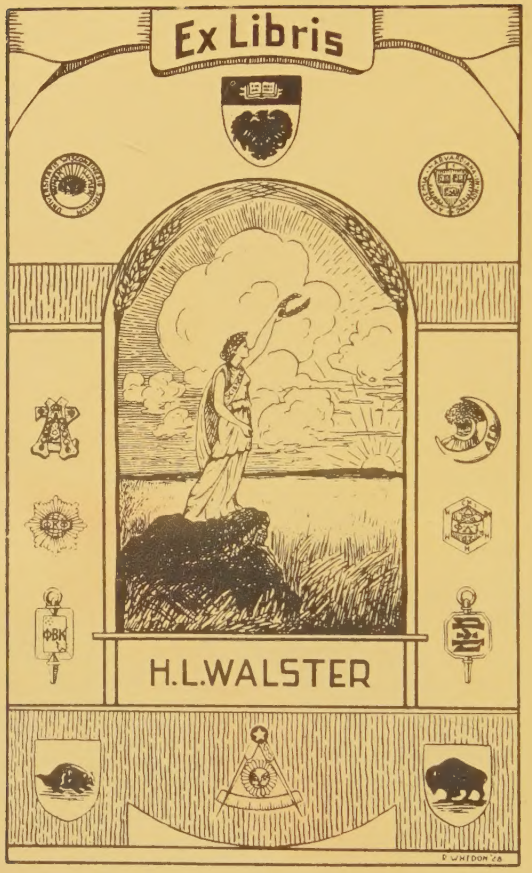
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THE LINES OF THE TORII AT MIYAJIMA HAVE THE BEAUTY OF THE WINGS OF AN ALBATROSS

JAPAN

REAL AND IMAGINARY

By

SYDNEY GREENBIE

With Many Illustrations
from Photographs

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
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To

MARJORIE LATTA BARSTOW

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PREFACE

NOTWITHSTANDING that there is already a bibliography of works on Japan as large, if not larger than this volume, I make no apologies for offering it to the public. Nations completely change their tissues every few years just as our bodies change their skins, and Japan to-day is not what it was before the fateful days of 1914. The only explanation I think the public is right in demanding concerns the point of view from which the writer has approached his subject. And this I make readily.

The slogan "Go West" had its effects on me. I went west at the time the anti-Japanese sentiment stirred California to action. I started on "farther" west when the present Emperor of Japan ascended the throne, but was held up in Honolulu, Hawaii, for want of steamship accommodation. There I caught my first glimpse of the life of the Japanese, his inability to mix with other races, and his aggressiveness. Unable to secure passage, I changed my course within an hour of the arrival of the *Niagara* at Honolulu, and sailed for Australia. I broke my journey at Fiji, where I saw another mixture of races—the native, the Indian, and the whites. I turned north again to Samoa, the home of R. L. S., where again this mixture obtains. Then I sailed on to New Zealand. There, instead of spending just a few weeks, I remained a year, again interesting myself in the linking of races, the mixture of the Maories with the English. I tramped New Zealand from end to end, and then set off for Australia, where I remained six months. The anti-Japanese sentiment there brought me face to face with the problem again.

But one thing, and one alone, lured me on—the Orient. Often unutterably weary of the way, I was ready to turn home; but I had not seen the East. So to the East I went, skirting the Australian coast along the Great Barrier Reef, anchoring over its dangerous shallows for two nights and sailing on over a sea it was a pity to disturb; Sundaying, which is no picnic, at Thursday Island; zigzagging through sea after sea till we arrived at Manila, in the Philippines. Twenty-six days it took us. For another two we rocked on the China Sea—and reached Hongkong. It was China I had been after, but fate said Japan, with just a squint at Shanghai. And Japan it was for twenty-six months.

Thus, having seen forty thousand miles of the Pacific I feel that my approach to Japan justifies my present work. I do not claim any originality in sources. Credit is due to the works of Brinkley, Chamberlain, Murdoch, Aston, and others whose researches have opened the shell of Japanese historical seclusion. But I limited myself to authorities. I purposely avoided descriptive writers—including Lafcadio Hearn—so as to be free from all bias for or against Japan. To the pages of *The Japan Chronicle* I owe a debt which can never be repaid for the sane and just light they throw upon the daily life and thought of the Japanese.

There is none other to whom I owe an acknowledgment—except her whose name stands by itself in dedication—for the way of the wanderer is a lonely one. But to Marjorie Latta Barstow I must here give credit for criticism, encouragement, and for checking up the use of pronouns which the man who has walked by himself finds very hard to keep in conventional order.

SYDNEY GREENBIE.

NOTE: I wish to thank the publishers of *Harper's Monthly*, *Asia*, *Outlook*, *World Outlook*, and *Dial* for permission to use material published by them.

Part One
IMPRESSIONISTIC

JAPAN
REAL AND IMAGINARY

I

THE INLAND SEA

IT was quite dark when the *Tamba Maru*, en route from China, suddenly stopped her screws and anchored for the night in the Straits of Shimonoseki, just outside the harbors of Moji and Shimonoseki. Obedient to war regulations, the ship could not enter after sundown, though she was at a home port. Half a century ago other regulations intending to prohibit entry were in force, but the Japanese happened to have misjudged the appellants. Though simple war-vessels, the medieval forts could not deny them. The challenge culminated in the Shimonoseki affair and in the opening of Japan to the world. Real Japan was as much of a prophecy to me that night, in 1917, as I slept on the waters at its gates, as it was to those others in 1853. While forcing the gates of this empire they hadn't the slightest notion whether it was Beauty or Beast they sought to awaken. I have not as yet made the discovery myself. The next few years will tell.

So there we lay at anchor, up against that pyramid of dark-blue shadows, sheltered behind nothing from an imaginary world. Not even an electric light upon

which to focus one's memories! All day long they had vouched for the blue beyond being Japan, but my conscious self would not know it. But at dawn I realized why I had not inwardly acknowledged it. From behind the land came the rising sun, and we moved behind the land into a harbor full of massive steamers whose rising smoke made me think of the magician in Aladdin's lamp. What sort of wonders were to reveal themselves in this strange land?

Moji lay huddling to the shore at our right; Shimonoseki, at our left. We were now right in the midst of activity, yet it did not seem Oriental. How wildly different it had been at Hongkong and Shanghai, with the swarming masses of humanity, each alive to his own responsibilities to himself, each trying to outdo the other in the shouting struggle for existence. Not so here. The launches that crowded about us seemed to move as though by command from a central office, as though on an efficiency parade, and the girl coal-heavers who were brought alongside upon a lighter laden with coal suddenly formed a line like a string of soldier-ants and commenced a rapid series of dips and risings which transferred their broken cargo into the bunkers in a perfect stream of little baskets.

Upon the ship itself another such process of change was going on. Tightly girthed and shod in close-fitting sock-like shoes called *tabi* which seemed to have been sewed on and kept on till usage should wear them off, hundreds of little men, small but well built, sprightly and pouncing in their movements, jumped about the deck in eager pursuit of cargo or baggage. One is aware that little escapes them. They seem so far-seeing and so detective-like. They may be silent, but they are not good pretenders. Such faces always put one on his guard.

I cannot recall our delivery. What Japanese Moses

led us out of the wilderness of officialism I cannot say. I do not know whether we were examined by the doctor or not, questioned by a devotee of the English tongue, or required to speak and write at least one Oriental language. I should have failed. But that was before America entered the war. Until then Japan didn't take the war seriously. All I remember is that though in possession of only an Australian Commonwealth Emergency Permit, good no farther than Hongkong, instead of my American passport, I found myself clipping along over the water early in the morning, bound first for Shimonoseki, and then for Moji.

Our little launch moved about within a harbor thick with fishing-vessels. Their sail-less masts swayed with the impatience of the swells, as though eager to be tested before the winds. But they were lashed—and soon so were we—lashed to the shore and to Japan.

It is not often that the day permits of greater illusive beauty than that which the night amasses. But that is the way of Japan. Such painstaking details so delicately done reveal themselves only in sunlight. The hills at night are not more than other hills; by dawn they become terraced shrines, stepping-stones to heaven. And more intimate contact changes them from shrines to life-giving and life-sustaining verities. Obviously Izanagi and Izanami, the divine creators of these islands, had a well-developed sense of placing, such as would interest travelers. With the Straits of Shimonoseki here in the western end of the archipelago leading into the Inland Sea and on through that and out again to Yokohama, due east, one never fails to realize that one has truly arrived at the place where the world opens to the sun.

From hearsay one generally gleans one's prejudices. Because of muffled reports, I was, before knowing

it, almost chilled toward Japan. But the moment one sets foot on its soil preconceived aversions vanish. Everything is so strange, so obvious, so delicately appealing. Streets? There are no streets. The houses are but stage-settings for moving pictures, too small for grown-ups and too large for dolls. The paper doors and windows could keep out only a make-believe thief, and the upper balconies would never separate a healthy Romeo from his Juliet. What a town to tarry in!

The quaintness of an early Japan still loiters about Moji. The dark-gray roof tiles, the charred outer walls, the crowded intimacy, the terraced hills which since time immemorial have been nursed and exploited in small holdings—these things do not change so rapidly. Yet they are going. Newer buildings, of concrete and longer promise, indicate what is coming over Moji. With its "cellars" full of coal deposits and itself the center of Asiatic and American navigation, how long will it be before the old Moji, living in history, will be forgotten of men? The hills curve round the bay and almost close it in. But the thick, low-hanging smoke from factory and steamer acclaims the change under which the port is laboring.

Through the early morning hours under the chill low clouds the village shuts its eyes in sleep deceptively. Moji steals another wink from the vault of time. Here and there men huddle over their wooden fire-boxes (*hibachi*), warming their toes and fingers. A paper sliding-door (*shoji*), light and slender, is pushed aside, a face peeps out—and coal-dust, granite-gray Moji is nearly awake.

I had taken up my tour of inspection with three passengers—a Japanese and two Chinese. We came upon the main thoroughfare, a rather wide, open street with a track upon which at odd hours rolled a lumbering

big trolley-car. Following it on to the right, we lost ourselves in one of the by-streets. Here stood an unpainted structure, by no means a home, yet certainly not a factory. It was a school.

One would hardly have thought breakfast could possibly have been over, but there were the youngsters, all in school, reading their lessons from books held at arm's length above the level of their eyes. Their three thousand wooden clogs or straw sandals were neatly set in pairs out upon the walk in the courtyard, waiting for as many feet to put them to flight. A gentleman in house slippers greeted us. Before being permitted to enter, however, we were asked to remove our shoes and put on similar slippers—which are neither comfortable nor graceful. We made the rounds. Cleanliness was the outstanding feature of the place, yet it was not without offensive odors, owing to absence of sanitation, and the children with catarrhs, poor things, were anything but clean and tidy.

From the gate it looks like a single building with stone steps leading up through it. But these steps run against the hillside through another structure slightly above it into a third. A museum, a library, laboratories; and there is even one room in which the eyes and general health of the tots are seen to by visiting physicians. Yet the buildings were certainly not meant to be warm and comfortable.

The way of the real wanderer is never certain and sometimes dull. Having no plans nor guides and pamphlets to direct him, he misses many things. But he also runs across others when least expecting them. Strolling through the town, watching, making mental notes (for it is forbidden to have a camera, sketch-book, or pen and paper anywhere within seven thousand yards of the outer circle of a fortified district in Japan), we came to what seemed the end of all things, but which

was really only the beginning. Up a road to the left, passing one or two fine-looking residences, we came to a stone *torii* (gate) marking the entrance to the park. Within the park, our Japanese companion, approaching a simple wooden shacklike structure, took off his hat, bowed, and clapped his hands. A shrine.

Then, as from "an ethereal source out of regions unknown," came a little stream. Narrow steps directed us upward; a tiny lake; reflections; tranquillity and peace, reality and promise. Little level plateaus for children to play on. All the artifices of a race given to rigorous economy have made this ravine a lovely retreat. Just a pathway, a little bridge, a dam in the right place—and we have a world in miniature within a wonderful world.

We returned to the town, but, being with Orientals, not to loiter about the streets. At the other end of Moji, a gorgeous temple stands at the approach to the hill. To the right, a path winds and zigzags its way upward. Tiny shrines with porcelain puppets people the ascent.

"Do you believe in these little gods?" I asked one of the Chinese. "No," he answered, with the suggestion of a sneer. But the Japanese does not falter. To him gods are real gods.

At last we came to a loftier shrine, and be it pagan, Mohammedan, Buddhist, or Christian—before that shrine all men must worship—not excluding the agnostic. The beautiful none dares deny. One may not love it ardently enough to climb a hill for, but once there, the heart utters involuntary adoration. By the path, by the shelter, by the fact that an old couple have found it worth their while to keep a hut and a larder and Japanese tea—by all these signs it is evident that the visitors are many.

And what is this shrine? A quick-descending hill, a

quickly rising promontory, an open space with a tranquil sea, sailboats floating out to a clear beyond, a valley studded with little homes led a sober chase on into another valley by a broad, winding road—and distance as delicate as heaven.

"When one sits for a moment here one soon forgets everything else in life," said the Japanese. And all were silent. On shipboard the night before, he had been drinking heavily, to the horror of the Salvation Army lassie. I wonder what she would have said had she seen him here. A nature worshiper? That was my first lesson in Shintoism; and my first view of the Inland Sea. After an hour of silence, each nursing his own feelings, we descended in the opposite direction amid tiny but neat little homes, palaces and dirty huts, too. We were soon back in town again.

The railroad station! Shuffling crowds with wooden clogs held firm by rope between the big and little toes, clattering away; a variety of costumes, capes and kimonos; a woman carrying a heavy suitcase slung across her back and balanced by a weighty package in front, while two empty-handed men walked at her sides. A thousand babies.

Thus we have the Moji as it was in the sixth year of Taisho (1917). We see it from above as a flat, crescent-shaped village, dark gray tiles on the roofs, somber throughout—reaching out into the water. We see it again from the ship, at sundown, partly black with coal-dust, partly gray with granite-dust, climbing a little up the hillside. About it stand the peaks; the heavy smoke floats over the placid bay. Opposite, lies Shimonoseki and the railroad insinuating its way along to Kobe, Yokohama, and Tokyo: behind it the way to Nagasaki.

Our ship steers north by northeast, through a neck of land so narrow that two ships could not pass each other—

and we are out upon the Inland Sea. The sun has set. Along a ridge grows a line of flat-headed pines which simulate a tremendous centipede. The sky-line undulates, peak after peak, and range behind range of peaks. For a distance they surround us completely. Ahead of us, straining every thread before the breeze, two hundred sailing vessels, like a flock of lowering swans, press on into the night. Peaks of clouds and peaks of earth and masts upon the sea. We slip into their midst; overtake them; and then escape from them. Blazing fires dance upon the decks, and voices reach us in undertones of song. Then complete darkness obliterates all.

Next day we move upon a sea as smooth and glassy as though it were along the equator. At times the shore is so close that every tree is clear, and some almost within reach. Hundreds of little bays shelter idle craft. Islands stud the sleeping waters. Then the island, which has thus stolen a bit of the sea, extends his grasp. The panorama opens out. To the right, land is lost sight of. All day long we push through this unreality, this misty mysticism. The very land which makes the Inland Sea possible is as unlike land as thought is unlike emotion.

And as one slowly glides along, one forgets—only to wake up with a start, anchored before the city of Kobe.

LIKE A FLOCK OF LOWERING SWANS, THE SAILING-VESSELS PRESS ON INTO THE NIGHT

WHILE THE ROOTED PINES AFFECT AN ATTITUDE OF MOCKING

KOBE HARBOR THICK WITH SAILLESS MASTS, SWAYING WITH THE SWELLS

IT WAS NOT KOBE'S FINISHED FRONT THAT GAVE IT AN APPEARANCE OF SUCCESS, BUT ITS UNFINISHED STATE

II

A TRANSIENT IN KOBE

OBE, even more than Moji, was blanketed in smoke with nothing distinctive in its topography. Even the hills which back it and stretch for thirty miles were packed with mist. The *Tamba Maru* had stopped out in the harbor, tied to a tremendous buoy, as were dozens of other ocean liners. Here too a launch brought us along shore, though there were many wiggling sampans about and hundreds of sailing vessels. The preponderance was in launches and tugs. Tremendous piers jutted out into the bay. Our little captain steered us toward one of these at the left, and we stepped out upon the American Hatoba.

It was not Kobe's finished front that gave it an appearance of success, but its unfinished state. The three-storied structures, foreign banks and hotels and steamship companies' offices were small compared with the erections beside them. These latter were just slender tree-trunks tied together with straw rope and curtained with straw matting to inclose the building under construction. This sheltering struck me as illustrative of the nation's past and its present way of thinking and doing things more or less under cover. Not deceitful, but just a little bit nervous about being seen. Three hundred years of seclusion, I thought.

The first impressions of a man with white skin let loose in a world of human beings of sallow complexion, with seventy-five cents in his pocket and no letter of

credit nor a rich father to cable to, are not very cheerful. I did not feel like the mouse when it sees two green eyes at its hole; I felt like a hungry cat looking into a black hole with no mouse to see. Two suitcases full of clothes, from a light jacket used in the tropics to a complete full-dress outfit, with other minor possessions, such as books and papers, would, had I known, have made quite an impression had I donned them and strutted about the streets. A brown felt hat would not have been an unusual climax to a dress-suit in Oriental eyes. But how was I to know? So I kept to a dark suit with tan shoes and brown hat, passing for respectability itself, in Japan, as I had done elsewhere. Now, to be broke, cracked clean through and all finance leaked out, yet well-dressed, would have been nothing to romance about in America. There it's common enough. Nor would the picture be remarkable—if I had been in threadbare clothes and broke, in a strange land. But to be broke in Japan, unhonored and unknown, yet with good clothes not only on one's back but all over one's body—that is something to which, as far as I know, I am the only one who can confess.

And there lay the whole of the Japanese Empire at my feet, to be taken and enjoyed. My situation compelled me, however, to enter without blare of trumpet. I learned from a foreigner on Division Street, which leads into the city from the pier, that there was a small Japanese hotel into which a respectable white man might go without losing caste. Every hotel or boarding-house run for and by foreigners was crowded. Accommodation was not to be found at any price—not even at seventy-five cents. Not having come to Japan with the expectation of living in marble halls, I was not disappointed at finding myself before a black-stained house with bulging iron window-bars, and grated, glass sliding doors.

The proprietor looked dubious. Would I put up with Japanese conditions? "My place so dirty," he assured me. Yet I had to remove my shoes before I could ascend the steep stairs to the narrow hall above. The floors were as immaculate and as polished as a table. The room to which I was led was at the extreme end of the building. It was small, its walls were plastered, its window was narrow. It was foreign in every detail but the straw mats upon the floor. A cushion to sit upon and a brazier for company—and Buddhist was never placed in a more favorable situation for reflection. I was left alone. My entreaties to be permitted to eat with the rest were, if understood, deftly evaded. And that was my first lesson in how to be happy though lonely in a Japanese inn.

It was early spring, and that, in Japan, is synonymous with rain. So I remained in that room as long as I could stand it, and then went out for a stroll. When I returned, every one seemed delighted with the foreign guest. Even the male attendants were affable. No sooner had I reached my room than a little maid came to light the gas-jet (an unusual way of lighting in new Japan) and to bring a tray of tea things and some tea. Upon the lacquer tray were five little cups, as many copper autumn-leaf saucers, a stippled-iron pot of hot water, a small china teapot, and a water cooler—the standard Japanese tea set. I thought that at last I was to have company, but I learned otherwise. The process of feeding me was provokingly ceremonious. One wants to eat like a healthy animal, not like a suspicious Czar. It was tantalizing to taste a few cakes—and then to sit and wait. And the ceremonial respect of the two maids, their kneeling and their shyness were made tolerable by their dipping into their sleeves for laughter from which they could not restrain themselves.

The arrangements had been that I was to eat Japanese

food. It was brought to me in a series of trays and journeys and pressed upon me with such good grace that I lost all track of its variety. Rice was kept steaming hot in a round wooden container. I was well pleased with the bill of fare, though I winced at more than one of the courses.

As soon as I had finished, the two maids withdrew and for some little time I was again alone, left to nurse my future prospects. The door was gently pushed aside and the little maid ushered in a tall, robust, westernized individual.

"Excuse me, may I come in?" he said most graciously.

"Of course, do," I said, with not a little feeling. And without further ado he doubled his sturdy legs under him and squatted down before me. The little maid sat down a little farther to the rear, her face all wonder at the sounds she heard.

"You are American," he said, proud of being able to distinguish one foreigner from another. "I lived nine years in America. I came back to visit my father." He made no mention of mother, I noticed. Then I learned that he was from Yamaguchi, a place then as vague in my understanding as would be a sound in high treble meant to be the name of a village on Mars. But still, it added something to my Nipponese impressions. He was waiting impatiently for his steamer to sail and take him back to America. From him I made the discovery that I had fallen into a hotel crowded with emigrants bound for the States, or, like himself, returning. So there I was, a vagabonding American thrown right into the midst of bi-national life in Japan, in a hotel essentially Japanese, but having a "foreign" room and occupied by migratory human beings like myself. That was my first point of contact with Japan.

I slept through that night without much comfort.

TWO HIGH WALLS, TWO DEEP OPEN GUTTERS—A KOBE STREET

INTERNED GARDENS AND LIBERATED TELEGRAPH POLES AND BLACK GARBAGE BOXES

NEGLECT IS FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF THE JAPANESE INVASION OF KOBE'S FORMER FOREIGN SETTLEMENT

The heavy, ponderous quilts (two of them) were more than I could endure. They were conquerors of cold, to be sure, but lacked snugness, and being without sheets made me rather loath to treat them too intimately.

I breakfasted on rice and raw eggs, and a kind of solution called coffee. Both sleeping and feeding were relished more as experience than as delight, however. Because I hadn't despatched all that had been placed at my disposal, the proprietor took it for granted that I didn't enjoy Japanese food. Consequently, my evening meal was ultra-foreign and afforded me my first experience in Japanese modernism. It is said that when the great westernization wave swept over the country, bread became one of the fads. But the fashion subsided as quickly as it appeared. The explanation is not difficult to fathom, for the dispensation which the Japanese call *pan* must have been too strong for even a Japanese stomach and as heavy as on the day it was kneaded. So here, when the little girls began to serve me with "foreign" food on dirty dishes, cold steak and greasy onions, coffee in a dirty tin teapot, I balked.

I labored all that evening trying to make the whole establishment, including two clerks, two maids, half-a-dozen guests led by my worthy stalwart Americanized Japanese, understand that, though I did want European (or rather American) food when it was genuine, in this case I preferred their own. Finally they understood, but in their effort to please and to preserve my interest they had become not a little stiff. I could not tell what had happened or how I had scattered these timid creatures, and endeavored to show myself eager to enter their ways and eliminate strangeness. But they would beat a hasty retreat immediately after serving me, and I saw that real sociability is not to be found at any public inns of Japan. Every group has its own room, and, unless you hire geisha, you must spend your time

in solitary confinement—for there is no public gathering place in a Japanese hotel.

So there was left for me but one solution—to wander the streets. From the very first night I was driven out upon the streets for recreation. Fortune had been with me. I learned from a foreign resident that a foreign firm required assistance and made my application. That was Saturday afternoon. I was to make my appearance on the job on Monday. Otherwise, I should not have known that it was Sunday. There wasn't the least letup in activity. Wandering along the unpaved streets, I met one of the men from the *Eastern*, the steamer on which I had come up from Australia, and together we made our way about Kobe. There was nothing definite to lead one anywhere, so that all one could do was to wander. No matter which way we went, we seemed always to come out in the same place from which we started. Upon a corner stood a dirty, scraggly little shrine; there, off at the end of the street, stood a greater shrine. It was grassless, gravelly, and disorderly. The buildings were unpainted and meaningless. We stopped before one little shed in which stood a white-surpliced priest, his flowing robes filled with the wind, his feet set in black, shiny, lacquered, wooden shoes, his head covered by a black, shiny, lacquered, paper cap like a cross between an "overseas" cap and a silk-hat. By using the words "Buddhist" and "Shinto" in a belabored fashion, I succeeded in learning a little bit less than I could have guessed without labor.

But what I learned at the home of a foreigner that day was not more illuminating. I resented what seemed to me the prejudices of the foreign resident against the Japanese. Race prejudice, I felt, was never justifiable. I determined to have no more to do with foreigners residing in Japan than I could possibly help. I did not want to fall under the influence of Occidental thought.

Whatever impressions I was to gain were to be my own.

And so, as ordinary as it seems to me now, I remember how alluring it all was at the time. I remember that my companion, knowing my circumstances and my pilgrimage, in sympathy with my attitude to life, stood off and looked at me somewhat inquiringly as, when we passed a gateway to a new native residence, I went up to it and spoke eulogistically of its architectural fineness, even of the absence of paint as being praiseworthy. I remember how we wandered down into the foreign settlement, so called, with its sidewalks and square buildings, expressing my regret at what was coming over Japan. Commercialism! Japan is becoming commercialized, I expounded. The rows and rows of three-story buildings, the godowns filled with goods, the wide avenues! And yet, when I stood upon the Hatoba again and waved him farewell as he moved off in the launch back to his ship, back to his own country down below the line, back to Australia which had been foreign to me and distasteful, he called to me, "Won't you change your mind and come away with me?" And I remember that the friendly invitation moved me, for though I determined to remain, still his offer to take me back among white people left an enduring impression on my mind—a feeling of world fellowship.

Returning, alone, to the shopping street, I felt exceedingly lonely. In the midst of the confusion, the sidewalk-less streets, the luxurious wares, the nagging 'rikisha men who wanted to take me everywhere for a little bit more than nothing—what resuscitated remnants of the old Japan I had heard of on the winds of the world! I was somewhat dazed, yet struggled faithfully to live up to the adoration I had been assured the country inspires. And I remember returning to my little hotel that night with a strange feeling of inadequacy, like a

man disappointed in heaven. Yet I was not unfavorably impressed. Only there was something lacking—no real thrill.

I didn't like the foreign room in which I had been stalled. Through the gracious emigrant I made my request for accommodation more in Japanese style and soon found myself in just the atmosphere I was after. It was exactly ten feet square and eight feet high, a gray, painted mud wall on one side to show that it was real and the other three walls of paper. The thin strips of wood crossing each other and pasted over with white paper fitted into a frame which is called a door or a window, as you will. Then beneath were the four and a half *tatami*—soft, straw mats always six feet by three, by two inches thick. There is an elegance and luxuriousness in a Japanese room which far transcends our modern flat profusions. The sense of leisure pervading, the lack of obvious drudgery in the way of cleaning, are far more delightful than all our household finery. The absence of tawdry trinkets and bric-à-brac makes the room more restful than one accustomed to western homes imagines possible.

We are prone to sneer at the Japanese custom of living, eating, and sleeping in the same room. But their *futon* (quilts) are neatly stored in closets and, in whatever way the room is used, for that time it bears itself according to its usage. We in America are just coming to that kind of economy in space. Wall beds and convertible couches, modern kitchenettes—what are they but similar innovations?

Though my first room was not what one could call "European," still it had remained as a barrier between me and the little sallow folk—servants and emigrant guests. I had not known how little it takes to shunt off a Japanese. But I was determined to overcome their shyness. This I found more possible when I moved

into the Japanese room. In it I was not only nearer physically, but socially.

Though it was a public hotel, I sometimes thought only relatives patronized it, so free and easy were they with one another. One night the tall gentleman pushed aside my paper doors without knocking—as is the Japanese way—and asked me to come across the hall. The girls wanted to have a close survey of their future "countryman." Four of them were girls; one a married woman; and a man and a boy—all the occupants of one small room. We spent the best part of an hour exchanging "language" lessons. We began: "This is a mat," and I heard: "*Korewatatamidesu.*" It was only my extreme patience which succeeded in getting them to say it slowly enough to make it sound: "*Kore wa tatami desu.*" But the major part of the "conversation" was in fits of giggling to which the girls abandoned themselves. They would stuff their mouths with the long square sleeves, or roll off upon the mats in merry bashfulness. Though at times familiar, they were never vulgar. The married woman was more reserved than the girls, but consequently more self-conscious. Without apology she moved into a corner of the room, took out her materials from the tiny little dresser with its slanting mirror, and began rouging and powdering her face before it—and all of us.

They seemed to have no particular need of privacy. One evening I came in rather late and peeped into their room through the crevices left by the ill adjustment of the paper doors against each other. The electric light was on, and there they lay upon the mats, eight quilted sleepers on eight straw mats—each mat never being more than three feet wide, or the size of a single bed. The distribution was without regard to sex—though no two slept beneath the same quilts. But they slept quietly, for which much praise be given.

Bound for a land where they would be isolated from their own people, this common experience seemed to bring them close together. The more primitive or elemental people are the less can they endure separation. Civilization is the essence of isolation. It spells expansion, exclusion, and cold aloneness. There was I occupying a room larger than that in which eight of them found ample comfort. What delightful associations this closeness must have given them! What warmth, what contact of man with man, until the mass finds no further use for "coming together," and they emerge as one.

This huddling, however, is not typical of emigrants alone. Nothing affords a better example of Oriental huddling than the public bath. That is the national rendezvous for prince and pauper. The tub is a wooden box, usually square and about four feet deep, with a ledge to sit upon inside and out. The Japanese, whether in the bath, at prayer, or in his final "tub" at burial, is always doubled up with his knees at his chin. When you slip down into the water, you are up to your neck in it. I am sure that suddenly to immerse a skinned pig in one of these baths would be enough to make him wiggle and squeal again. To go from one extreme to another, the towel is about the size and texture of those used on a four weeks old baby. When they called me to my bath the first time, I was amazed to find a coating of dust upon the surface and felt suspicious about the cleanliness of the water. I skimmed the top and got in, pretending not to have noticed. I soon discovered that the gathering was not there without reason. There had been others before me. I asked that thereafter I be allowed to take my bath first, and received a promise to that effect. But I found that in almost every case I had to watch carefully, for though the servants would not refuse, they would try to deceive me. At the bottom of it all was the fact that the

Japanese guests, willing as they were to use the same water with a dozen other native strangers, disliked the idea of using it after me—a foreigner. To do them justice, their use of the same water is not an unclean practice, for no Japanese ever enters the tub without previously washing and soaping himself down thoroughly. During the two weeks I remained at this hotel I saw nothing in the way of promiscuity which would justify the usual reports.

The morning wash is one to be avoided by the owner of sensitive ears. That, too, is communal, and takes place before a copper trough with running water, tiny faucets, and small individual movable basins. Each individual appears with a toothbrush stuck in his mouth as though it were a pipe. It is a common sight. Dressed in light kimonos, Japanese men will be seen wandering along the streets to the public baths, sucking their powdered brushes. But once before the trough, they scrub as though it were the first time in a week the chance has been given them. The snorting and coughing and splashing and spluttering can be compared only to the sporting of a family of seals, and the prize for noise goes to these land animals. I have frequently been wakened by the sound of an early riser at his veranda clearing his throat—and he had a hard time of it.

On the whole, I should judge that these emigrants are as good a type as will be found anywhere in Japan. They invariably think favorably of America, and seldom will you find one who returns to Japan without planning to go again to America. Generally they go home only for a visit.

"I came back to Japan," one emigrant told me, "to try to start a business on the American system, but it's no use. It's impossible to break down the customs and habits of our people. They prefer to work twelve hours a day indifferently rather than only eight but more

rapidly." So he was determined to return to America, where he now felt more at home.

Then a lull came over the hotel. Boxes were packed and labeled. Guests were all out, visiting friends for the last time. One small boy appeared clad in American clothes from head to foot. That was his début into his new life. Will he return an Oriental or an American? Not an American—if his government can help it. I came across a large map of the Western states of America giving the number of Japanese who have settled in the different localities. It seems certain that no individual would go to so much trouble and expense to keep tab on his fellow-countrymen abroad.

After a fashion, I had made friends with these people and found them pleasant, but it was hard to secure a common basis for anything like permanent friendship. At first, however, I thought it was quite possible and encouraged each new visitor.

The first visitor to come into my room to cheer me out of my loneliness was about as meek and humble a little person as I have ever met. He seemed bowed down by some unutterable sorrow, as though, by foul mischance, the ambition of his life had been frustrated. If I would only come and live with him, he said, he would offer me his home at a very low rate. His motives? He would have me around all the time and improve his English while he would teach me Japanese. He "guaranteed" me thirty scholars at two yen a month.

"The way Japanese live is not so bad as foreigners say it is," he wrote me in a note; adding that, if I agreed, he would rent a large house. I told him to get the house (he intended to move anyway) and I would come and visit him, and then decide. He did, and I accepted his invitation to call.

All this time, however, he was working for the proprietor of the hotel, and didn't want him to see us

together. So, when we started for his house, he went out first, and I caught up with him later. Though he was leading the way and I was a total stranger, he yielded to my every unconscious swerve. If I mistook his sidling for a desire to turn, he would turn with me, and several times I had to tell him to hold to his own way. At last, after a most circuitous journey within tiny narrow alleys, like burrow-runs, we came to the little fenced-in cottage. Through a tiny door we entered the tiny yard, barren of beauty as a witch; then, through another, into a stone-floored hall. Here we removed our shoes. A buxom woman bowed admission to wife-hood and proceeded to prove her station by meekness and by silence. The bare compartment, measuring no more than a single American room in all, but here comprising three, could boast of no other sign of occupancy than two loud-ticking clocks and a *hibachi*. It was so dilapidated that I doubted whether it had ever seen better days. It might have been a haunted house from which the very spirits had fled. The meekness and the silence were most oppressive. Indeed my heart ached to come so close to so desolate a life.

He, poor fellow, wore his humility with no philosophic resignation. He longed to emerge from his poverty, his slavery, but it was a longing which had no other courage than to know a hole here and a hole there through which it might run at random. I did not suggest one hopeful promise, nor try to stimulate one fertile possibility that he did not discourage before he had turned its meaning over in his mind. He was a slave. He worked from five in the morning to nine and ten at night (and that gave good reason for the presence of two clocks); yet when, offhand, I suggested that a Japanese workingman makes a yen (fifty cents) a day, his astonishment showed that his own wage was much less.

"A superintendent of police, a friend of mine, gets only thirty yen a month," he told me. And his poor young wife, too, quiet, not as a mouse but as a dead soul, lived and moved and slept in that everlasting senselessness of things. During the time that I spent with them the rampage of rats sent shivers through me. They must have been ten-pound beasts. The walls trembled. I have never heard such wildness and such vigor between walls before.

Thus I obtained my first insight into the life of the Japanese toiler. Of course, anxious as I was to live with the people, it was out of the question to do so here. His offer was the "best room" with bed and food, all for nine yen a month (just $4.50). I gave an evasive answer.

While I was thus investigating every bit of humanity that came across my path in the hotel, I began to be more conscious of the world around me. I was beginning to single out certain elements in the weird and jumbled sounds of the streets outside. At night, when the stillness of sleep was settling over the city, the thin, sad, pleasing notes of the traveling blind massageur's fife would call around the corner, and, from a distance, would answer the attenuated note of a comrade's appeal. It was lovely to listen to. It reminded me of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies, of Dvorak's "New World Symphony." And as the distant fife-sounds seemed to echo the nearer call and, yet, to accompany it, so the unseen soul of Japan seemed to harmonize in appeal with western sorrow.

This is the advantage of the wanderer. To him the whole world becomes a symphony, with the rich and poor of every land as the march *triomphale* or theme *pathétique*. To him Old World and New World symphonies in sadness blend out the demarcations of private pain.

There was more than the melody of the blind mas-

sageur in the symphony of street-sounds outside my hotel. Beggars, religious and otherwise, minstrels with conch shells, priests in tremendous straw hats under which you could not see the face, would chant as they passed quickly along. And on a bench, one day, sat a coolie, alone, singing as though all his heart were overflowing—whether with joy or sorrow I cannot say. The Japanese are always singing, though one must not confuse this word, which I use for want of a better, with anything like real music. Rather is it overflowing good spirits which know no form.

More like real music was the progress of the newsboy down the street. He did not cry the latest cables. From his hips he would hang some bells, and, as he ran along at a regular pace, the jingling announced the coming of the news. He was as proud of his calling as though he were bringing the good news from Aix to Ghent. As he slipped away into an alley, his body would veer in the direction of the turn taken, like one so poised that only perfect steering could maintain his balanced love of life.

There was a constant ringing of bells. Runners in groups or singly would jingle their announcements of plays at the movies; the rickshaw man would ring as he pat-a-patted by with his soft cloth shoes; and the bicycle fiends honked their horns or trrrrrr-ed their bells as they tore through the streets with maddened pace. These riders' faces were set; their kimonos filled before the wind; and woe betide him who did not get out of the way. As they passed, the confusion of life on the street became a series of scattered eddies, and the slow plodding vender, who pulled a low cart, would blow his unmelodious horn on the unimportance of being in earnest. When one of these frantic riders did decide to stop, he did not slow up cautiously as he approached his halting-place. He came to with the wind, braking

himself with his wooden clog, which was as firm on his foot as ever our shoe could be. And when he dismounted, he did not do it, as we do, by throwing the right leg backward over the seat, but by pulling it over the bar in front of him. When he started off again, he pedaled, not by working his knees up and down, but by kicking them outward as though the seat were too low. This, I presume, was due to the squatting on floors to which all Japanese are accustomed, and to the skirt about his legs which hampered his movement.

One night a weird chanting sounded down the street of the settlement, and then came the strangest sight I had ever seen. Forty-three coolies, each pulling on a branch of rope tied to a main line, came dragging and chanting as they pulled a wagon bearing a tremendous engine boiler. That, no doubt, was the way the Pyramids were built, and the Wall of China.

By this time the interest of the maids and servants in their strange foreign guest was beginning to lapse, and the service to fail. The two little maids liked me well enough, and I them. But it began to irritate me to have them slow and cumbersome, and the fact that no one took any interest in me, aside from an occasional attempt at English, made me eager for new worlds to conquer. I was not taken about to see the Japanese world, as happens to more officially guided persons. So I saw that I should have to guide myself. One of the emigrants advised me that he knew of a hotel run by a Japanese who had been to America, where the service was much better. Thither I went.

The hotel was a three-story structure—a skyscraper for that neighborhood—of wood and mud. The entrance was stocked with baggage. One left one's shoes on the dirt floor and stepped upon a little platform at the foot of the stairs. To the right was the open room used as an office. Ascending the stairs would be, I

thought, no easy matter. They were steep as a ladder.

The wife of the proprietor was a most cordial person. Exceptionally refined, pretty beyond her age, speaking English more as a Frenchwoman than a Japanese, she almost reconciled me to the place. She had lived in America fifteen years, and her sojourn had left a marked effect upon her. Her husband was a wiry, sharp fellow—not easy to run up against.

She showed me two rooms, offered to place a bed for me, and returned to consult her husband; while I examined my new abiding-place. A table and a chair were my only gain in moving. As to the bed—well, I have no knowledge of anything anywhere in the world ever having answered to the sacred noun "bed" in such a sacrilegious, scandalous manner. I really believe it was a makeshift for a coffin. It stood on four angle-iron legs four feet high, was twenty-four inches wide and about five feet long. An angle-iron frame held a straw mattress and, on top, the quilts. It wasn't wide enough to permit one to roll off—fall off was more to the point.

I was hardly established in this outrageous mockery of things American when I learned that this hotel was also full of emigrants. Men who had returned for wives, now happily married, were going back to the States; and all around me were families en route for the New World. The brides were eager to see an American at close range, so that they might know what to expect on the other side.

Though the proprietors had been to America, the hotel was still a good example of unregenerate Japanese hostelry. Of the five senses, it would seem that, as keen as the Japanese are in two, they are deficient in the other three. The narrow eyes, which seem subjected to so much struggle in seeing, reveal to the Japanese sights incomparable. Touch in art, though not a primary

sense, is indispensable in the Japanese expression of line and color in exquisite craftsmanship. But even as these companion senses have won so much glory for Japan, the three remaining have, so far, been seriously neglected, perhaps never developed or never possessed in rudimentary forms. Japanese can submit to the most violent and sickening odors, due to lack of sewage, without making any attempt to minimize them. They eat the simplest foods, with no taste, and find them palatable. As to hearing—well, enough has been written about their music. However, I will add a word. One evening my landlady played and sang for me. The accompaniment was suited to the song. That I was not touched was perhaps my fault; that it was a sad song, perhaps not hers. The mournful part of it was that either her voice was not made for the music or the music for another voice. Where the trouble lay I am not certain. I wish I could be as certain that there was no trouble. That was the sad part of it, for the effort to accomplish something was intense.

Aside from the abominable odors and the noise, I began to see here, too, that service in a Japanese hotel is not planned for the purpose of holding guests permanently. Confusion obtained, and the tawdriness in efforts at foreign ways was amazing. The only thing that kept me from leaving the place precipitately was the daughter of the house—a playful little creature whose innocence was a study. I had arranged to teach her English and she was to help me with Japanese, a language into which I had made inroads to the extent of two real words. She was extremely apt, and anxious to learn, and would play about like a little kitten.

I am convinced that good things do not come in flocks and herds. At least 'tis certain good baths do not. My objection to bathing in the same room and the same water with thirty-odd guests, male and female, was met

with but one alternative—the public bath. As though the one at the hotel were not public enough. Most likely the Japanese regard dense steam as sufficient privacy for ordinary mortals. The alternative offered me was not the one across the street, where a perpetual stream of bathers cleansed itself of its honest sweat each day, but the one and only good public bath in Kobe. The one to which Chinese, being more modest, go. The hotel boy came to guide me, one moonlight night, and led me above the city to the foot of Suwayama.

The person who tries to describe Japan without due regard both to its pleasant and unpleasant sides is painting shadows on the morning mist. But sometimes, out of the very mists of Japanese illusiveness, one frequently runs into something even lovelier than illusion. The clouded moon left such a wreck of reality as we reached the region of the baths that it seemed we had entered another world. The fine homes along either side, rich and immaculate, filled me with envy. To our left, clambering up the hillside, steep and wooded, were more homes and more hotels, with electric lights in frosted globes staring out into the night like monster glowworms. The soft, flat surface of the paper windows spread the inner lights as though the radiance of human gentleness were imprisoned behind those slender wooden bars.

It must have been because of the moonlight, but the yard we entered seemed exquisitely arranged. Japanese gardens are in a sense prohibitive, compared with the broad lawns and soft flower-beds in the West. They are too set-up and stiff, with rockeries to be looked at, not lounged upon. But none the less, pictorially, they possess incomparable charm when not too heavily massed. Within such a garden, close up against the hill, stood these baths.

The room assigned to me cost me thirty sen and was

neat and inviting. Fresh water was let into a stone tub half sunk into the floor, and steam turned on to heat it. I had taken an hour to cleanse myself, and thought my companions would be impatient, but when I emerged and looked into the cheaper section—it costs only five sen there—I saw them soaping and scrubbing themselves as though they had just begun. I was not sorry, for it gave me ample time to observe the life about. Women and men were coming and going, singly and in couples, sexes parting or meeting at the doors. It was most delightful to watch them, calm in appearance, not overgracious, but with a mien certainly indicative of the best relationships. There was none of our western modesty, no female bathers screaming and pretending when the door was opened upon them grouped in nakedness about the wooden water pit. Three old women had entered together. As the door was opened by the male attendant, they were sitting round the charcoal brazier warming their hands and their tongues, quite ladylike. Though the law prohibits men and women bathing together in public, it does not instil prudishness. They obey the law by ignoring it.

My first impression of that bath-house made me restless. I had endured the noise, the dirt, the lack of service as long as it was possible for one of the West to submit to the ways of the East. The girls, at first ready to please, began to lag in their attentiveness, finally ignoring my bell or bringing my meals as late and as cold as possible. As long as one is keyed up with interest, one overlooks things which custom and habit have made him deem indispensable; but then the enthusiasm wears off and a return to the other becomes painfully urgent. I could not even find peace or momentary solitude, for the neighbor emigrants walked in upon me at all hours eager to satisfy their anticipations by observing me or practising their English. My only satis-

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faction was in being able to study what is regarded as the proper behavior of a bride. She was young and sweet and retiring, and her husband as contrary as was humanly possible.

But at the hotel there was not enough contact with the people in actual affairs to keep my interest alert. For many days I had set my heart on a house close to the baths at Suwayama. One day I asked a Japanese gentleman living nearby if he knew whether one could rent a portion of it. Strangely enough it turned out that it was a boarding-house, and he offered to make my wants known to the proprietors. Arrangements were soon completed.

The house was perched upon the hillside, with long glass verandas affording a view over the whole of Kobe and of Osaka Bay. The housekeepers showed me a large room in the corner of the upper story, assuring me that as soon as it was vacated I could have it. I felt that, if I could live in that room, I could forget the Tenno's Palace.

Returning to the hotel, I announced my determination to move, and made arrangements accordingly. The landlord was most exact in his bill, deducting to the sen for meals I had not taken, and expressing regret at my going. We parted the best of friends.

Thus I was promoted. From an ordinary vagabond, I became a boarder. From moving among emigrants, I climbed one step in the social order of Japan.

III

I BECOME A BOARDER

HE house in which I had found quarters had been built as a private hospital. Therefore, though it was thoroughly Japanese, it possessed some exceptional features and advantages. It stood upon a stone foundation fully ten feet high, plumb up against the hill overlooking the city. The green background was sober and soothing, and the air was fresh, with plenty of sunshine. On occasion the mist would clear away from over Osaka Bay, exposing the hills of Yamato—the seat of Japan's ancient pride—each separate ravine blocked with sunshine or with shade, making one with a lovely crystal panorama. The point to the right almost reaches Awaji Island, forming the inner neck of Kii Channel—the great wide path of the scores of steamers bound for Yokohama and "home." Then, Awaji, itself, the first island of Japan, stands out crystal clear. But immediately beneath stretches the city of Kobe with its gray-tiled roofs so monotonously dull—miles upon miles of them without a ripple of distinction to break up the regularity, stretch till it seems they reach Osaka, twenty miles away; stretch to the right, including what was once the city of Hyogo. Symbol-loving Japan has made of the land of Hyogo and Kobe two great fans overlapping each other. The only things now to break up Japanese picture-making imaginativeness are the towering chim-

ney stacks of the new steel mills to the left and the bridgelike cranes of the great dockyards which butt out into the waters before Hyogo at the right.

The harbor is alive with sailing vessels and ocean liners panting into rest as though weary of incessant sailing. From some barely a rift of smoke issues. From the homes not a sign of life. Not a chimney anywhere in all that vast crowding to tell of hearth-fires burning—yet they do. And though the unreality of Japan is constantly reaching out to take the foreigner in its grasp and one must ever strive against it, I felt that by coming here, into this boarding-house upon the hill, I would be able to gain some of its living qualities without destroying its illusiveness.

The gate permitting entrance to my fortress was dilapidated, too far gone for its massive doors to swing upon their primitive hinges. One removed one's shoes in the little chamber-hallway, but generally took them along, for there was no telling who might be the next visitor. Up a dozen steep steps, a sharp turn to the left—and the "ladder" lay two stories' length upward. They were real stairs but steep, and one invariably struck his unprotected toes upon them. One little room on the ledge above, in the foundation, as it were; a series of rooms on the floor above; and then the main floor on top. The kitchen stood out leftward, like a handle to the building.

I had taken a room on the lower floor only on condition that the large corner room above be given me as soon as vacated. The housekeeper, a rather good-looking young woman of about thirty, with ladylike tendencies, assured me the gentleman occupying it would leave within a week. The week began to drag on to fortnightliness, dangerously approaching the ripe old age of a month, and all my inquiries were fruitless. Realizing that dainty ways in such circumstances as my landlady's

were the very essence of tact and courtesy, I at last resorted to diplomacy to gain my ends. I made friends with the occupant of the desired room. He was the son of a well-to-do business man of Tokyo. He was living here in Kobe as representative of his father's firm which handled camphor products for the cure and prevention of colds. Anticipating a journey abroad, he wanted to improve his English. So influential a person as that was a good ally in my determination to go one floor higher up. He made arrangements with the housekeeper and the room next door suddenly became vacant. Our being next door to each other would facilitate our exchange of language lessons, he said—and the transfer was made. His enthusiasm began to grow. He would soon be able to speak English fluently. His gratitude was miraculously commensurate with his enthusiasm. "Foreigners like this room," he told me, and before I knew it he was the occupant of mine, and I of his—the prize I was after for six weeks.

And grateful indeed was I. Below, as the summer approached, the smells from the closet and kitchen had become unbearable. I should not have been able to endure it. Up here I was to be free from all such inconveniences. But I had to pay for it. The housekeeper had on all occasions shown herself reluctant in the matter. Her regular features, unusually expressive for a Japanese woman's face, fell. She even argued against it, but seeing that he was willing and I determined, she yielded. Then she stated her terms. It was just double the amount he had paid for it. I acceded, and became the proud occupant of a room, twelve and a half mats in size. Japanese never discuss houses according to rooms, nor rooms according to measurement in feet; to them a house or a room is so many mats big, each mat being the standard size—six by three feet. My room, twelve and a half mats, was therefore about

fifteen feet square. Entrance from the hall was by way of two large paper sliding doors; the wall to the left was also two large paper sliding doors; the wall opposite was four smaller translucent paper sliding doors, opening out into the balcony; the wall to the right was set off as the usual alcove called *tokonoma* and two *jiku* or *kakaji*, hanging scrolls, and shelving called *chigai dana* because one is a little above the other.

But what a difference! I was wakened the next morning from a deep sleep by the sun, which had poured itself into my room through the open sliding doors. It was undoubtedly grateful that some mere mortal had thrown wide his portals for it to enter—Japanese generally sleep with their doors shut tight. It was a perfect morning; the display of light was like golden silk which the sun was bidding me take for a garment for my soul.

The Bay was clear for miles and miles—all the way to Osaka, and the mountains beyond, which shut in the Inland Sea, Japan's Mediterranean, its *Idsumi-nada*. The sailboats seemed delicate and paper-like, barely resting on the smooth surface. Even the weighty and more commanding steamers stood smoking with pride, but floating with the same buoyancy. So everything conforms to nature: empires and villages, emperors and fishermen. What a pageant of life has passed across that sea, and only the barest glimpse of it can again fall before human inquiry.

Life, it seems, is simply a matter of space, of distance or of nearness. When first I walked the narrow little streets of Japan, tired of the outside view of things, I imagined the more intimate contact to be all glory and loveliness. My first real disappointment was in finding the inner, closer contact still as illusive. I soon began to miss that distant perspective; I became too preoccupied with being with and with avoiding being with. Until I moved up-stairs, I thought nothing more de-

sirable than that room; but the sulkiness of the housekeeper spoiled all the pleasure of final possession. I could not make it out. But then it began to dawn upon me that, being a foreigner, she was afraid I would not put up with her using the room in common with me as a Japanese would. And that room was the pride of her life. Into it she could bring her friends when the rightful lodger was out—or even when he was in. No foreigner would stand that. A foreigner, when he takes a room, expects to use it himself, he wants his privacy. And so she was not happy, and I would see her in my neighbor's room, hear her chatter away with him for hours till I learned, through repetition, that I was the subject of her conversation, so often would "*Seiyojin*" (foreigner) come into the string of syllables. Then, the grinning, yellow face of her husband would appear through the glass pane which is always found near the bottom in the latticed-paper sliding doors, and pushing one aside, he would enter on all fours. My conversation with him would interest the others, and before long the whole lot of them—boarder, housekeeper, servant-girls—would be squatting on my floor. The conversation would all center in me, but not a word was directed to me. It was most difficult to get a line of it interpreted. But there they would all stay, in my room, till the midnight hours called them all to sleep.

As the weeks wore on, the food the housekeeper was supposed to prepare for me in foreign style began to tax my endurance. The arrangement had been that I was to have all my meals there, but I soon went out for my lunch; more often than not I would remain in town for my dinner, too. But even the simple breakfast began to deteriorate. Her carelessness in the matter of dishwashing compelled me to institute a reform which was not at all to her liking. Domestic science has not

yet come in on the breakers of westernization which reached the shores of Japan.

I called my neighbor to my defense. "Would you explain to her," I pleaded, "that a frying-pan cannot be washed in cold water as Japanese wash a rice bowl, because the grease from the meat is not as yielding as the greaseless rice?" Yes, he would explain. And for fifteen minutes I stood by, listening to a discussion that seemed to me mutually well understood. But I was becoming impatient. It seemed he was saying much more than I had asked him to. Surely he couldn't be merely repeating my thirty-odd words. "What does she say?" I put in, pleadingly. "Just a moment, please," and off he skated again on the joys of an explanation. Then it dawned on me that he might not altogether have understood. "Did you understand me?" I broke in—and discovered that grease was not in his vocabulary.

But that was only the beginning of my troubles. From one to the other of the resident boarders—generally intelligent young business men, clerks, and agents representing Tokyo or Osaka firms, young men just returned from business in Java, China, or America—as acquaintanceship would arise I would rope them into helping me to solve my domestic problems. Very often the housekeeper herself would call in a new arrival to tell me she could or could not assent to a reform. Invariably the new arrival could speak very good English—that is, until he approached me. Then it was confusion worse confounded.

Henceforth let no one tell me anything about woman's superior intelligence in the matter of household affairs. Even in so simple a matter as making toast, I had to train the housekeeper not to cut the bread too thick, and to hang all the dishes in places I assigned to them. She would come and quietly and good-naturedly submit to

my instruction. Her face would shine with satisfaction, and she would forthwith turn to pass the information on to her maids. I would see to it that they thoroughly understood what I wanted. But no sooner had they shown any skill than off they would take themselves, disgusted with the ways of their lady-like mistress.

Once two little mites came into her employ. They looked like two little sisters in a fairy tale. They could not have been over twelve years apiece, and were just about each other's size. So much so that 'twas hard to say which was trying to be big sister to the other. Both were, however, as pretty and as kittenish as they could possibly be. They dressed like little geisha with their sleeves somewhat longer than the servant-girl usually wears, and they clung to each other like the babes in the woods. The housekeeper had taken them in to train them, but they disappeared within three days after their arrival, most likely to go off telling others that they had had experience with foreigners' ways.

One evening the housekeeper puttered about with the few plates and the knife and fork and two pots for fully an hour. I wanted to work and be quiet, but she seemed determined to remain about all evening. I called her and suggested that one of the girls be assigned to do my work for me and that it could be done in ten minutes. I demonstrated. But she objected that to select one girl for that would make the other jealous. Probably to leave a girl alone on a job would make her unhappy—Japanese dread being alone. However, she agreed, but the arrangement lasted only a short while.

She got two other girls—this time of different size and capacity, and so unevenly balanced in intelligence and interest as to make them safe. Then she would commence to cook, and the two maids would stand idly looking on. And the simplest sort of task took hours and hours in the doing.

But pretty generally it was the other way round. The housekeeper would spend her days gossiping with the boarders in the house, while the two girls slaved from morning to night. They would have to rise at five to prepare the breakfast of broiled fish, rice, soups, and pickles for all the household — about ten or twelve people—and though it was in the main mere puttering, they were kept running up and down the stairs all day long. Very often the girls would come in and throw themselves down on the mats in my room, where they would pretend to have work to do, just to be able to rest a moment. And for all that labor they received lodging, the simplest possible meals of rice and pickles and tea, and five yen, or two and a half dollars a month.

In a Japanese house the first morning task is removing the quilts and sweeping and dusting. It is in a sense a bit of doll-house absurdity. The maid comes in with a wet cloth and mops all the woodwork. Then she follows with a soft broom which raises the dust from the mats; and finally she raises both noise and dust with a cat-o'-nine-tails usually made of strips of cloth. And the work is done. Yet the effects are miraculous, for the straw mats conceal the presence of the dust which has only been slightly disturbed.

The question of cleanliness was the cause of considerable dissension, so much so that I was compelled to call my place the house I quarrel in. It came to a "showdown" one day. I found my dishes and pots unwashed, and—what was worse—the oil the maid had used to grease the frying-pan full of tiny little flies. I raised a rumpus and brought down a revolution upon my domains. The housekeeper left in a fuss; my neighbor could not appease her; she called her "rickshaw" husband, who coldly notified me that they couldn't do what I wanted them to do, and that I might leave if I wasn't satisfied.

But it was too soon in the stage of my boarding-house life for me to leave abruptly. So I told them I would "look" for another place. I thought of finding a house for myself, but that would have cut me from contact with these people. Seeing, however, that they made an effort to serve me more carefully in spite of their threat, I stayed on. But it taught me a lesson. I was in Japan, and they were at home. It was an example in racial conflict. When Japanese come to America, the difficulty is that they tend to lower our standard of living; we in Japan have the opposite effect. But the proprietors were ready to reduce the rates rather than increase the efficiency of service.

The attitude of the husband made me respect him more. He had always been most cordial and respectful, but I had paid little attention to him. He was, I knew, the jinrikisha puller for the tea-house across the way, and he seemed highly honored by my presence. He seldom interfered in any home affairs, yet was always steady in his ways, always at home and never drunk. He was fairly tall for a Japanese, and—as is to be expected from a position requiring so much running—slender. How it happened that one so lowly rose to such an exalted station as husband to so ladylike a housekeeper I was never able to learn. Of his wife I have said much and shall have more to say. Who she was and why I learned only at the close of my career as boarder in Japan. But he?—well, I rather liked him. He was a good sort. He was more intelligent than even some of the young men rooming there, quick to understand what word I wanted or to correct me when I had not expressed myself well—and, what is best, really honest. He helped her with the housework, washed dishes, and, on the whole, was a model husband. His face was always beaming and his manners always courteous. And I shall never forget the glee with which he told me he was

to become a chauffeur and would soon give up pulling a *riki*.

So it was not always a case of quarreling. At times, the kindliness and friendliness were touching. And with each such reaction I would pull myself back to that feeling prevailing in the world that everything in Japan is really lovely and picturesque, if only I were capable of appreciating it. I felt that I must see and know the things of Japan which have made it the best written-up country in the world. Sometimes I would watch the features and the ways of these people and wonder what it is that makes them so attractive to us. Then I would note the Japanese woman's lips. They are anything but pretty; perhaps because they have never been kissed. But the smile of which they are capable is the loveliest expression imaginable. It is a drawing together of the lips as though focusing all inner delight for general inoculation. This is slightly due to the protrusion of the teeth, I would note, but the effect was none the less lovely.

One especially attractive creature was a little girl of eighteen. She was pretty, she was lovable, she was energetic; she was the favorite with all the boarders. For that very reason she did not stay long, though she served longer than all others.

Then there came Hana San, and introduced a fairy into our midst which turned out to be a ghost. She had attempted to open a sliding door or shutter on one of our windows. It wouldn't yield. She peeped through a little hole and was horrified at the sight of an apparition, in full attire, defying her. Naturally, maiden-like, she vanished, leaving the ghost master of the situation. So far-reaching are the effects of an angry ghost's vengeance that this innocent maiden is now far from the place, trying to subdue her terror and looking for a ghostless neighborhood — and another job. How-

ever, she left our neighborhood buzzing with rumor and skepticism.

After that we had Fume San for a while—and she departed. She returned one evening. Not to stay, however, for she was sick. A pain in her right side. The doctor advised an operation. She couldn't afford it. The other girls whispered to themselves about her, while she told me things about the landlady and how badly she treats the girls. She sought our sympathy. My neighbor acted as interpreter, and I got her story.

She had been deserted by a renegade husband. To look at her one could hardly have blamed him, for she was fat, dirty, sloppy. She was lop-sided and all out of proportion. She had neither the Japanese woman's *obi* back nor the foreign woman's corseted front (of which Japanese women make so much fun). She had always been as hard a worker as had been on the place, from six in the morning till eleven at night, responding quickly with her "*hai*" whenever called. Relaxation of a kind was permitted her, but it surely was not recreation and most decidedly not play. Ever and always she was there with a meek, submissive little smile, a smile chilling and cheering at the same time.

And this is her story. She was married at seventeen—ten years previously. Five years later her husband disappeared. Her only consolation was that after an absence of five years she was again "free." But free for what? To marry again? Surely not. That was the story of her life, and I am sure it was a full account, for no life seems so nearly void as hers. She worked for the five yen a month wage and her fare. Her fare was so meager that she eagerly accepted the balance of the milk I was unable to use—and, if offered an orange or some food, she was as delighted as a child. These things she would take slyly, lest the housekeeper see her. When I gave her a little money, she bowed to the floor a dozen

times. A messenger knocked at the door one day when she was still a servant. A relative had come to ask her for a contribution for the aid of a sick relation. And she gave it.

The housekeeper ignored her during the hour of her visit, yet she set to work washing dishes and, in fact, doing more than the housekeeper herself, evidently to earn a meal. With the few yen my neighbor and I gave her she said she would return to her country where she might be cured—or?

We had one more girl in the collection during my eight months of residence there. She was Hinai San, likewise fat and dirty. My neighbor and I were chatting when O Kiku San, the pretty one, came. He and I had been discussing the difference between the relation of the sexes in America and in Japan. When O Kiku San sat down, I began to tease her, and then we both commenced to play about with her, chasing her all over the room. Hinai San was down below, and, hearing what was going on up-stairs, came up timidly. But feeling that she was not pretty nor attractive, she remained on the stairs. Presently we heard her crying, and my neighbor obtained her confession that she was lonesome because I hadn't asked her to join. Of course I said she should come in. After a little while she tried to enter the fun, whereupon my neighbor made some uncomplimentary remark. She pressed him as to what he said, then urged him to whisper it to her. But he refused. Not knowing how to get round the situation, she spat in his face. He complained to the housekeeper, but evidently it was not taken as a gross offense, for while they were discussing it she went on washing the dishes unconcerned. She remained for four days without being discharged. In the meantime she learned that the remark had been to the effect that she was not beautiful. One night she announced that she would

make a pilgrimage to Maya-san, one of the temples on top of the mountain of that name, nearby—to pray for beauty. The housekeeper let her go in all seriousness. The next morning, it was discovered that she had come in at midnight and had taken all her clothes away with her. Why she found it necessary to abscond no one could tell.

The ease with which everybody entered every one else's room was at first confusing. At one time I found my landlady sitting on the mats in my room combing her hair as though it were her own boudoir. She and her husband and servants would come and go without invitation and consideration.

Returning at about eleven o'clock one evening, I found the sliding paper screens open into my neighbor's room. With him sat the housekeeper's husband and one of the waitresses from the Tokiwa, the tea-house across the way. They were waiting for my return. A somewhat refined and attractive little person in spite of her plainness, with narrow eyes and sprightly ways—she took me by surprise. I had not thought those girls across the way had any spirit in them, so mechanical they seemed in their movements. But here she was, come all the way over just to meet this foreigner about whom they had all become quite curious. She bore herself with the greatest dignity. Her speech was quiet and reserved and she would have been taken for a woman from the upper class. She had come to visit the housekeeper, whose intimate friend she was, and allowed herself to wait for my return. The friendship had been made through the husband having secured her the position.

In honor of the occasion, the paper sliding doors separating my room from my neighbor's had been removed, making of the two one—without consulting

me in the matter. This is a factor in Japanese life which can easily become a source of misunderstanding between natives and new arrivals. This lack of a certain sense of privacy is to the foreigner, accustomed to his solid walls and locked doors, shocking and irritating. Japanese dress and undress in public, and I have had friends, who came up to visit me in foreign clothes, take off everything down to their underclothes without as much as excusing themselves.

My neighbors intruded upon me in good-natured sociability, and it never seemed to dawn upon them that I might be busy. They went even farther. As generally there is a balcony on every house, a guest would wander along, indifferent as to whose room he might be passing. One evening the housekeeper and her servants came running into my room. "Greenbie *San. Shita ni, beppin san arimasu.*" And so it was. Downstairs there was a beauty. She was a Tokyo beauty, the bride of a man who had come all the way back from Java, where he was engaged in business, to secure a bride. She *was* a beauty. Worth coming from anywhere in the world for. They rushed me down-stairs, to the balcony, and, each head trying to outreach the other without being noticed, we peeped through the glass pane in the lower part of the paper doors—and peeped. The poor, frightened little creature sat there, not daring to say a word. The bridegroom also sat upon his knees, as stiff and sedate as a daimyo, his hands open flat upon his knees. His mother-in-law, come to see the bride off, sat a little farther away chattering with his mother—an incessant sort of chatter. Then the beauty—worth coming from up-stairs to see—slid into the corner and forthwith began removing her costly bridal outfit, and transforming herself completely—within her kimono. Then the girl's mother took her departure—and we thought we had looked as long as we

dared. Had there been no glass in those doors, the Japanese would have known how to see anyway. They would have wet their index finger and softly poked it through the paper—and thus provided themselves with a perfectly legitimate—in old Japan—way of spying upon an enemy or neighbor.

This form of intrusion came very nearly being the ruin of me as a boarder. They had no conscience in the matter at all. So general had become the practice of visitors and boarders to come and observe me from an angle on the balcony, and so often did they walk straight up in front of my room and look in, that I determined to screen off the passageway. Here I at first found favor in my neighbor's eyes, and he persuaded the housekeeper to give me an old screen. But soon it began to irritate him and he found all sorts of excuses for its removal. Of course, his powers of persuasion were greater than mine, and the screen got the habit of coming down; but my powers of persistence were as great, and the poor screen would soon go up again. Each time I remonstrated and won my point, it being entirely a matter of my right to some privacy—that part of the balcony being solely mine, since my room was at the farthest end. One day I returned to find the screen had disappeared. I could not discover where it went to, nor did search throughout the house reveal it. It was simply gone—and no one knew what happened to it. Of course, I saw that complaint was useless.

Slowly, as I began to understand a word or a phrase, I became aware of their gossip about me. Of course, all people gossip, but it is a bit too much to hear yourself discussed. To my face they were pleasant, but ridicule and dislike would show itself in other ways. I tried to see the situation reversed. A Japanese in America would not have received concessions such as I did, nor would any American boarding-house keeper have toler-

ated half the innovations I pressed upon them. But it gradually dawned upon me that it was largely because they recognized their own shortcomings that they stepped aside.

Their interest in the stranger waned, however. Before many months almost every one in the house had had a few lessons in English from me. My neighbor had given up almost immediately. I was too systematic, and wanted to learn as much of Japanese as he learned of English. Being somewhat experienced in teaching, I was giving ten times more than I was receiving. Since he knew a little English, as is the case with almost every Japanese of even the average intelligence, it was more easy to relapse into speaking English —and he always did. Most of our conversations became bilingual—the Japanese would use his English and I my Japanese. Then Azuchi San went to Tokyo for a fortnight, and when he returned he found another boarder filling his place as learner of English. Before two months went by I had had an agreement with every member of the household for the exchange of language lessons. In each and every case I found myself exhausting my energies in trying to learn and to teach, but they were capable of coming with me only a certain distance.

I had plunged into the very depths of this Oriental sea of agglutinated sounds. But no two persons ever told me the same thing. In theory there are three languages in Japan: the written, the honorific, and the colloquial. In reality there are as many ways of saying the same thing as occasions on which you want to be polite, suggestive, or deceptive. When my housekeeper tells me, "*Anata wa kotoba wo yoku wakaru*," her face seems serious and she feels proud at being able to pass such a grave judgment. Literally she says, "How well you understand!" but I know she means: "What a stupid, ill-sounding, impolite boor you are! How your

voice rises and falls like a mountain range! Considering you are only a foreigner, how well you speak!" But these are mere assumptions.

My linguistic enthusiasm got me into trouble. Apart from the general absence of privacy, the insatiable desire on the part of all Japanese to master English, which never gets beyond, "Gentleman, allow me to introduce myself to you for first time," made my quarters the general rendezvous for every boarder in the house, together with the housekeeper and servants. But in no case did I find real stick-to-it-iveness. Regularity was not in their natures.

I became a voluntary martyr to the education of the youth of Japan. One day I met two boys. I simply asked them the direction, but they forthwith attached themselves to me. They asked if they could come to me for lessons. I yielded. They came. Next lesson they had another free pupil with them, and I began to see that the whole of Kobe would "beat a track to my door" should I raise no barrier. I had not asked them for any fee, and my fame went round. But what was provoking was that they did not come regularly. So I determined to set my rate at seventy-five cents a month each for twelve lessons. I knew they could not pay more. They continued for three weeks. By that time there were half a dozen zealots, quiet, mannerly, sitting in a semicircle upon my mats. Toward the end of the month they gradually dwindled and disappeared—without paying me. I was sorry for them, for in each case I would receive a letter reading thus:

> Dear Teacher:
>
> Please excuse me, for we cannot go to your house at this evening, because we are very busy with our works.

Which meant that Kobe *narikin* firms, shipping, export, manufacturing firms, were bringing pressure to bear on

them in the way of longer hours during the war-time rush.

One held out the longest, and there was good reason. The little girl, daughter of the hotelkeeper mentioned in the previous chapter, had been coming to me for lessons twice a week. She was a bewitching little thing and always brought her little six-year-old sister along as chaperon. Of all, her interest and brightness were the best, and she learned rapidly. And it was on account of her that this other young fellow came so regularly. I began to see an interesting little bit of romance and nursed it indulgently—yet protecting the little girl as far as possible. I never would let them go off without her little sister, which indeed was most unkind and unconsiderate. Then, strangely enough, the little girl stopped coming. I hadn't time to make inquiries, and some weeks passed. The last of my students also dropped away. One day I received a long sheet of paper neatly folded in the Japanese way, all written over like a valedictory. Translation revealed that it was an invitation to a wedding to take place in Tokyo. Little Kazu-ko, just gone fourteen, was to be married to a very refined and educated Tokyo gentleman just returned from years of residence in England. And my little romance had gone to smash.

"Exchange" in the matter of lessons having proved itself so fruitless, I employed two teachers myself. One I kept for a week and the other for six weeks—but I found they neither knew how to teach nor were they really interested in doing so. The Japanese, in the matter of his language, still tries to keep the gates to his inner empire closed to the foreigner.

One evening, just as my assistant arrived, two strange boys wandered in, dressed in their very best manners. They knew I was waiting for my lesson, but they stayed. We had to proceed with it in their presence. Then the

housekeeper's husband brought a brazier and tea—and himself. And he stayed. When my lesson was over they began to discuss me and my pronunciation and the words I used and how I urged for my *gohan* (rice) and what not. And they stayed. I shuffled about, I wrote in a corner, I stood like an impatient horse—but teacher and student and attendant all stayed. At last my teacher, a little more alert, got up to go. Then he did go, and I had to open the door wider and hold it—waiting for the others to go, too.

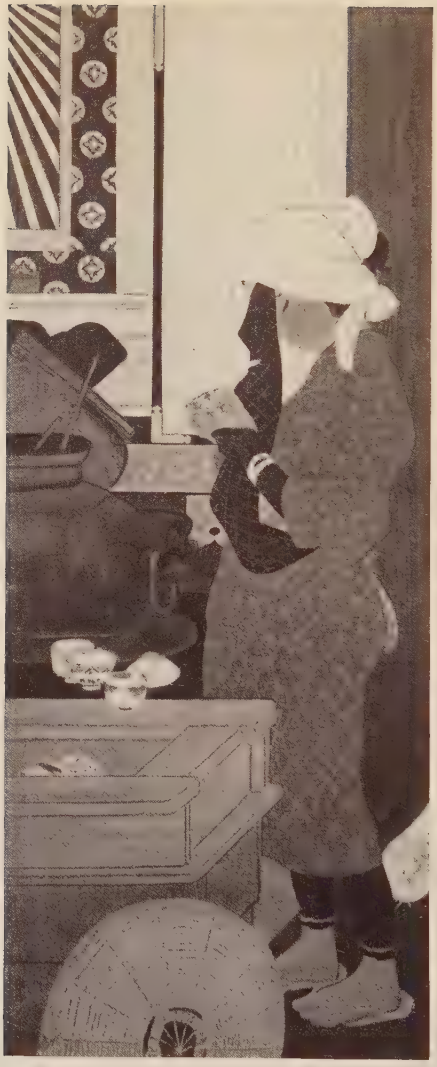
They had hardly gone and I set to work (nine o'clock) when the doors were pushed aside again and my housekeeper appeared, all smiles and sweetness, and presented a new neighbor. She brought a steamer-chair, a brazier; and another chap came in from next door, and the lot sat themselves down in comfort and began talking. I went out, returned, but, like Poe's Raven, they still were sitting. They would have been there till midnight—as they often were—but I had to excuse myself because of a painful headache, and retired. They were always ready to use my room—it being the best in the house—for entertaining whoever happened to want entertainment. I was the pride of the housekeeper—and the neighborhood.

My early enthusiasm for the dissemination of English among the Japanese, who trailed on my footsteps wherever I went, soon vanished. And though I never refused to dispense it, whoever asked, I learned that setting a definite price upon my time pretty generally acted as a strong deterrent.

In time their interest in the foreigner waned. Peace prevailed. One evening, when things had become somewhat dull and I was deep in my work, the housekeeper introduced a new boarder. He had just returned from many years' residence in Java and spoke very good English. He told me she had expressed her sympathy

JAPANESE WEAR FOUR-INCH CLOGS IN WET WEATHER, AND THEY NEED THEM

THE SAWYER STILL HOLDS HIS OWN AGAINST PROGRESS



WE HEARD HER CRYING. SHE CONFESSED SHE WAS LONESOME

because I was always alone and always working. I had no foreign friends and did not go out very much. So I discovered that there was some affection in her, though I had thought her very hard and selfish. And I would look at her and her people and feel contrite. In their own way they seemed to try to please, but how could it be possible where standards were so utterly different?

I wondered about the case with the Chinese. Do they come to Japan and dislike it at first, but gradually learn to love it as time goes on, as is the case of Americans in Europe or Italians in England? This much is true. To westerners Japan does not become more dear on acquaintance. In most cases the early enthusiasms fade and are replaced by distrust and even dislike. And I was fighting my hardest not to allow petty little personal experiences to embitter me against these people.

I had made friends with a Japanese who had lived for ten years in California. His wife was a California-born girl and spoke perfect English. At his suggestion, she was to teach me Japanese, but, as I anticipated, our friendship and their knowledge of English stood in the way. They would not accept compensation, and I could not urge instruction.

When I labored to make myself understood and failed, it irritated me. When a Japanese fails in a like attempt, he grins. This offends till you realize it is part of his custom. I upbraided my friend for laughing in my face when I once attempted to speak Japanese to a friend of his. I explained to him that that struck us as impolite. He acknowledged that it was so and that he, too, had been offended frequently when speaking English in the States. Yet he said: "That is Japanese way. Next time you speak Japanese, I smile again." And the fact that it was "Japanese way" seemed ample justification in his eyes.

"Japanese way" led to many other strange incongruities. As clean as the Japanese are reputed to be—and they do go to the bath twice a day in summer—I noticed that the young men in the house would use the ordinary bucket in which dishes were washed for face water, and would put their toothbrushes into the basin in which they had just washed their faces.

"Japanese way" led to still other strange things. At eleven-thirty at night O-Kami San would suddenly be inspired to song—yet there was no moon about. It was as endless as it was excruciating. Such things never seemed to bother the Japanese. One young man in the house took it into his head to practise singing at six o'clock every morning. Nobody complained.

Suwayama Park being on the hill above us, the path thereto was immediately in front of our house. People passing day or night would give vent to song at all hours. It was not always unpleasant, especially when it was the result of mere good spirits and not *sake*.

Every morning a flower-girl would pass through the neighborhood. She called, sadly, "*Hana-i, hana-ii, hana-iro,*" in three plaintive appeals. In summer the peddler calling "ice-cream" transformed for the moment this indefinable world, opening the strangling hold it had upon one through not knowing the language, and permitting dovetailing of consciousness. It is a queer sensation, this brushing aside of the curtain of obscurity which hangs over a stranger in such a land as this—and merely by a single familiar sound, "Ice-cream." One hears "*mame*" and knows it means beans; "*hana*" and knows it is flowers, but "ice-cream" opens the doors of your world wide again.

Japanese laughter is, when heard on the street below, not in any way different from that of westerners, and often I would be sure I had heard foreigners pass—which was not infrequently the case—only to find, when

bending over the railing, that it was the laughter of Japanese.

But then my attention would be drawn to the laughter of the merrymakers across the way. The tea-house was the finest and most expensive in Kobe, and was frequented by officials of the highest rank and the rich in general. To me it was there to watch, day and night, and there I made my observations of Oriental life, its social and economic phases. There below were the long, wooden strips of grating across the length of the room. During summer the paper doors were removed. Every afternoon at about four I could see the waitresses, stripped to the waist, sitting before their little mirrors, making their toilet for the evening. Then the geisha would begin to arrive in all their gorgeous attire—mainly in red with gold-thread embroidery. The gentlemen *narikin* would come next, and the quiet waitresses would begin to slip about over the mats. Gradually, as the *sake* began to take effect the sounds would grow more and more audible, all would burst into song, accompanied by clapping of hands; or games between the men and the geisha would produce riotous outbursts of laughter —shrieks of laughter. Games only children would play in the West are here enjoyed by gray-haired men. The night would be filled with shrieking and singing and clapping of hands, which continued till midnight. The war having produced abundance of wealth, merry-making became even more riotous than Japanese themselves could stand, and the police ordered that tea-houses be closed at midnight. At first the singing had continued till two and three o'clock. Then I was kept awake by the calling for rickshaws. A dainty maiden would clatter down the street below toward us, where was the bend in the road, and from there call out: "*Danna San. Danna San. Icho.*" Or, "*Nicho,*" or, "*Sancho,*" as the case might be. She was calling:

"Honorable Mr. Rickshaw man. One round." Or two or three. That is, a guest wanted one rickshaw, or two, etc. And then her little clogs clattered back again. Sometimes a man would call, and his bellow wakened the neighborhood. And from the distant rickshaw-shed a voice would answer, sleepily, "*Hai*," and soon soft, rubber-soled feet would patter up the slight grade. There were farewells, and the night would go to sleep again.

Though we were on the edge of town the procession was incessant. I would lie awake hours wondering when the patter would cease, but it ended only in my falling asleep.

Crowded as may be the world centers, such as New York and London and Paris, one accustomed to them doesn't wonder nearly so much as he does at the ceaseless processions in Japan. The steady streams of humanity which course through the main streets and by-streets of this little Empire are simply amazing. Of course, in a measure this is due to the narrow streets and the confusion of traffic with pedestrians. But this notwithstanding, one gazes out upon an Oriental street with no little misgiving who knows what population means to the peace of the world.

Long after the noise of the tea-house had subsided I would stand and gaze out across Kobe, out to where the pneumatic hammers were incessantly thundering away at the steel hull of the superdreadnought—the *Ise*—which was then being built at the shipyards. And I would wonder what it was being made to protect. This? This laughter and hilarity of *narikin*, who spend their profits at these tea-houses? And I looked farther out over Japan and saw fifty millions working, or rather trying to do what specialization and organization have done elsewhere—doing it in the same slipshod, crude, old-fashioned way as it was being done in this very little household into which chance had brought me. And I just wondered.

IV

SAKE AND SONG

ROM my balcony, late one afternoon, I looked down upon the street. From out of the Tokiwa tea-house came two geisha, gorgeously dressed in their tremendous bows of richly colored silk *obi* (girdles) round their fantastically embroidered kimonos—two tiny mites absolutely smothered in finery. "They are being introduced to tea-house managers," the boy in the house informed me. "And the two men walking behind them are their new masters."

Oddly enough, just a few minutes later, a large, well-fed cow was being driven along the same street by a Japanese farmer. She, too, had some finery on her—a red-colored covering thrown across her back and hanging in braids down her sides. She was being taken to a temple to celebrate the passing of the period considered dangerous to growing rice.

Already the waitresses in their little caged chamber across the way were squatting before their mirrors, their breasts bare. Then the usual arrivals of geisha in rickshaws and the renewal of the screams of laughter left off at twelve the night before; men half drunk pursuing girls who are not afraid of being caught, but are paid for pretending to resist. Or some special geisha, fan in hand, kicking her trailing robes about in what is thought to be a dance—studied, exact, monotonous. The evening wears on; again there is quiet. The half-dozen little

waitresses, having passed in and out among the guests serving food and *sake* for hours on end, must be wet with perspiration. Yet they still have their own beds to spread. To me, above, they seem to move noiselessly. Hardly caged animals; yet not unlike them. For an hour more they go backward and forward, apparently accomplishing nothing, even as before they seemed endlessly doing nothing. They loll about on the mats with quite becoming ease and grace. A long strip commences to unwind endlessly. It is the *obi* being put aside for the night. Not as gorgeous as that the geisha wear, but just as long and as conventional. A match strikes; the quick puff of smoke from the tiny pipe—and the pinch of tobacco is exhausted. Another is pressed into the little bowl; another and another. Again endless movement with nothing done. What long hours wasted against the need of sleep, it seems. But even in such slight tasks life finds satisfaction. The day is long, they seem to say. How shall I pass it through, how fill the time of living? Tomorrow? Oh, plenty of time for sleep. The day is long and duties come aplenty. They appear and disappear, nothing immodest in their movements. And then each creeps within the heavy *futon* (quilts), rests her head upon the wooden pillow, and the last one draws the paper sliding window across, leaving nothing but shadows for me to look upon. So, I am afraid, must I creep away to sleep?

Yet across the city, beyond the veil of simple tasks concealed, over a deep-blue gulch to where glitter innumerable lights, from over yonder comes the sound of the incessant pneumatic hammers.

These were the Japanese *narikin* that day spending fortunes earned easily out of the war.

But what is it that induces so much noise and laughter? What can the grown-up Japanese see in these tiny little

mites, or even their more grown-up sisters, to lavish so much wealth and dignity upon them? To a sober western observer it seems the height of absurdity, and in one way is a striking commentary on Japanese character. The amusement, from our point of view, is extremely effeminate: clapping of hands, playing games with the hands such as the children play; chasing after girls while three-quarters drunk—such is the round of pleasure which night after night I witnessed from my room.

True there were more dignified performances, as when the Minister of Communications came to stay there. An elaborate dinner was given, and the most attractive geisha obtainable were ordered. As I looked through the thin gauze curtains which hung across the inner open doorway it seemed like some fairy setting. A row of men had squatted upon the mats, eating a meal endlessly various. There seemed end neither to dishes nor to appetite. The *sake* flowed freely. Then the geisha commenced to dance, and a more gorgeous spectacle could not be found anywhere. The Minister himself, though preserving the utmost dignity, was not too distasteful of the grosser enjoyments. Applause was profuse. But the guests disbanded somewhat earlier than usual—at eleven o'clock.

It is customary to observe all sorts of events, business or otherwise, personal or national, with similar feastings, and frequently foreigners are invited. Especially was this so during the war and when the armistice and peace were celebrated. Then *narikin* gave dinners which vied in elaborateness with those of the West.

But the majority of evenings were spent in riotous carousing in which Bacchus proved himself no anachronism.

However much all other forms of Japanese social life may be closed to him, no foreigner is ever a total outsider to these affairs. He is bound sooner or later to

become friendly with some Japanese, and few Japanese have any conception of entertainment other than with the geisha. And I was no exception. I had gone to Osaka one day, and there, at a commercial exhibition, met a gentleman, who proved to be my preceptor initiating me into the amenities of geishadom. My friend —for so I may now call him—was a sober little gentleman devoted to his unusually charming young wife. "You wait for me half an hour and I be free to go with you show you Osaka. I will introduce you to my best of friend. You American, I know. I lived in America ten years. My wife was born in America. You wait half an hour. I promise." And that was my beginning.

In a sense the Japanese are the most sociable people in the world. I found myself taken in by strangers everywhere, in just such a free and easy manner. Yet with the men at the boarding-house I found it almost impossible to become intimate. While home we were very friendly, but they never asked me to join them in any adventure. Girl friends are things practically unknown to them. Except the geisha, whom, other than his sisters, is a man to know? During my stay there my neighbor once brought up two girls on a visit; one was Eurasian, the other pure native. The absence of real privacy in Japanese houses minimizes any suspicion which might attach itself to such a visit. I was introduced to them. I tried to be sociable, especially as they both spoke English fluently, but my efforts failed.

Come to the home of the westerner and his wife will entertain you. The Japanese girl gets no such training and never knows what it is to be sociable with men. Therefore the Japanese cannot understand our courtesies and attention to young women. Naturally, they put upon it the wrong interpretation.

Among the young men living at the house, the subject

MINATOGAWA, KOBE'S THEATER STREET, LEADS STRAIGHT TO THE SHIPYARDS, AND THE THRONGS OF PLEASURE-SEEKERS BEAR IN THEIR FACES THE LINES OF TOIL

THE FACT THAT WATER RUNS DOWNHILL SEEMS NOT YET TO HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED

THOUGH THE SHEAVES OF WHEAT ARE PLENTY THIS WOMAN WOULD MAKE ONE THINK A FAMINE HAD HIT THE LAND

of women seldom came up for discussion. From all appearances, they might all have been celibate priests. One day, however, we were watching the girls in the tea-house across the way, and I led them on to talk about morality in Japan.

"Do young men ever have girl friends?" I asked one.

"Oh yes," he answered, "they are beginning to, more and more."

"Well," I ventured, "do they ever bring girls up to their rooms at their boarding-houses?"

"No, they don't. It wouldn't be allowed," he assured me. "In one house in which I lived two men occasionally brought women home with them for the night. They were star boarders and the housekeeper put up with it. But it's against the law except at tea-houses."

The general tone of conversation with these young men was always restrained and decent. They spoke with a gentility which is the way of the thoughtful and educated young Japanese. Notwithstanding that drinking is nowhere taboo, neither of these two, on my floor, drank. They were not Christian, and even for Buddhism they had little regard, as is the case with most educated Japanese. Still, they intimated that they did not look with favor upon licentiousness, and were chauvinistically ashamed of their restricted districts—the cages.

"Foreigners," said one of them, in answer to my question, "are perhaps on the average more moral than Japanese; but in principle our ways are just as good as yours. Foreigners, however, seem to us too proud." It was curious, for from my way of thinking he had completely reversed it. To me foreigners are by no means more moral. Some are too proud, but it's a different pride from that of the Japanese. Foreigners are more used to being proud, but the Japanese stamps and swaggers because he doesn't know how to be proud

with dignity. He simulates or emulates too much the old-time samurai officiousness.

I found it impossible to be pals with Japanese. Either the man is a *narikin* in the making and takes it upon himself to entertain you on behalf of his country, never letting you pay, or else he is poor and unashamed of his poverty, and always lets you pay. And in both cases it is pride. Yet he is overawed by any foreigner, and when he is poor he makes no pretensions.

My friend, Mr. Suzuki, brought his "best of friend," Hayashi, a Hyogo exporter, with him to my place one day. We looked across, as one could not help doing, to the Tokiwa. We chatted about it. "Have you ever been there?" he asked. I confessed. "Well, I will take you." And he was as good as his word. The entrance below was as attractive in its simplicity as a mere entrance could be. The waitresses knelt upon the mats at the door to receive their guests. The smooth, unpainted woodwork, the expensive screens, the spacious rooms—one felt he had come into a great temple turned pagan. Half a dozen geisha had been ordered, and we were assigned to an open room on an extension, with an unobstructed view of Kobe from every angle. It was merely a corner of the great open garden, as it were.

The girls showed they were being taxed unduly, having to entertain a foreigner. I could not speak to them very well, and put myself in the hands of my friend. Being new to these intimacies, I requested that the girls dance for me, as otherwise I should have been on the outside of the jollity—none of the witticisms which provoked so much laughter being interpreted to me. I thought perhaps my friends regarded them as too vulgar for the ears of a foreigner.

The geisha is not an over-attractive personality. Her grace is too cramped, too limited. Her movements while dancing are extremely proper, according to code,

and seldom, if ever, rise to any terpsichorean liveliness as we know it. She turns about on the balls of her feet, kicking the trailing gowns outward, not immodestly, and manipulates a fan in definitely prescribed ways. The fan is the essence of the art, next to which in importance is the movement of the hands. Otherwise, neither the music nor the dance, *per se*, quicken my artistic sense to a thrill.

They taught me a song. The melody was simple and so monotonous that it almost wearied me. But the words, when interpreted made me understand—and then I sang with them, and loved Japan in that song.

Literally it is this:

Iso de meisho wa Oharai Sama yo
(By a famous beach, O Hara San)

Matsu ga miyamasu honobonoto
(Pine tree sees faintly)

Matsu ga miyamasu iso iso honobonoto.
(Pine tree sees blithesome faintly).

They seemed to be drunk with the very repetition of the song. To me it was but a translation, and I could see the picture it presented. But they sang it over and over again, taught it to me with a patience which was either childish or sublime—that is, either without understanding or with a sense of the oneness of the universe, almost as though it were a prayer. They repeated it over and over again, and it was the only song sung that evening with any interest. It seemed to be part of them and to emanate as the perfume from the rose, as color from a sunset.

We were absorbed in this song. The girl who took it upon herself to instruct me was most vivacious and attractive. I almost forgot my surroundings, and paid no attention to those coming or going. Suddenly, into

the monotony of the dancing and the singing came a little girl. She was just fourteen. Her silks and embroideries were fabulous, and the artificially white skin was solid and fresh. She was a tiny little thing, and should be forgiven if the gorgeous raiment made her think of herself and feel happy. She came in with the usual bow, sat down quietly, but the gaze of every one of us was instantly upon her, and the faces of the other geisha showed both satisfaction and envy. The dear little thing felt happy, and yet dared not give expression to that happiness. So that every little while a smile would turn on her lips and contract or be suppressed. She was happy, but still it must have hurt her not to be able to be happy girlishly.

Six months or more later I met her at another geisha party. She didn't recognize me, but finally recalled the evening. But what a change! She was already the favorite of a foreigner, with all the tricks and self-conscious indifference of her profession.

One evening Mr. Suzuki and I decided to go to see more of geisha life. I could see that his wife didn't approve of it, but he was master and no argument was necessary. The geisha takes the place of the club, and no woman will dare deny that to her husband. The geisha is not his companion—she is merely a specialist in the entertainment of men. The wife entertains him at home, the geisha abroad; and if he wants a concubine or two, there is no law prohibiting it. The present Emperor is the first to have adopted monogamy, but his father had five wives, himself the son by a side-wife, the Lady Yanagiwara.

We moved along through the vast crowd which had swarmed the streets on its way to a temple, and took to a back street or roadway along the bank of the Minatogawa. There were neither lights nor pavements, and the dust raised by the scraping of the *geta* (clogs)

GEISHA ARE INDISPENSABLE TO A MAN'S ENJOYMENT OF CHERRY-BLOSSOMS

NOWHERE WAS A BELATED ARMISTICE CELEBRATED LIKE THIS

BEERU, STEAMING RICE, AND MAID AS HOPEFUL AS THE PLUM-BLOSSOM

NOT THE OUTER SHAPE, BUT THE POSSIBILITIES, MAKE THESE TEA-HOUSES

was distressing. The dark, starlit night did not minister to the delicacy of Japanese atmosphere; only the strangeness was real.

We dropped down among the shacks, the dirty, ratty places, wandered through narrow alleys amid squalor and poverty. Not our kind of poverty, though—not so degraded, but more primitive. In Japan poverty does not arouse so much sympathy, because it is not so definitely below the general condition. It is so common that we take no more notice of it than of a poor horse or cow.

Farther on we were in alleys lined with cleaner, better, and more luxurious houses. This is where the geisha live. They have no homes, for a Japanese could not be gay in the presence of his parents or the parents of a geisha. The parents being older, he would have to sit still and be sober. Consequently the geisha have their own quarters. The proprietors of these houses are all "respectable." They look after the girls with law-abiding interest.

When we found the appointed place, we entered. The clean, somewhat charming old woman brought out sheets of paper on which the names of at least eight hundred girls were printed. When a girl is hired, a hole is punched with a toothpick over her name; when she returns, a hole is punched beneath it. The girls are ordered from a central office, where a strict register is kept of their movements. To wander over to one of these offices reminds one of a miniature stock-exchange. The atmosphere of intense activity, of the passing of great possessions from one to another, makes of it the most lively place in the quarters.

When the girls my friend favored arrived, we were well into the feast. The normal length of a Japanese meal is about three and a half hours. I sat with my friends, watching the meat and the greens sizzling on the brazier,

eating little pieces at set intervals. It was tantalizing. I could have devoured the whole of it post-haste, but had to wait each time for some one to take a chopstick-ful first. It was a delicious torture, for each mouthful was worth the waiting for. *Sukiyaki*, it is called, which means "enjoyable fry."

Six geisha came in and sat. . . . Two of them talked, and my stammering Japanese formed part of the amusement, if not all; but there was no dancing, playing, or singing. What they were being paid for under these circumstances I could not tell. It only indicated the real evil of the geisha habit. They were neither friends nor entertainers, just simply parasites, or—let us give them some place in life—wallflowers.

My friend asked what I thought of their looks; I indicated which I considered the prettiest. No, that was not *his* choice. "The one to my right," he said, "forty-five per cent; the next, thirty-five per cent; then fifty-five per cent [the one I had indicated], and lastly, seventy-five per cent." That is the quaint way they have of passing judgment on women. Later on, another girl came in. Indeed, she was the best and we assessed her at eighty per cent. She was not a beauty, being a little too stout, but she had charm and character and "go." She did everything, some things a little vulgarly, some charmingly, and some revealing training and education. She was the favorite. She liked foreigners, knew a few words of English, and kept the lot of us in a merry mood. What the main topic of conversation was, however, I never knew. Japanese are most exasperating in this, for they will carry on miles of conversation even about yourself, without as much as attempting to bring you into the affair. You simply have to extract an interpretation, so shy and evasive are they.

Thus another four hours of life passed on. It was not a bore, yet certainly not interesting. It cost us thirty

yen, five dollars each, dozens of bottles of aerated water and beer, food and fruit, jokes and laughter. One girl played the violin—an altogether new thing in Japan—but one other didn't so much as make a remark all evening. Yet this is what is in so great demand in Japan, so much so that one must employ these girls days ahead of time if one is to have any choice at all. And thus is man's sanity secured.

I had expressed an interest in the historical phase of this life which reminded my friend that he could show me what life in old Japan had been like in a vivid way. So a few weeks later he called upon me again and asked if I would come out for the evening. This time it was distant from the usual geisha quarters, off from the old road which before the coming of the foreigners had been the main street of Hyogo—Kobe's parent city. Even after the coming of the white man, this road had played its dramatic part, for, to avoid passing the hated foreign settlement, the samurai and daimyo had taken to traveling to Kyoto by turning northward and cutting through the hills over what is now known as Arima-michi (Arima highway). To this hidden inn along Arima-michi we went that evening.

Besides dancing and singing and now more friendly intimacy, the proprietor brought out her store of ancient possessions which she keeps for just such occasions. Japanese who wish to play samurai, or ancient noblemen, can here satisfy their desires. We regaled ourselves in these old-time costumes and acted scenes and samurai practices so romantic to them. Thus for a few moments I was a Chinese patriarch, and then a powerful shogun in glittering gowns with a tiny little wife to follow me and obey. Every one paid me the respect due a superior. My friend was a valiant samurai dressed in weighty armor. He depicted a departure for war, the scene between himself and his sweetheart, their marriage, and the

sad moments of parting. They acted as though born to it; not, however, without a conscious show of ridicule.

Sake began to flow and all became cheerful. Even the old woman, the proprietor's wife, imbibed freely at her guests' expense. She was soon quite gay and avowed most emphatically that she loved me. Her old husband finally came in and good-naturedly picked her up and carried her out of the room. His kindliness completely whitewashed her helpless coarseness.

The 80-per-cent geisha of the previous party was present. Her name—that is, her geisha name—was Tamosabura. She was dark-complexioned and left herself so. She did not paint. She was twenty-five, and admitted it. She was the most intelligent and had the finest character, but hid it. And when I was just about to forget that she was a geisha she would make some suggestive remark which made me wish men did not have to be made "happy" and girls subjected to a training in subtleties to achieve it for them.

She affected a great liking for me, but I am sure she didn't even dislike me—a red devil of a foreigner. She pretended to be happy, but she was not sad. She was slightly curious about me, yet mocked me. I struggled to learn Japanese, a language the value of the usage of which was a vague possibility to me wrapped in a mantle of promise. She learned a few English words and showed her contempt for the language by using them to amuse the illiterate and the simple-minded.

She rose to go. It was half past ten, but she said she had to keep another engagement. In putting away her *samisen* (the Japanese guitar which has no music in it) the others came to her assistance. My attention was called to this. It was a show of courtesy to which she, as a superior, was entitled. And with more sweep and motion than is common with most Japanese women, she slipped out of the door.

Things fell flat after that, though we did not leave till one in the morning. There was then neither tram nor rickshaw. The concern for my safety all of them manifested was indeed remarkable. The girls were most considerate and kindly, a loveliness in feminine character which always wins western men's sympathies. One woman went ahead and presently returned with a *kuruma*. With a *kurumaya san* they would trust me to arrive unharmed.

My way lay through one of the outer regions of the city. Through the narrow little byways of Hyogo my sturdy rickshaw man bore me. There was so much blackness round about that this trustworthy coolie shone with human radiance. Alone, it might not have been altogether well for me to wander away out here. With him, panting and shifting the place of the shafts, I rode with delight and composure. The electric lights at every gate seemed sleepy within their nooks and corners.

I had time and ease in which to reflect on the night and its experiences. One certainly grows to love these people with a melancholy love. They are not ugly, I thought, but certainly not beautiful; they are not sad, but certainly not happy; they are not prim, but certainly not free; they are not refined, but certainly not vulgar. What are they, then? They are geisha, the product of a feudalism in which a man might do anything he pleased, aside from real thinking. They are a specialized institution. Though the geisha may easily be a libertine in her profession, still I have yet to see her nightly employer take any public liberties with her though prostitute she may be. Hired for the occasion, to satisfy the pleasure-seeking, she still maintains her dignity. Whatever her morals, in appearance she is the most circumspect individual in the world. It is to the credit of Japanese unmorality that, using their women, they do not torture them as does the West.

Japanese have no women friends, only wives, servants, geisha and prostitutes. Whereas we would not think of going out for an evening's pleasure without our girl friends, here the presence of women must be paid for, though they do nothing at all to earn their fees. And back home, my friend's little wife and servant were sitting up for him, for she told me that on all occasions she remains up till he comes, and would not sleep through the night should he remain away.

. . . . . .

Seven o'clock the next night. Drooping with the somewhat solemn evening are the low-hanging clouds of a day's rain. The white breakers gnaw the distant point of land; and the wind, like a giant tongue, laps the mouthlike group of hills.

It is the same tale the world over, only in a somewhat different setting from that of the geisha. The tale of the prostitute. In old Japan she was regarded as much a part of the community as any woman. And as late as 1918, in Kobe, and even to this day in Yokohama and a few other places, she was exposed without compunction to the public. She was kept in what are called restricted districts, but that word does not refer to what goes on in them. It is in the heart of the city, next-door neighbor to the geisha quarters. There is no singing and playing of the guitar as in the latter district, but there is no dearth of noise or of general activity. The streets are lighted up to the third story. Men, women, and children, who are not themselves part of, but are party to the district, abound. Their homes are there, and they are part of the system only in so far as they earn their living by supplying rice and drink to the sprightly. The street is unusually wide; shrubs grow in plots between. By about seven or seven-thirty, no matter how threatening the sky above, life here begins to glow. Entering the first dark door over which

striped curtains dangle in the wind, you find some men or women sitting on benches or chairs. They will immediately advance upon you, urging you to patronize their establishment and telling you at what price. To the right or to the left is a well-lighted room open to view but for three-quarter-inch wooden strips set about an inch apart. They are usually stained brown. Within, in brilliant light, sit anywhere from six to two dozen girls, clothed in brilliantly colored kimonos, painting, powdering, making themselves up for the night. They are coarse, they are ugly, fat, unsightly, and the powder and paint make them still more unsightly. But that does not seem to matter. The semicircle they generally form at the farthest end of the room is every once in a while broken—a girl temporarily absent. There they sit, however, receive insulting remarks without squirming, show themselves pleased when accepted—but seldom make any effort themselves to induce patronage.

The odd part of it is that they, and not the men, should be in the cages. Within the darkened hallway hilarious, boisterous men come in and go out, searching from house to house for girls to their liking. And one could follow them all along the street on the left, come back up again on the right, turn off into the narrower street to the right—go where one will within this district, and the same cages, the same women, the same conditions abound—because of the law.

It is legalized in Japan, and though latterly the exhibition of girls has been stopped in Kobe and Osaka, and enlarged portraits substituted, the traffic goes on just as much. Yet crude and horrible as the cages are, and cruel, the practice is not so dangerous to the community nor so disgusting as our street-walkers. During my years in Japan I recall being approached by women on the streets only three times, and in all Japan I have yet to come across licentiousness that is not mere prosti-

tution and that cannot be found as readily in every other country in the world.

. . . . . .

One soon tires of the geisha and their accomplishments, but the resident in Japan soon learns to endure with unpatient resignation these Oriental amenities. For it is indeed a matter of looking for a square egg if one tries to find a place without them. Even should one keep entirely away from their quarters and the tea-houses, the nights are so full with their shouting and playing that, willy-nilly, one has them with him. And when the summer comes, or during plum-blossom or cherry-blossom viewing, the tumult drifts into the public parks—and then one must indeed say farewell to peace.

It was while trying to avoid one such place that a friend of mine and I turned down the street toward the slums and the factories, instead of taking to the upper paths along the hill. The houses were monotonously regular, dirty, and poor, their only virtue being that they were low and permitted an almost unobstructed view of the hills above. Occasionally the landscape opened, disclosing a glimpse of the sea, like the carelessly closed kimono which often affords a peep at the Japanese woman's breasts.

When we reached the foot of the hills we turned to the left because the way to the right was so prohibitive. The factories with their green and brown gaseous smoke were too much for us. We had not gone very far when we came upon some buildings which puzzled us. They looked like barracks or prisons, yet we knew they could be neither. The window openings were about two feet square, closed with thin strips pasted over with paper. We were discoursing somewhat generally upon the materialism of modern Japan when a voice, coarse yet sweet, rang out from the nearest aperture. It made us stop and look each other in the face. Something drew

us close to each other, as though the whole of that which is loveliest in all Japan had enveloped us. It was immediately followed by a chorus of voices unutterably sweet and wholesome. Our curiosity became irresistible. The lure was so great that we decided to find out what these men were doing.

Entering by way of an open gate in the high board fence, we came into a yard of picturesque simplicity. In the corner was a deep well over which stood the old-fashioned well-sweep, for all the world just as it must have stood in the days of the patriarchs. Upon a ledge stood a Japanese, bringing the water up as rapidly as possible and pouring it into the buckets of another. That other, when his two pails were full, shouldered them on his yoke and with a jerky, swinging gait passed on into the darkened building beyond. The life was so primitive, the atmosphere so sober, we felt we had suddenly slipped out of the modern rush of new Japan into something we shall probably find at the other end of time when man arrives. Tremendous tubs, eight feet in diameter, lay about the yards, wheel after wheel of them. Omar's request that we turn down "an empty glass" was here but half complied with: these were empty, but on their sides, waiting to be turned up again. One man picked up a single bucket of water and strolled across the scene as it is said men did in Rachel's days. And the bamboo pole see-sawed its way between heaven and the dark depths of the well, awaking visions of eastern life now hardly Oriental.

From this outer yard the doors stood wide into the dungeon-like *sake*-cellars, for we were in a *sake*-brewing establishment. Here the tremendous tubs stood upright, six and seven feet high. The sweet-scented *sake* bubbled with ferment; and in and about the tubs moved the men, overgrown dwarfs of a raised underworld.

It seemed for a moment that our coming had broken

the charm, and they would not sing again. For the first time necessity seemed to me a spiritual parent instead of an earthly one. They had to stir their tubs, and habit was too closely allied to birth to be interrupted long by a mere visitation of strange foreigners. Slowly they reverted to song and labor. As they stood on the rims of the monstrous tubs, their staffs sunk into the thick, white, foaming rice brew, they symbolized living monuments of contentment stirring the cups of forgetfulness for the world.

Then one led off, and his voice rang out clear in that darkened vault—clear as the thin rays of light which entered through the cracks in the paper windows. The other three men took up the strains, and then they followed one another in perfect rhythm, to which they kept time by beating with their staff-mixers on the bottoms. The hands holding the staffs shot out full length and came down on the bottom with a gentle thud, were drawn in and raised again, one after the other, not a fraction of a second out of time. The song needed no words of explanation. The paper apertures threw little light on any details. Songs without words, and atmosphere without trifles—and for a moment a world without progress. Simple folk whose hearts are free from affectation can make their untrained voices the envy of great singers, and their wooden tools the peer of instruments. It was as though all that is lovely in human aspiration were being held firm to reality by the thud of a staff. Relief from progress and striving is a thrilling intoxicant; whether one chooses whisky or mere illusion, the result is all the same. Whenever I think back to my days in Japan I always feel the contrast between the vulgarities of the *sake*-drinking, idle Japanese and the loveliness of these happy toilers there in the dark vaults of Nada.

V

I BECOME A HOUSEHOLDER

OMES the world over are as telescopes through which an observer may look out upon life, and of no country I have ever been to is that more true than of Japan. But the homes in Japan are the dark chambers of these instruments to the foreigner, for seldom does he get a chance to see into them. In fact, this is admitted by even the best-traveled Japanese, and almost as though that seclusiveness were worthy of pride. My efforts, though they helped me to understand the workings of the Japanese mind, were not crowned with complete success till I got a home of my own. The circumstances which forced the change upon me were these.

One day the housekeeper failed to appear at my mealtime. Oteru San, the maid, said she was weeping because she had had a fight with her husband. Her own story to me was that she had received news of her father's death. But I noticed that thenceforward a woman moved about the house, and none so meek but that she would do him reverence. She spoke gently and in a loving manner. I cannot guarantee, however, that in making up she and her husband kissed. But there seemed little doubt that she had put whatever modernism had adorned the fringes of her temper upon the shelf. And all that sweetness of resignation and reserve which slept within the lap of her female ancestry

has found its ancient resting-place again. Cursed be the thought of any further violence or self-will ever frightening that sobriety into action. Peace, peace, of a punished variety thereafter lay quite meekly in the lap of our boarding-house domesticity.

And the strong, forgiving husband permitted a night out at the moving pictures, washed the rice and dishes, nor deigned not to humble himself in the "unmanly" act of mopping the dust from the hallway floors.

Peace reigneth in our household! Buddha and our ancestors be praised!

When it is considered that Hayashi San was not legally married to Yamato San (as is often the case in Japan) his kindliness and consideration of her were remarkable. He could have left her at a moment's notice. Of course, he might have had to pay her a sum of money. But he did not leave her, and in the eight months during which I roomed at the house they had had but one quarrel. She got the worst of it, but she was a selfish, vain person. He was even content to be called by her name, because she ran the house, and everybody called her to account.

But there is a longer story than that. It was dull in the house those days. A tragedy was working itself out, and the figure of the housekeeper was in the center of the stage. One morning she stood bent over the basin, washing her face. She did not turn and smile as was her wont, but slipped down the stairs without once turning to bid me good morning. As her figure descended the steep stairway it seemed to me she dipped into the darkness of despair.

For some months past she had been very frequently ill. "*Kutabiremashita*," she would always say. "Merely tired." She was always tired; more and more frequently tired. Then headaches. One day the two servants were treating her. One was lighting punk and depositing the burning stuff on her bare back. Then

the two commenced pounding vigorously. A cure. I had often wondered why so many Japanese have scars like vaccination-marks all over them. But the case went farther. Numerous medicines began to be seen about.

It is like this. There were ten people living in the house, and she was but one. Statisticians tell us that one out of every ten people has it. One out of every ten masses itself into staggering figures when they are withdrawn from the flood of human life. But terrible as that is, it is nothing at all compared with the one you meet who has it. That one, single and alone, throws a shadow over life; that one, single and isolated, leaves in lonely gloom that thing we all preserve so ardently—life. It is but one life, but to see it lonely, trying to re-establish itself against such odds, is terrible.

Yet, all the time, while she knew she had syphilis, and had had several injections of 606 in its milder Japanese form, she went on washing in the same public basin, eating out of the same dishes as the rest of them. I, being a foreigner, had had my own basin and dishes. The disease is spreading in Japan because the people are so careless. Everybody in the house knew, yet that did not seem to affect their attitude toward her, nor did they demand any special care. One day I looked down into the kitchen and saw her wash her eyes with the medicine, wipe her fingers on her apron, and immediately turn to the rice-bowl in which the whole day's portion was cooking. It was a strange situation. To have attempted to force her into isolation would have driven her to secrecy. That is only too frequently the case in that doctor-fearing country. Yet, though the Japanese attitude is indeed much less cruel, the indifference certainly exposes others.

The mystery grew. "How is it that she, a married woman, should have got the disease?" I asked my neighbor, knowing how universally true it is that there is no

more faithful creature in the world than the Japanese married woman. And then I learned that she had once been one of the girls in the Kobe cages. She was still good-looking, but a little too old for the profession. Yet the remarkable thing to me was that, her illness notwithstanding, and its expense, her husband, bound to her by no legal ties, did not desert her. They were kindly to each other and seemed quite happy.

My neighbor had a quarrel with her one evening and she commenced to cry. She took his advice and went to her relatives in the country for a day or so, to decide what her future course should be. Shortly afterward we were all told the house had been taken over by a Japanese *narikin* firm as a boarding-house for their employees, and we all had to vacate it.

The housekeeper and her husband rented a house farther down the hill and were anxious to have us come along. But none of us would have remained as long as we did had it not been for the splendid location of the house, its fine rooms and attractive view. A year or so later I met them both ambling down the street. They seemed to have grown more stodgy, but were just as happy with each other.

Being thus precipitately cast out into the moving world again, I was at a loss as to whether to pry somewhat deeper into that phase of Japanese life or take advantage of the opportunity to climb a step higher in the social scale. Several things were against the prospect of getting a house of my own—the servant problem and the problem of theft. I had had little to do with either the servant or the thief, and was as much afraid of the one as the other. This is more than mere timidity on my part. Every foreigner is forced to face that issue in Japan as soon as he becomes a householder. In the first place, there are plenty of servants to be had at a very reasonable wage, but it doesn't stop there. To

get an unreliable one means to put your possessions in jeopardy and to submit to a weekly "squeeze." One young foreigner found that, without being much of a drinker himself, he was constantly running dry and his groceries were always twice as much as others paid for them. The other thing is that Japanese houses are so frail, and without locks; consequently, no one would ever think of leaving them unguarded for a moment. But I determined to tempt fate and put myself under the wings of the Japanese police.

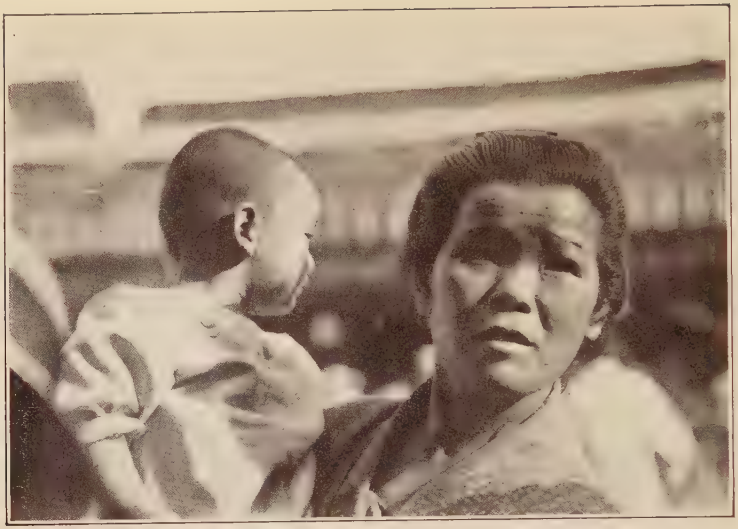
The next thing was to find a house. I wandered all over Kobe trying to find one. Time was when, had the rumor gone round that a foreigner wanted to rent a house, he would have been in danger of being scrambled over by landlords. But that time had gone, as have a good many other things with the war. Now I was the insignificant white man looking for shelter. I discovered, first of all, that there is an objection to renting houses to foreigners because they don't like to take off their shoes before entering, and are careless with the mats. Now the most expensive things about a Japanese house are the mats. They cost from one dollar to two dollars apiece, and there are from four to ten to a room, and since they are of material which wears out quickly and can't be washed when dirty, special care must be given them. Naturally, a landlord has to reckon that into his cost and rent. Secondly, the business boom in Kobe had been so great, industrialism had drawn so many people to the port from other cities and from off the farms, that there wasn't a house to spare. To make the situation more difficult, the cost of labor and material had doubled and people were waiting before attempting to supply the demand. Rent began to go sky high. Into this situation I plunged as a prospective householder. I trudged the dusty streets in the glaring-hot sun for days and days without success. I was told

to look for "To Let" signs on houses. That is an oblong piece of white paper, of the thin rice-paper kind, stuck upon the walls or shutters. They are never stuck up erect, but always standing on a corner. The reason for this is that the oblong thus placed when cut in half resembles the Chinese character for the word welcome, or please come in. And, naturally, every landlord wants the prospective tenant to come in. But houses were so few and far between that I was soon forced to give up my quest. The next thing was to approach the head *daikusan* (carpenter) and ask in my best Japanese, "*Kashiya desuka?*" ("Is this unfinished house for rent?") In most cases it was already spoken for. And so the weary days dragged on. Even every plot of ground upon which timber lay in preparation of a building was spoken for. The best I could do was to become a boarder again in a different kind of a boarding-house—one run by Japanese for foreigners on their plan. It was run—and it ran everybody into distemper. Insult and impudence were more generously dispensed than service. But I was compelled to endure it, for though I had, by a happy chance, run across just the kind of house I wanted, it was still being built.

But that was only the beginning of my troubles. Every day I would wander out to see how the house was progressing. First the roof was finished. Then day after day I would watch it, and each time it seemed to me that only another length to the framework had been added. Finally I saw the floor of the little balcony finished. Then the alcove was done. At last, after being told from day to day that to-morrow or the day after the house would be completed, until these to-morrows had accumulated into a full four weeks, the woodwork was actually finished. Then came the matter of plaster. A typhoon came on and blew the city into disorder. The rain had made the roads too muddy.

THREE ROOMS AND A KITCHEN WITH A FENCE ALL THE WAY ROUND

NOTHING ESCAPES EVICTION ON THE HONORABLE CLEANING-DAY



FOR EVERY WRINKLE A CHILD—BUT SHE IS LEARNING

THE MICROSCOPE WOULD REVEAL THOUSANDS LIKE HER HERE

The plasterers could not haul their brown mud down from the hills. And so for days the house stood there, complete all but for the fact that the walls were still merely bamboo strips woven across one another, and nothing more. Then, after daily journeys and quarrels with the landlord—a Japanese Christian—I provoked him to forcing the mud men to bring the mud, and the plasterers to plaster the house. Thus, fully six weeks later than the day on which I had been promised occupancy, I moved into my house. Two things still remained unsettled. One was the plaster, which simply would not dry out—I burned gallons of kerosene-oil trying to help it to do so. The other was the matter of the rent. Every time I expressed any enthusiasm about the house my Christian landlord jumped the rent on me. First it was to be $7.50 a month; then it became $8; and finally $9. Had I been compelled to wait much longer I feel sure it would have become $10. Now that is not the usual rent for a Japanese house, and so I must immediately describe it, lest Americans rush to Japan under the illusion that rent there is cheap. My house was a three-room house and a kitchen. Speaking in Japanese terms, it was a twelve-and-a-half-mat house, or in feet and inches measured, from wall to wall, 12 by 21 by 8 feet from floor to ceiling. My study was the pride of my heart.

Thus, for the first time in Japan I felt settled. I had found a house; I had found a servant. I was alone, as I wanted to be all my life. I had found my little *Hojo-an*, literally, my ten-foot-square house. The experiences of becoming a householder in Japan are too flitting to be incorporated in such a work as this, except as they were actually written at the time. So I shall fall back on some extracts from my diary for the remainder of this section:

I am in my little *Hojo-an*. The doors are all shut, the

servant has gone to town. Not a sound to disturb my peace of mind—and a certain coziness, immeasurably restful. To-night I am in my own home, happier, without thrilling happiness, than at any time in years. It is a strange sort of satisfaction for a wanderer to find his home. I come and go as I please; I can always find some one here, my meals prepared, and a happy retreat. I thought, just as I sat down to write, Japan had never been seen to be so lovely as it then seemed to me.

Yet it is nothing to brag of. It has no garden to speak of, for in these days Japan is economizing in gardens. But from my little veranda I can still view the sea, hazed as it is by smoke from innumerable factories, steel-works, and dockyards. My study is four and a half mats (nine by nine feet) with *karakami* (paper doors) on two sides, and *shoji* (paper doors) opening on the porch. My bedroom is just half a mat smaller, with a touch of modernism in the way of a casement window taken from some wrecked foreign house. My landlord, a teacher of English in one of the mission schools, impressed that upon me as a special feature. Don't run away with the belief that he was urging me to rent the place. No such humbleness now! Every time I made any over-emphatic point of the stupid delay he assured me I needn't take it, or hinted that three people had asked him for it that very day.

To return to the real character of the house—its newness, cleanliness, and the quiet. It is simplicity itself; no superfluous space or possessions, and, what is best, it gives me a place in the community.

My servant is an elderly woman, a little too worked out for a big house. For months I had been dreaming of a little house in which I could be master without enslaving others, or interfering or being interfered with. I am master of a servant who says she will mother me, and when I don't like the way she does a thing I

simply do it in my own way and accomplish by example, indirectly, that which I should fail to do were I to order it.

I do not go the full length Chomei, the hermit saint of Hiei-san, did. I do not believe in self-torture. I love simplicity and quiet to a degree, but must have nice things, comfortable chairs and a desk, plenty of books and pictures. I love modern things when they are refined and chaste; and I should be as unhappy in Chomei's beggarliness or Thoreau's scantiness as in the *narikin's* luxury. I sleep on the mats and go about in my stocking feet.

October 29th. Had a quarrel with my landlord this morning, and it should have ended badly but that I more or less "called his bluff." That is, I told him not to expect me to rebuild his house for him. Whenever I suggested that something had not been done properly, he wanted me to get a carpenter to mend it. But that is of no moment, for the easiest thing in the world is to quarrel and say mean things and feel proud of it. The thing that counts is that, when I returned later, his wife was here and asked if she could wax the runners of my *karakami*. I said my cook would do that, but she insisted. She was on her knees, about to commence, when I stepped up, and she put her arm around my legs, explaining that her husband is much troubled over the incident. How broad the gap is between the men and women, and how far apart the extremes of their character! Either proud and stiff to unbearableness or meek and humble to humility. It was indeed touching to have this old woman tell in such sincere acts that which words with us could not have done; for wasn't it the inability to give proper wording to our requirements that precipitated the little misunderstanding?

It is the typical Japanese neighborhood. An ordinary dirt road—unpaved—along which stand rows and rows

of houses each perched upon a cut-stone terrace, and surrounded by a six-foot board fence or plastered wall. Within are the gardens. It is in the midst of the *narikin* homes, most of them unusually well built. Across the way, I learn, is the home of a sea-captain. He has a most charming daughter, in every sense of the word a beauty, but she is too small, even for a Japanese. Here is the home of a millionaire who, two years ago, was a junkman. It is half foreign and half Japanese. The foreign section is as lacking in softness or taste as the iron scraps the picking of which gave him his fortune. Two years ago he was earning a yen fifty a day.

In the house behind us my servant has discovered a countrywoman of hers — come from the same town in Shikoku. So that every evening, as soon as she has washed the dishes and set things straight, she slips out and spends the time chatting and laughing.

Everywhere around me I can hear the sounds of laughter, the melancholy music of the *fue*, the Japanese flute, and the constant tramping of feet. Commercial-school students pass by the hundreds along the street, and even quite a number of little foreign children come by on their way to their academy. I find my name upon the gate causes too much astonishment. Never a Japanese passes without gazing and reading the name on the gate. "*Seiyojin*" immediately issues from their lips. Yes, I know I am a foreigner. What of it? At last I take down the sign; it is too public and I am too near the road. I notice that Japanese much more than foreigners are inclined to gaze curiously into their neighbors' houses as they walk along the street. The foreigner is too bent upon his goal to have much time for idle gazing.

I have more immediate difficulties. Farmers are becoming too independent and won't bring vegetables round to your door as they used to. The charcoal-man

treats you well enough, but the price of charcoal is rising every week. The laundryman comes, but comes irregularly. But, thank goodness, I have a reliable servant.

Thus, from being a mere casual observer of the outer phases of Japanese life, I am forced to give attention to details, to organize my knowledge and to come in contact with the currents of trade which is life the world over. I begin to note certain social customs and urban sanctions which bind and twine these beings one to the other—to reach out to the length and breadth of all the Empire.

For, though I have a servant, still a man must go shopping if he is to get any satisfaction for his money. One often hears that real insight into home life in Japan is denied the foreigner, and that is, socially speaking, true. But still it is the easiest thing in the world to see into the homes of the tradespeople and the working-class, for from the interior to the street there is little to obstruct the observation of him who will. Fact is, almost all the home life is lived in the front of the building, which is the shop, and the pouring out upon the street is like to that of their wares. Street selling is still common in Japan, largely on account of the openness of Japanese houses and the lack of locks strong enough to keep out intruders. Consequently women are practically confined to their homes. But it is different with the tradespeople. In their shops and stores the whole household is grouped about the brazier, and whatever of home life there is, except the sleeping and eating, may be seen from the street.

I wandered about all over town one day, trying to find a locksmith to make a key for a chest of drawers. But though I inquired in half a dozen hardware stores and as many other places, no one would undertake the job. Exasperated as I was, I saw that this indicates as much the keylessness and locklessness of Japan as it

does its business indolence. No mechanic or locksmith could earn a living in a country where bolts and bars are a negligible quantity. Cheap labor means servants to watch the houses—then why have locks? The door to one hardware shop swung outward, and the lock, instead of being an example of the shopkeeper's artisanship, was placed on backward and had to be drawn in by the handle when closing, and simply pushed out when opening. No one would bother with me in my seeking. I had to secure the help of a friend before I found a willing smith. He offered to fit a key for fifteen sen, but wanted two days in which to finish it. He was an honest man, but his key turned like a piece of tin the first time I inserted it in the lock.

My servant told me that she constantly whispered to grocery boys and dealers the fact that my doors were well bolted from within. She thought it good advertisement and would tend to keep thieves away from the place.

I wanted to buy some cushions for my prospective Japanese guests to sit upon, but discovered that I would have to buy a complete set of four or six, all of the same pattern. I could not find a place willing to sell me one alone.

I wanted to buy glass doors for my veranda, but found that they were made only according to given size. I had the man give me an estimate of their cost, but because I didn't place the order forthwith he refused to make them for me a couple of days later.

I went to buy a desk. It was delivered. I saw that the green-felt top had not been finished properly, the edges were not tucked in neatly. I asked the man to touch it up, but he said he couldn't. I pointed out that it was but the matter of a moment, that unless the ends were done properly I should not take the desk. He preferred to take it back with him rather than satisfy me.

I discovered that the electric lighting was all *en bloc*.

You paid a certain nominal sum for lighting and could burn it from the time it was turned on in the afternoon until it was turned off again in the morning. But even on early dark days you had to wait for the lights to be turned on. I asked for a meter, but found that the conditions did not suit my kind of house. I had to submit to the standardization to which Japan bows so politely.

Whatever I wanted, as a householder, I could get, but it had to be cut and dried according to the limited patterns and designs of the community.

I discovered, too, that twice a year every house in Japan must turn itself inside out and prove to the world that it is clean. Then the effects are set out upon the road, the mats are raised and pounded, and all dishes must be washed in hot water. This rule holds good for business houses as well as private. The first time I passed down the main business street of Kobe—Motomachi—I thought a fire had broken out; that if it hadn't, it was anticipated. But I could not account for the thick clouds of dust, the sound of mat-beating, the cloths tied across men's and women's mouths and noses. The street was littered, so that only a narrow haphazard pathway remained open, and even this was littered with debris. Passers-by held their handkerchiefs before their noses. Each store had its effects fenced in by the wooden shutters used to lock up at night. Yet now no one seemed to be watching lest thieves slip away with valuables.

It was the plague-preventing campaign conducted twice a year. To see the piles of filth was enough to make you marvel any one's escape from plague.

But the cleaning was done thoroughly. Policemen went about inspecting houses, and section by section the city was renovated—not excluding the wealthier residential districts.

Realizing that not to know what the standards are was to be cheated at every turn, I gave up shopping myself and turned it all over to my servant, thus promoting her to the status of housekeeper. Every day she would render account of her purchases, and I noticed that invariably she announced the sum of money first and then the article she had bought. But however much it seemed to me a topsy-turvy affair, I realized that if I wanted any peace at all it was better to let her look after that end herself. I didn't dare question a thing thereafter. Once I did, and nearly lost her, for she thought I was questioning her honesty. She shed tears. Whether she was really hurt by the insinuation or whether she was caught I was never able to determine, though she remained with me as long as I kept house. But I surrendered. After that I saw that I would gain nothing by meddling, and kept my hands off. Rather, I turned to observing the home life about me.

My servant's friends above left the house. They had purchased a home of their own. It was an old house, this, and stood vacant for more than a month. Then came a new neighbor to gladden my lonely days. He spoke English, and that well, too. The day after he moved in he came round to my front door, introduced himself to me, and expressed himself most politely. We were to visit each other, he said. One evening he called across to me, at about eight o'clock: "May I come over? I am a little drunk to-night, but . . ." Of course, I urged him to come. He came. His long, oval face and straight nose indicated his Yamato origin. He spoke intelligently, *sake* notwithstanding. A slightly shamed laugh, together with the odor of the brew, confirmed his announcement. When I inquired if he would have some tea, he asked if he could have coffee instead. When I had the coffee served and set out to help him to it, he insisted he could help himself—and he did. Three

times he filled his cup, and every time it was drained quickly, and he asked for more, reaching to the pot. There was but a little left; he drained it, refusing to permit me to order more, with the explanatory remark: "I never leave anything. Gentlemen always say I never leave anything." I suggested that it must be Japanese custom. "No, it's my way. I never leave anything."

Poor devil. Poverty. It weighed upon him. "All English and American peoples are rich. You, too, are rich. Yes, you are rich. Don't tell lies. Your parents are rich."

"Did you see no poverty in America while you were there?" I asked.

"No, no poor people. All are rich. Japan, everybody poor. People all say and government say, Japan is great country. Not so great, I think. Not so great."

Then he commenced urging me to come over next Sunday and insisted on knowing then and there what I wanted him to serve me with. He was not at all satisfied with my polite objection, but insisted four or five times, and again just before leaving.

He told me who his roomers were. One man worked for Suzuki & Co., another for Sumitomo, and so on. The clan instinct is still alive in them. They cling to their bosses just as they did to their lords.

He had a tiny little jaundiced-looking wife, with two babies. From one end of the day to the other, one or both of these two infants rent the air with their wailing. The poor little person must have been made of plain clay to have held together under that nervous strain.

One evening my servant came in to my study, whispering that the wife was gone, and she didn't know where to. Then she said the husband was drunk and had beaten his wife; that she had slipped out upon the road with the youngest, and could not be found. Seeing that

my sympathy was alive, my servant disappeared. In a moment she was back again with the neighbor, and came in announcing that she had followed my suggestion and had brought the woman into the house, and would I object to her remaining there till he sobered down? It was near twelve o'clock before she dared to go home again.

One night I observed an incident in the home life of Japan quite illuminating. On the terrace just below the house in which I lived was another private house. A wooden gateway stood at the entrance to the yard. Its door was made of thin, wide strips. A man could easily circumvent it by climbing over the shrubbed parapet to the left.

Scene 1.—Mr. Nippon came home at two or three in the morning. He must have been having a good time with the geisha. He found the door locked, not with a patent key, but with a frail little wooden bolt. He commenced pounding on this rattly door and calling across the yard and the heavens for some delicate sleeper to waken and open the gate for him. He beat away for fifteen minutes, all in vain. At last, his patience exhausted, his temper matured into indignation and fevered into violent pounding. His shoulder finally pressed the door and the bolt gave way. He was in the yard.

Scene 2.—With sweeping strides, in imitation of the samurai, he placed the yard behind him and confronted the door of the house—likewise bolted. He rattled it and his tongue vehemently. He seemed angry enough to wreck the house. At last a sleepy inmate woke to the realization of the coming of her lord and answered his impetuous alarm. Whereupon he began to belabor her with words for her neglect.

So does the three-o'clock husband of Japan arrive. He doesn't sneak in with padded feet and fumble his

key to a most unsteady keyhole, but he wakes the neighborhood so that all might bear witness to his independence and his overlordship. Far from being ashamed, he scolds his wife, orders the outer door to be immediately repaired with hammer and nails, regardless of his neighbors' peace and comfort.

And he could just as easily have climbed over the hedge and none of us would have been any the wiser. That Japanese have no capacity for getting round a situation is quite clear. Lovers here do not know how to outwit their irate parents and make no attempt to—but commit suicide together when opposed. Cornered, very few Japanese will work their way out of a situation.

The Japanese man has been made effeminate by the attention he has always received from his women. No creature can retain his strength and dignity while being waited upon so carefully. The Japanese man occupies almost the same place in his society as does our woman in ours. We have made an outcry against the over-indulgence of our women and its deteriorating effect upon the race. The same can be said of the Japanese men.

The head of the household exercises all the authority so smugly vested in him. He rules without the bluster which so degrades the German woman, which extinguishes the soul of the near-eastern woman, which so arouses the indignation of the British woman, and puts the Frenchwoman in the way of using mere sex as her scepter. The Japanese woman is neither non-existent nor over-evident. She is not noticed nor despised. How she escapes being lost is an Oriental puzzle.

I have seen cases which enraged me. A Japanese friend of mine, with years of residence abroad and a wife born in America, has, when back in his own country, reverted to the Oriental type. While guests were in the room she was absent. Though she was big with child,

she stooped to put her little husband's *tabi* on his little feet. He, lordling, sat as though she were a dog licking his boots. In her pregnant state, she nevertheless struggled away to make the "socks" secure, and disappeared without direct thanks. His cigarettes were wrapped for him in the cloth which every man carries with him, without his having asked for them. His cigarettes were likewise lighted for him. He never asked for anything. His wants were always anticipated—and all silently. He didn't thank her, but did remark to me (sometimes she did overhear) about the goodness of the Japanese woman.

Yet of all I met he was the most faithful, with a fine mind, broad views of life and social aspirations. He couldn't help this. Individually he was not to blame. Man will condemn a thing most vigorously until it becomes a custom, then, no matter how wrong, he will justify it and live up to every particle with pride.

Many a young man goes to ruin because, when his father dies, no matter how young, he is the master, and his mother must abide by his wishes patiently.

Yet almost the first thing I have been asked by most Japanese is whether I have parents living, where they are, and why not bring them over with me to Japan. Art Smith saw this and was clever enough to bring along his mother on his second visit. This was hailed with delight, and though, doubtless, he loved his mother, still, it was an excellent bit of advertisement, for the papers were full of it.

When both parents are alive, Japanese men are as humble as their wives are obedient to them. My friend's father and mother came to visit him. Though he had been married for five years, he had no child. At last the father expressed his dissatisfaction—and a child came in due course.

When I entered the house, his parents were sitting

quietly, without austerity and without restraint, neither domineering nor over-familiar, occupying the places formerly the seats of my friend and his wife. Our placing was obviously formal. The father sat with his back to the place of honor. Opposite to him was his quiet wife, her face a well of Japanese reserve. And yet it is really not reserve. It is deep and reaches back into the very heart and soul and beginning of these people. It bears no resemblance to restraint, for there is no personal conflict. Consequently, instead of curbing and crushing the individuality, it seems to expand, to enlarge, and to merge with her race. She is not so much Kazuko herself, nor yet Mrs. Fujimoto; she is Mrs. Japan. It is this way. Our women and men wrench themselves out of the mass. They develop individual traits and characteristics. Many of them become great through that development. But the vast majority of Japanese sink into the mass. There the parents sat, she humbly staring before her, he reading his newspaper; their son chatting with me.

Foreigners seldom get a chance to look into the home life of the Japanese simply because in the majority of cases there is no such thing. Even were you to speak the language fluently, what would most women talk about? They are not trained for social lives, and the reason is as much that they are too bashful as that the Japanese is wilfully reserved. I have been in the homes of a few well-to-do Japanese, and in each case the women would be introduced, but would retire soon after. The homes are then quiet. Among the educated and the converted, the woman does come forward a little, but generally finds more pleasure in serving delicacies than entering the conversation.

This is due to the absence of natural selection in the matter of mating. Were a young man free to choose, he would decide upon one who would not only be wife and

mother, but also companion. As it is, only rarely are the dull and stupid eliminated. The parents are more concerned about having meek and obedient daughters-in-law whom they can manage than that their sons should have pleasant companions.

My friend had a love-affair to handle one evening. A young man of twenty (who looked like a boy of fifteen) was living with him as pupil and servant. His home was near Nagasaki. My friend took up every detail of the boy's affair much as he would have handled a proposed amalgamation of two business firms. He advised him to wait four or five years longer, and his advice was accepted. The solemnity with which the affair was conducted was thrilling. I had to wait an hour on the floor below while the proceedings were going on. A hush hung over the household. And when my friend appeared, it was like the arrival of a minister of state after an all-night session.

As rigorously as such matters are handled, still the Japanese household is by no means efficiently conducted. The woman has work to do from morning till night. She must rise early, though she has a servant—and most of them have—and attend to all the details in the same way as does the mother of the West. There are the meals to be prepared and the children to be sent to school; there is the rice to be washed in an ordinary bucket, and there are the clothes to be washed and plastered upon wooden boards instead of ironing. There is only one essential in which the life of the Japanese woman differs from the life of the working housewife elsewhere in the world—and that is that there is no cradle to rock. The mother is herself the cradle, or else she ties the numerous babies on the backs of the servant, nurse, or older children and goes about her duties.

One of my last experiences before graduating into the

world at large was entertaining. I had by this time become not only an efficient householder, running up against servant problems, city graft, and inefficiency, landlord problems, and all the intricate irritations of home life in Japan, but I had become an official. I was accepted as instructor of English in one of the Imperial Japanese government schools, and was expected, among other tasks, to entertain the students on occasion. Thus I was compelled to initiate many a youth and grown-up into the intricacies of sitting at a table and using knives and forks. Once a Japanese brought some of his friends along, and as soon as he arrived he took a pad of paper from my desk and wrote, "You go get some ice-cream."

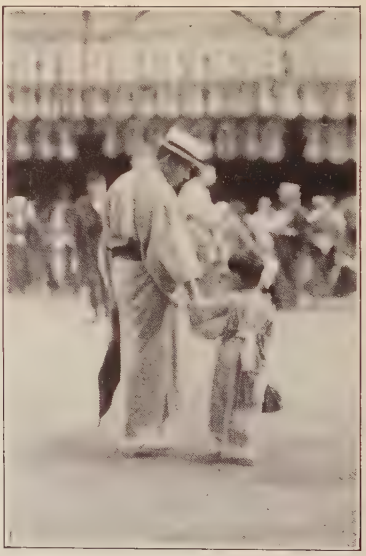
But the lens was slowly being adjusted for more detailed observation, and though I had gathered much general information I had not till then felt that I understood the relation of one fact to the other, for it is only after the family is known that the mass of human beings with whom one rubs shoulders on the street begins to seem rational and interesting.

HOW STRIKINGLY SIMILAR THEIR FACIAL EXPRESSIONS

THE WHITE-CLOTHED POLICEMAN EARNS LITTLE MONEY BUT LOTS OF RESPECT

BORN IN JAPAN

DISSATISFIED BUT CURIOUS:
SO WAS I



THE CHILD KNOWETH ITS FATHER
FROM ITS MOTHER

Part Two
THE COMMUNAL PHASE

VI

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HE plastic nature of the Oriental has given the Japanese an ancient and long-enduring civilization. This yielding persistence is evident in many forms of his social life. With all the rigid conventions of the Japanese, he enjoys a freedom of individual action which might well be the envy of his Occidental brothers. In spite of the fact that his inner life is shut off to the wandering stranger, and even to the one who has made the land his permanent home, there are phases of his life so communal as to be an open book to him who will but stop to read. Japanese do things in public for which we would ostracize a man or send him to the lockup. From their communal spirit which tolerates bathing in public together they go to the other extreme of coming out on their balconies and clearing their throats at five o'clock in the morning and expectorating into the open gutters below. They will hold their fans before their mouths when talking or yawning, as do we, but will cough and sneeze in your face on the street-cars. And yet, among the refined, observance of custom is pathetically beautiful. They come to celebrate the arrival of the cherry blossoms by bringing with them their geisha and their children; they move in perfect hordes; they go to the station in masses to see off some friend or relative and crowd the platforms, bowing and bowing and bowing again as though there weren't a thousand strangers passing before

them; they dress, undress, eat, sleep, and drink whisky by the tumblerful on the trains — yet their inner lives are as secret to one another as they seem to be to the foreigner. It is as though from behind the scenes—in which many people are more interested than in the play itself—the actors had come, forgetting, in a moment of absent-mindedness, to put on their make-up, or had come upon the street, forgetting to take it off.

The image here alluded to is better understood in another way. Japan best symbolizes itself on its wet days. A country is interesting and romantic or not according to the impression it makes on rainy days. It is easy enough to love it when the sun is bright and clear, or attractive and restful at twilight. But night-time and rainy days are the great test. How the beating of the rain flays the lazy earth to activity in Switzerland, in the Adirondacks in New York, and in countries where rain is spring's awakener! Not so in the East. In Japan there seems no connection between rain and birth and growth—like the primitive man who saw no connection between a momentary impulse and the birth of a child. In Japan when it rains, it pours. Everything becomes sloppy, the streets deep with mud. But two things make Japan on rainy days as pretty and attractive as it has been pictured—the rickshaw and the *karakasa* (umbrella). The long streets are less crowded; rickshaws are hard to get; men and women pass with skirts drawn up to their knees, babies hang on under the large round *karakasa*. The slush requires two, three, or four-inch wooden clogs to keep feet clear of mud. Some coolies wear straw capes, and horses are sometimes covered as with straw armor. Yet in spite of mud and downpour, the people wade on as though paved streets were undignified and bare legs quite modest.

In the great umbrella one sees the structure and the make-up of Japan symbolized. It is big enough to

protect the entire family—and though there are always exceptions to every rule—in Japan the family is thought of, whether it is actually served or not in the thing made.

There is no race suicide as yet in Japan. Nor have mothers and fathers reached that stage of modesty where they leave the product of their union at home and out of sight. It seems to me that our western civilization, with its shyness and over-emphasis of certain conceptions of morality, has brought about race suicide and has made motherhood ashamed of itself. Here in Japan, where the increase in population is about eight hundred thousand every year, there is none of that sensitiveness. What is more interesting is to see how evenly the burdens of rearing offspring are shared. Men and boys are seen carrying the young upon their backs almost as often as women, and it would seem that a father who is true to his duty to his children is not regarded as effeminate. Nor is it done merely as a duty. The bearer, whether mother, father, sister, or brother, is often seen chatting to the tiny mite upon his or her back, playing with and amusing the burden. This is another phase of the communal character of these people. No one seems to mind the presence in public places of all these children and their nurses, however much they may interfere with the traffic.

The men on the street are not over-attractive. They are without bearing, without prepossession. They lack in vital personality. Here and there is an impressive figure. A tall, dark-faced individual in western clothing, with a black cape and soft hat, makes his way along the street. The cape is the general male costume in Japan. Doubtless this individual is an actor; perhaps a poet. So say his flowing black hair and artist tie. But one cannot tell by the variety of costume that there is really a variety of avocations. In general, the men's dress is not over-neat. Drawers protrude from under

the skirts of the kimonos, dirty, wrinkled because generally far too long for the wearer, not always clean; shirts and sleeves show from under the upper part of the kimono, seldom tidy, seldom really clean. The Japanese dress all awry. I soon ceased contemplating how gloriously beautiful it must have been in ancient Rome. It seemed that the close-cut western suit is best for the average man too busy and too indifferent to attend to his appearance. When the Japanese dons his full-dress costume, he is fine to look at—but on the street every day—he is more of a clown than a handsome hero. And when he begins to dress on the train call the policeman—to learn that it is not against the law in Japan to expose one's body.

In winter the men put on furs and mufflers, wind them round about their heads in such ways as would create riotous amusement if a western woman tried it.

The Japanese man swaggers a little too much upon the public highways to be attractive. He does not consider it effeminate to place his arm round his male friend's waist or hold his hands as they proceed together. He sings aloud when the spirit moves him. But he does not chew tobacco nor stand upon the street-corners flirting with the girls. I have watched them by the hour passing before me in an incessant stream of stragglers seemingly bound for nowhere in particular. In summer the color scheme is bright and cheerful; in winter, dull and somber. But whether summer or winter, the faces of the men are always the same—reserved, yet free and content, and self-conscious.

The book-stores are crowded—but all other shops seem everlastingly to be waiting for a customer. Men do most of the selling, but not much of the shopping. They are not the package-bearers. Their hands are too delicate, often held as daintily as our women hold theirs. In winter their hands are drawn back through

the broad sleeves and tucked away into the bosom of their kimonos for warmth.

Once an army officer bridegroom stepped out of a motor-car in all his official regalia; his dainty bride followed in pursuit across the street. They were not rushing away from matrimonial celebrants. They were not even dressed for the ceremony. They were bound for the photographer's, where, for the benefit of the generations to come, they were to have themselves made into ancestors visible in perpetuity.

Or the crowded street is suddenly orderlied. The mass of moving men becomes set, eager, attentive, like the "walking-stick" worm when facing danger. The way opens to a batch of soldiers, in their cheap brown uniforms, tired-looking, uninterested. A few months ago they were young conscripts, perhaps, being sent off to the station with bamboo poles floating thin strips of paper. Then they had been up all night celebrating their last few hours of freedom. Now they are short and quick—and not a little weary-looking.

The motor-cars whizz by in countable numbers, *narikin* with geisha on their way to the tea-houses for an evening spree. The more exclusive, closed rickshaw with its solitary passenger is likewise bent on business or on pleasure.

Again, the street may be crowded with interminable wagonettes, pigeon-cages, improvised trees, and white-wood food palanquins or fancy tub-coffin containers. A funeral.

It is a strange throng. Nothing in one's own experience can translate it. It seems inexplicable. But the foreigner need not really find it so. The way is always open for the curious. He can generally count on the Japanese being as eager to speak to him as he is to find out—as long as he keeps to English. And so any question rightly placed puts you instantly in contact with the whole current of life. You now have a

"free" guide who seldom leads you anywhere. He will, however, speak with you interminably.

I had entered into conversation with a young man on the train, one night, on my way down from Tokyo. He had as companion a charming little girl, and seemed pleased that I admired her. A more dainty little person would be hard to find in Japan. She was his sister. All night long she used him as a pillow or he in turn put his head in her lap. Her postures were kittenish in the extreme—but his were no less gentle. He was a student at the Imperial University in Kyoto, whither he was bound after a visit to his parents. As is the Japanese custom, we exchanged cards. A few days afterward I received a letter from him, inviting me to visit them in Kyoto. Such is the lovely nature of the Japanese. In that casual way I saw into the life of the people at a glance. The several points in his letter were more than personal; they were ethical, national, and emotional. There was the reference to flowers and to parents, and all that host of sentiments and interests which is Japan.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a white man to come in contact with the Japanese. You can put your hand on the Japanese heart. It is rarely you meet so loving a people, a people glad to receive you. What though, like most hasty marriages, there frequently is serious disappointment! At least you have not wasted a lifetime in trying to make acquaintance.

There is an absence of cement in every Japanese relationship, which goes to explain much that mystifies the foreigner. That is why foreign traders have had so much difficulty with their contracts. And that is why Japanese still allow their parents to arrange their marriages for them without consultation. To the stranger in Japan this cordiality is a blessing, for otherwise he would miss the pleasure of thinking he has an attractive

personality. Otherwise he would watch the combinations on the street and fail to understand.

For instance, it is more than common to see couples and families pass along the thoroughfare together. There is that distinction between a Japanese crowd and a western one—that children are so invariably present that one picks out the young childless couples as a curiosity. They stand above the mass. As they move by, all the tender pride of race is seen expressed. Sometimes a tall young man with stiff-kneed stride (because of his wooden clogs) sways in his gait with new-born pride, his flowing garments giving before the wind. At his side trots the dainty little creature trying to keep up with him. What fearlessness, what cheerfulness and hopefulness! She does not lag behind, not she. She is the modern maid of Japan. She bends slightly forward as before the winds of his ambition; her *obi* (girdle with tremendous bow) increases the angle of her back, but the covering kimono softens the stoop a little. Companionable, spirited, and appealing—she wears the red pantaloon-skirt of the school-girl, and moves with a grace her tightly skirted sisters cannot imitate.

Everywhere the women are more interesting than the men.

There was a little woman on my street who miraculously escaped a spanking. She was round-faced and red-cheeked, and moved about quickly and gaily, bubbling with mischievous intent. She was quite unconscious of this offensive effect she had on me, but I felt certain that a spanking to stimulate her cheekiness and playfulness, leaving spanker and spankee in a merrier mood, was just what she needed. She would not even flirt—so she should have been as sedate and self-effacing as are her sisters.

Two girls sat behind a vender's stand. The place was in front of a noise-making movie, with the shrine

grounds all about it. While the vender, lean and lanky, sought to induce others to enjoy his delicacies, these two girls sat on their heels, the little glass dish held within two inches of their mouths, their heads slightly bowed. They were dirty with animal negligence and indifference. They were small with rabbit-like smallness. They were shy with puppy shyness. As each raised the little tin spoon, to which she was obviously unaccustomed, to her mouth, she stole a glance upward as a timid little puppy would over his milk. And they drew in the long strings of grayish jelly with a sound, and turned the spoon over in the mess for more.

Meanwhile the tall, lanky vender stood before them, behind his "store," urging the passers-by to partake of his delicacy. And when two boys came up and presented their sen each, he put his hand into the water in the large wooden box, away to the bottom, pulled out an oblong slice of grayish jelly, placed it in the oblong channel of the wooden mincer, pushed in the wooden plug till the whole of the jelly emerged in square-shaped strings, pushed his oblong piece of ice across the scraper, gathered the ice-shavings into the plate of jelly-strings, threw a dash of colored juice over the mess—and it was edible. And the sounds of satisfaction slipped behind each intaking of jelly as it disappeared stomach-ward.

Then came the vender's triumph. The two girls asked for another plate each. When they finished those, they passed on, leaving the tall and lanky vender free to trade with other passers-by.

Foreigners in Japan all acclaim the sweetness of the Japanese woman, her evenness of temper and selflessness, and in comparison with the Japanese man doubtless she is a much superior creature indeed. But only men who are too weak to desire equals in their mates will set the Japanese woman above the western woman as superior in character and in womanliness. True,

many western women have become selfish as the result of coddling, but who has any respect for a person who will be bullied submissively? A Japanese writer, recommending Korean women to Japanese, said that if Japanese knew how "docile" the Korean girls were they would not hesitate to marry them.

Consequently, lovable and sweet as most refined Japanese women are, their lack of assertiveness and their self-effacement make them more to be pitied than admired. I noticed this at the barber shop. Everything was quiet, and the wife would assist the barber with miraculous precision. Towels would be brought without being asked for, and everything attended to without her speaking a word. The daughter, too, assisted at shaving, and seemed as though she were from another world.

One day the barber had to go to Kyoto. I found the girl and mother attending to the work as usual. But how different! While the girl shaved me, the mother talked. She told me all their troubles, though her face was cheerful. She was very anxious about her other daughter, who was in the hospital in Kyoto. Until that day I had not heard her voice.

Nothing exemplifies the meekness and humility of the Japanese woman more than the very common sight of a mother nursing a sturdy youngster in full view of the general public. Once a middle-aged woman stood upon the street, her breasts bare; on her back was strapped a baby. Another woman, similarly ridden, stood beside her. A pretty little baby boy stood between them. The woman with the bare breasts held one of them out to the little boy and he tasted of it with satisfaction. "Take a loan of mine" might have been a good caption for that picture. It is not the so-called immodesty of the Japanese woman which permits this, as is so often charged. It is the general acceptation of her status as

mother that leaves her unconscious of any sense of modesty. A woman can be nothing else; then why conceal it? The ever-present baby on the back makes of motherhood in Japan a cross upon which mankind has hung for centuries. Were she to rebel and force man to bear the burden of children with her, social life would be better symbolized by the *tori*, a gateway for human progress. It comes near being that in Japan, as far as attention to babies goes.

The old women in Japan seem much older and more withered than other old women in the world. That is because they have too many children and nurse them too long. It is not an uncommon sight along the way for a youngster from two to six years old to stop his game to have a lick at his mother's breast. And the mother is always patient. I have seen but one case of a woman slapping a child in anger.

Race suicide is as yet far from threatening Japan. From the housetops—or rather from the forty-foot bamboo poles—Japan declares the fact to the world at large. Enormous cloth carp, done in their brilliant colors, float in the wind over every house fortunate enough to have a boy or boys. Open at both ends, when inflated they wiggle just as the live fish would wiggle when swimming. They seem to be going against the wind just as in the water the carp works his way up the streams against the currents. And this is the symbol set before the boy in Japan. It is a true symbol, for with eight hundred thousand children coming into the Nipponese world every year over and above those births offset by deaths, the growing youngster had better make up his mind to test his strength in the flood if he wants to get up into the fresher headwaters of his Oriental world.

Yet the symbol is not altogether true. For no baby in the animal and human kingdoms is more indulged

than is the little one of Japan. The floating carp is the symbol of his reign, the squirming thoroughfares the explanation. Here he is master of man, and is seen in numbers sufficient to enforce his rule. The people of America and Europe simply have no conception of what a surplus of babies means, in the Oriental sense. To be unable to pass down the most important business street, or to board a car or a train, without seeing as many children as grown-ups; to be unable to dissociate the woman from the child—which is ever present on her back; to see children running from in front of the motor-cars, and squirming in the alleys, piled one upon the other in cruel disregard of the health of the older ones, and in shameful degradation of the unwilling mothers! The meekness with which little children—both boys and girls—of from eight years up submit to being saddled with their baby sisters and brothers is indicative of their lack of vitality. Pretty or pathetic as the picture of Japanese child life may be, their ever-running colds and ill-nourished appearance impress one with the magnitude of the problem the children present. One cannot get away from it. But somehow, numerous as children are, they seem to have a place all their own—and one delights in them as part of the make-up of the East.

They are not so active as the children of the West, and consequently get less in the way of the adults and require less disciplining. Their games are less vigorous, and many seem to be content with more serious occupations than mere make-believe. In all the offices and businesses they abound in great numbers. One cannot understand this—for the authorities claim a 98 percent. school attendance. In the stores and shops and smithies they assist with an attention to the work in hand mature beyond their age. Over a certain age they do not stand much coddling, taking themselves

more seriously than in American communities. Even in their games they respond in such a way as to give the impression of appreciation of the effect of present exercise on future affairs.

For instance, you never see a personal fight; but playing soldier is quite common. Here the captain has his "men" under thorough discipline, you may be sure, and from the spirit in which they respond to his commands it is no child's play to them. The promptitude, the rigidity into which they stiffen at sound of attention, the soldier-like way in which they march off, are a credit to the militarism of which their misguided elders are so proud.

Two boys were quarreling near Nunobiki Waterfalls, the only instance of the kind I had seen in Japan. One was crying, but held some stones in his hand, with which he threatened his antagonist. I watched to see the results, but the strangest thing happened. Two young men came along. One of them stepped up to them, gently knocked the stones out of the hands of the youngster, and told them to run along. In America the men would have urged them on to battle.

Wherever you go, child life affords peep-hole glimpses into the life of the people. The usual self-consciousness of the grown-up is reflected in the attitudinizing of the youngsters. As I whirled past in the train, one day, I saw three little fellows, naked to the dirt on their skins, posing rigidly and jumping about flatfootedly—fencing with sticks for swords, just as the samurai are supposed to have done during the two hundred years of their indolent superiority.

Occasionally you see child nature, with its wild instincts, get the better of drilling. So one day I came across a pygmy army skirmishing up the pass behind the city in Cemetery Valley. It was out for victory. But one little fellow suddenly spied a sparrow attacking a

semi (cicada), beloved pet of the Japanese boy. He dashed down the hillside as though on wings, trilled his tongue in a flood of indignant wrath, chasing the murderous bird from spot to spot, till, having killed the insect, the sparrow carried it away through the air. In size the boy was to the bird what the bird was to the *semi*. His *tabi* (cloth shoes) had been worn through the toe by an elder brother and were now turned up and back over the toes of their present occupant. Though the smallest of the group, he ruled the army—and after this digression for the sake of his favorite creature he took command again.

In *semi* season the boy world in Japan is agog with green little bamboo cages and twenty- or thirty-foot bamboo poles. Groups of these youthful hunters invade the hills and poke the joyous little insects off their perches into captivity. They carry them about in their hands, all the while the shrill voices—either in furious protest or healthy indifference—put the lazy grasshopper to shame. Successful hunters may have a dozen or more *semi* in their cages—and the noise they make is enough to gladden the heart of any loving child.

Life is never dull to the Japanese youngster. All day long, when his mother is too busy to fondle him, he watches and learns life's lessons from over her shoulder. His father is not as yet a factory worker — though many have lately become so—and he watches and learns his trade from his youngest days. And he never seems to be in the way. The barber's baby was bawling, but there was no frantic rush to his relief so common with us. Though crying is common enough in Japan, still, this lack of anxiety on the part of the mother, her cold temperament—or rather, suppressed nature—keeps her from further precipitating erraticism in her offspring. So while the baby went on howling, the mother went on helping and the father went on shaving.

On the main street, near the car line, four youngsters came along, keen with curiosity. They were staring at the white man. Two were inside the dilapidated baby-carriage, one about three years old, the other about seven; the third pushed the cart, which was front backward; the fourth ran along the side. Upon pegs in the chassis of the carriage hung the wooden *geta* (shoes)—even here they had not dared to enter without removing them. The wicker-basket body was old and worn. They came to a halt beside me, alert with sweet inquisitiveness. The youngest looked at me with a happy smile—pleased to see that I was friendly. The others were also unusually alert, not staring that dull, thoughtless, blank stare so common with Japanese children. We were friends in a few seconds, and they told me they were going to the corner—quite a journey. Then of a sudden the biggest—who had been pushing—hopped astride the wicker body of the cart, just over the shoulders of the smallest, the second assistant put his hands to the cart, and it started slowly off. I was waiting for a car. Before it came they were back again. They had changed their minds about that journey.

It is amazing to see the number of children crowding the book-stores, looking over the magazines. It is a tribute to a certain humanity in business in Japan that they handle these highly colored periodicals with their crude illustrations without being disturbed by the proprietors. Western children during their leisure hours would be seen revenging themselves on inactivity by games. Here they seem to extend their long school hours in self-instruction. But truth to tell, the absence of libraries in which our youngsters read accounts for this poring over magazine stands. When in the mass Japanese children revert to latent childishness. But even in the courtyards of the schools there is none of that rampageous wildness of our school grounds, and

SHOUT "BOY" AND THIS APPEARS

BUT THIS WILL SOON ORDER THE BOYS

CURIOSITY NEVER AFFECTS US LIKE THIS—BUT A SHIP'S COME IN

THE TENDERNESS OF JAPANESE CHILDREN IS PATHETIC AND THEIR NATURES ARE LOVABLE

NO NOTION OF WHAT'S HAPPENING, BUT OBLIGING JUST THE SAME

in place of howling and yelling you hear a humming and squirming like that of a hive. It may be that, besides the lack of sufficient nourishment, the little skirts of their kimonos and the wooden clogs hamper their activity, yet it is not infrequent to see wild lads tearing on through the streets in perfect ease.

But the Japanese boy is best seen to advantage with his family as the background. With a cap like a soldier's and a head broader behind than before—bumps which would mystify any phrenologist, his face an open book of unprinted pages to a physiognomist, and the bearing of a daimyo—he typifies Japan more than does the adult Japanese himself. Had he any need for bullying, he would not hesitate to resort to it, but he never finds it necessary, for as water gives way before solids, so every one makes way for him. He has no need of demanding room. It is his. He cannot command attention, for he is never without it. He is master of his environment as long as he is a baby. His troubles begin as soon as he has outgrown that stage, but until then he is everybody else's trouble. Such a one was the object of the attention of two men, two women, and a poor, unnoticed, miserable, insignificant little girl, one day while on the interurban electric car. For him the window was shut; he walked about the seats; he ate oranges from everybody's share; and for all the world he seemed to smile complacently and with scorn at these ministrations. The wife of a friend of mine says that even in Los Angeles, where she and her sisters and little brother were born, they took his superiority for granted.

If I were to paint a picture of Japanese national life, it would group itself somewhat like this. In the center would be the boy, borne about most royally—yet an ancestor-worshiper. This seems somewhat paradoxical. Why isn't he being worshiped? The way of the world is for the worshiped to stand aloof from his devotees.

But our Japanese boy performs the acrobatic feat of worshiping his parents from his mother's back.

At the upper left-hand corner of the canvas he would be seen wading up to his neck in slimy, stagnant moats, netting fish. When he caught one he would throw it through the air to a dozen less grown, but not less dirty youngsters on dry land. These place the unfortunate creatures in a basket. Occasionally the boy emerges, exhibiting a tanned body as slimy as that of an eel, but a face of utter contentment.

In the upper right-hand corner he would appear in a more divine attitude. He would be making his priestly paces behind his preceptor in the temple or at a funeral. Though self-conscious, he would look born to the profession. Or he might be stationed behind the temple, given a thin bamboo pointer and a shrine of relics, and told to explain the worn-out trappings. In life his voice is the shrill monotone of the Japanese recitative. His face is devoid of expression; but should the head priest appear, a smile of childish satisfaction would cross him —pride of his skill and his learning before his ideal.

All along the bottom and in continuous procession would be shown marching children—in number, legion—a thing as much a part of the Japanese boy's (and girl's) life as it is of the life of the soldier. Nowhere in the wide world have I seen so much parading of the streets by veritable armies of youngsters as here in Japan. At almost every turn you may expect to meet a double file of tiny tots in uniform, with the Japanese soldier's cap—marching—marching—marching—to some Shinto shrine such as the imperial shrines at Yamada Ise. In fact, it was the last thing I really saw in Japan. And as I stood before those simple thatch-roofed huts, made sacred by the greatest bit of political charlatanism extant to-day—saw the division after division of school-children brought before them, commanded to bow in military

fashion, ordered to about face and bow to another set of shrines somewhere beyond the hills but no less sacred —I felt that not all the affection Japanese parents bear their young could ever compensate them for this great imposition.

Nor does all the freedom and lordliness afforded the baby in Japan compensate it for want of one of the tenderest of human actions—the kiss.

VII

RECREATION

UMANITY in Japan amuses itself in ways not a great deal different from our own. Except for the outpouring, in season, to view the coming of the plum-blossoms or the pink-and-white glory of the cherry-trees — which, in truth, is not much more than an excuse for *sake*-drinking and carnival hilarity—Japan shuffles along to its parks and museums and zoos in just the same indolent, pleasure-seeking attitude as do we. At its zoos it feeds the animals with roasted beans instead of peanuts, and watches the monkeys with immodest indifference to what would elicit from westerners a sidelong glance.

Without being unduly harsh toward the Japanese, I am constrained to say that that immodesty is only another form of cruelty. The offspring of religious tenet is often a freak of nature. It is so in the case of the care of animals. Because the teachings of Buddha forbade the killing of animals, neglect and torture are frequently resorted to which in the West would give grounds for action by the Humane Society. It is no uncommon occurrence to hear the cries of little kittens that have been put out to starve to death because those responsible do not want to kill them. Animals in Japan find their masters hard indeed. Now, where the lack of modesty makes them cruel in the eyes of the westerner is in their leaving a female monkey exposed in all the disgusting hideousness of giving birth to a young one in full view of the gawking public.

A CARP FOR EACH BOY

NO "WUXTRA," BUT A CLUSTER OF JINGLING BELLS

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS

THE UMPIRE WITH THE SWORD AND THE STENTOR WITH THE SKIRT ARE JUST AS IMPORTANT

BUT THE UMPIRE DOESN'T TAKE HIMSELF AS SERIOUSLY AS THE WINNER

But this passive cruelty has its active counterparts also. In the zoo at Suma (near Kobe) those in charge wanted to get rid of a bear and decided to bury him alive. In the Nara zoo the keepers have put a small, rodent-like creature into the cage with monkeys. The latter attack it in hordes and have torn the hair off its back. But no one protested against this, though thousands have watched the torture. In the same zoo there is a monkey with a chain about its neck. It has been there for years, and the chain has worn its way into the flesh, leaving it raw and unsightly. The chain was placed there because this monkey was belligerent and cross in nature and because Japanese Buddhists will not take life. In the Tokyo zoo is an elephant in a similar situation, with the chain cut deep into the beast's foot. Protest from an influential journal like *The Japan Chronicle*, time and time again, has not had the slightest effect. In Osaka I once saw a little sparrow flit out of the hands of a little boy walking beside a grown-up man. But the poor little bird got no farther than about six feet away, for it was suddenly yanked back by the wing, round which was fastened the end of a string. His fond parent scowled at me for protesting against this bit of cruelty.

On the other hand, with so-called sacred animals, the Japanese are as gentle and tender and kind as could be desired. The dog is sacred at Koya-san, but worked very heavily at Nara. The deer roam the park at Nara almost as tame as domestic animals, and are fed by all visitors, who have trained them to bow politely in Japanese fashion before receiving the round brown rice cake. There are sacred albino, who grow fat and restless and ill-tempered for want of sufficient exercise. And the foreign world, as it wanders with the Japanese in their public places, is divided in its opinion as to whether they are the most humane or most cruel people

in the world. There has been organized, through the influence of the foreigners, an S. P. C. A., but it is as yet receiving scant support from the natives, who look and laugh at the chicken-hearted foreigners for mixing themselves up in matters that don't concern them, as, for instance, overloading horses. Eventually they will, no doubt, grow less indifferent. But so far recreation to Japanese does not seem to be marred by sights of unnecessary cruelty.

There is another form of outdoor recreation in Japan which, though at present deprived of its potential hurtfulness, is harsh in spirit at least. That is fencing. By no means more cruel in original intent than our hunting or fencing or dueling, still in mannerisms it has retained all the appearances for harm for which it was designed. The yelping attending each onslaught, together with the stalking attitudes and poses, makes of this effete art a living symbol of a former barbarism. Yet it is coming back into favor with the reaction against much that is western in the life of present-day Japan.

The reaction is, verbally at least, away from football and baseball. The latter became a substitute national game. But I have had many a discussion with my Japanese students over the question whether in the end the innovation will supersede a game which pleases their national vanity more — individualistic wrestling. In their games Japanese are individualists; in social life they have no individuality, a curious fact in view of its antithesis in our characteristics. In baseball the Japanese have done remarkably well. In tennis a Japanese has won the amateur world championship. But just to be Japanese they have expressed themselves to me as willing and anxious to throw away the new and return to the old.

And what is that old?

Whatever may be said of the manliness of Japanese

wrestling, fencing, and *judo*, their basic usefulness is too limited. The art of self-defense is necessary in a world of personal danger; with that overcome there must be something else in sports to stimulate interest and make them socially valuable. Japanese sports are suited to an age in which individual prowess won for the great warrior fame and glory. But modern life demands the play of that selfsame prowess between groups of individuals. And for Japanese to try to throw aside group sports on false national pride is a retrogressive move.

I am not writing as a sportsman favoring his own art. My interest is in psychology, or human behavior. What interest I took in Japanese sports was in order to study the human nature behind them.

Japanese athletic arts impressed me as being the acme of self-consciousness. In archery, in fencing, in all, I am sure he feels historic pride rather than the pleasure of exercise for its own sake. He attitudinizes in ways which in the West would be regarded as unsportsman-like—a trait common enough among cheap pugilists. When the Japanese enters a western game he is free and vigorous, but in his own he becomes offensively showy. He stamps his feet and swerves his weapon in ways frightfully overbearing and cocky.

Jujutsu (or, as a later form is now called, *judo*) is very interesting, though it begins to drag toward the end. A contest consists of pairs of men throwing each other, one after the other, the victor always taking the next opponent in his second bout. The final comes out the champion. Occasionally the untaught outsider sees a clever and thrilling throw or an adroit parry. At one match I saw one man throw three husky fellows before being thrown himself. The last of the lot threw one big, heavy fellow clear over his shoulders. But I noticed that the thrown man was burning with rage when he rose, and his comrades rushed to him with vengeance

written all over them. Most of the art seems to be in forestalling the acts of the other. Pairs rise from the squatting postures they have assumed, facing each other on the mats, meet, and are thrown very rapidly; and it is only the great number of contestants which makes the game interesting and prolonged.

A wrestling-match is similarly contested. When a national game is announced, the streets for days are agog with excitement. Drummers pass over highway and byway distributing circulars as for a circus. Thousands spend the whole day watching it. In Kobe it was held in a tent. As usual, instead of seats there were mats with four-inch boarding separating the "boxes." Again the communal spirit of the people was evidenced by the absence of individual seating arrangements.

Osaka that day was challenging Tokyo, and the champion wrestler of Japan was to appear. It was his last bout, as he was getting too old for the game. He wanted to retire unconquered. All his followers were tense with anticipation.

Having located my Japanese friends, I looked about to get my bearings. It was nothing unusual—a mass of squatting people ordering their rice and pickles and tea, or smoking their cigarettes. Only a few women—and they geisha—were present. The stentorian shout of the umpire brought my attention back to the canopied ring in the center. He was a glorious sight to look upon, reminding one of Maude Adams in "Chantecleer." Close-fitting breeches, tight about the knees but somewhat loose at the thighs, stockings, cap, and jacket being of uniform cloth, he was the last word in gorgeous make-up. His attitudes were severe throughout. He continued yelping from the moment he was announced by a squeaking, shrill youngster till the bout he refereed was over. His judgments and decisions were law.

In extreme contrast were the wrestlers. They were

as naked as he was overdressed; they were as large and fat as he was small and slender. For wrestlers are monstrosities in this world of little people—largely through breeding, but as much through feeding. They are not handsome; they are not pleasant. Here, too, self-consciousness is marked, and is emphasized by the top-knot, that relic of the old days, which resembles the pummel of a Mexican saddle. They are coarse, unintellectual-looking, and not even healthy, for their skins are very often marred by eruptions.

But none of this seems to detract from their skill or minimize their importance in Japanese eyes. When each set of wrestlers arrived on the arena, they formed a circle round the ring and locked arms over each other's shoulders. They appeared in glittering embroidered aprons bearing their family crests or coats-of-arms; but these costumes were removed prior to the bout.

The wrestling is all on the feet, and ends instantly when any other part of the body touches the ground, or when one man pushes the other out of the ring. First of all they rub salt on their palms, rinse their mouths to be pure in event of death, and throw salt over their shoulders to ward off evil spirits. Then they step toward the center of the ring and commence setting-up exercises which are entirely a matter of raising the legs forward, spreading them outward, and bringing them down with tremendous force, at the same time slapping the thigh most vigorously. They then crouch, spread their legs, face each other, generally the right hand closed in a fist and extended forward toward the opponent, sometimes both hands so extended, touching the ground. Now they glare at each other fiercely, waiting for the word of the umpire. As soon as that is given each lets out a bellow and makes a spring, but invariably some wrong move makes them stop and go all through the performance again. Sometimes they don't even spring,

for, when watching each other, they see no special advantage to be gained—and break up the attempt for a few seconds. But then finally they grip. The umpire begins his yelping, frantically dancing round and round about them, and they move about with an alacrity one would hardly have credited their ponderous weights. They shuffle and pull and slap each other, gripping the girdle round the groins with iron tenacity. This lasts a couple of minutes; one is pushed out of the ring or makes a bad step and the bout is over. And two others come on.

Late in the afternoon the final set came on, including the national champion, who bore a little baby in his arms lost in a blaze of exquisite red kimonos. They formed their circle, presented the child to the crouching umpire, and began clapping their hands and gesturing in a manner not unlike that of the Fijians. By this ceremony the child was imbued with great strength—the champion's strength—and would become a great wrestler.

Then they proceeded to eliminate one another, until the final bout. The champion and his aspiring antagonist met. It was a tense few minutes. The champion was the biggest man of them all; his opponent half his size. They glared, they pounced, they clinched. The tussle was interrupted by the slipping of the girdle. The umpire called time; the belt must be adjusted. But to relinquish the grip the champion had upon his assailant for a fraction of a second would be to lose all. He had doubled his arms round those of the other and brought his fists together in the smaller man's face. While the umpire was adjusting the girdle, you could see the whole energy of the victor so concentrated in such a grip as would have broken an ordinary man's arms. A slap on the shoulders of the big fellow by the umpire—and the two began to dance about again like puppets. Not many minutes later the champion had so turned the

other round as to place him with his back to the ring. He maneuvered so as to push him out. He succeeded, but the other yielded outward, overbalanced his conqueror, and brought him with him with one foot out of the ring! A tie.

Not so thought the crowd. A second of silence, and then there rose a murmur full of menace. There had been not a little *sake*-drinking, and one or more were under its influence. One had been making himself a nuisance for some time, but no one ejected him. The patience of the Japanese is admirable. But it has its limits. At this sudden turn in the contest bottles began to fly, and those who supported the champion closed against the others in a riot. The police came in and soon poured the oil of their authority on these troubled waters, and the spectacle was at an end.

The champion, fearing complete conquest, withdrew from the profession on account of age.

Sumo, or wrestling, is an art almost as old as is Japan itself, having been known as far back as 23 B.C. Sukune was the first champion, and has been enshrined as a tutelary deity by succeeding wrestlers. There is even a record to the effect that in 858 the two sons of Buntoku Tenno chose that method in deciding which of them should ascend the throne. Wrestling has always been the art of the samurai who, not wishing to sully his sword in contest with a commoner, resorted to the tricks of the wrestler or of its offspring, *jujutsu*, to vanquish him. Wrestlers even formed a guild of several grades, the highest being composed of the elders, who were at one time second in rank to the samurai.

Wrestling takes the same place in Japanese interest as does prize-fighting in the West, and is in consequence bound to attract only a minority. The vast majority must find their recreation in the theaters—especially the women, who would no more think of going to a

wrestling-match than one of our women who respects her name would think of witnessing a prize-fight. The wrestling "fans" are lost on the busy theatrical thoroughfares. Here the crowd of an evening is so thick, notwithstanding the utter absence of wheeled traffic, that you shuffle your way along behind one another at a slow pace.

From curb to cornice, lights glow in the night, enticing people on and in. Long streaming banners impend from bamboo poles projecting from the windows, announcing the attractions. These are various—recitation-houses, vaudeville, dramatic performances, and the now universal movies. The first mentioned are the most easily accessible. They cost only five or ten sen.

Here the communal atmosphere is again in evidence. There isn't the gulf between the stage and the people. It is more like a house-party in which those who can get up to entertain the guests do so. Sometimes the guests themselves rise to the occasion. In the meantime, the guests sit on their matted floors and cushions, rent fire-boxes and order tea, food, or fruit, and even the women smoke. Women and men mingle freely now, not as in old Japan. All call across to the actors, stimulating naturalness and ease. There is none of that taking sweetheart to the theater as with us—in Japan the family goes. Nobody is left at home. As cheap as are servants and as ever present as they seem to be, yet mothers never think of leaving their children and babies at home, no matter where they go and what the hour. Thus the theater is alive with squirming youngsters. They pass in among the audience and clamber up the stage. Artistic as the Japanese have been advertised to be, none of the crudities and incongruities of decoration seem to bother them for a moment. Amusement is not to be found on the stage alone, but is just as likely to be seen in the audience. On one occasion the "make-

EVEN IF HATS ARE REVERSED—NOT SO THE SLIGHTEST RULE OF ARCHERY

THESE WRESTLERS ARE MONSTROSITIES IN THIS WORLD OF LITTLE PEOPLE

up" of one little fellow in foreign clothes put all theatrical make-up to shame. His little trousers were full-grown pants. They were supposed to be supported by suspenders, but for comfort's sake the suspenders were down, and the trousers were standing on their own dignity.

What there was to laugh at on the stage itself he who cannot understand the language fails to see. The acting is anything but funny, and when it isn't very ordinary it is extremely vulgar. This is not preconceived prejudice. That which is vulgar is vulgar whether done by a Japanese or a chimpanzee. Yet the people present were respectable-looking, though their laughter detracted from any such assurance. That is one of the perplexities of the Japanese nature. Examples could be given, but they would not be printable. Yet the people are universally known to be refined and gentle. And they are. Japan is rich in extremes, and you will see human lotus flowers growing out of the mud in ancient moats round castles of habit — to borrow a Buddhist parable.

Japanese vaudeville is a mixture of drama and farce, as is ours, and the audience is of a more refined type, but it is at the cinematograph that the mixture shown, both of the attractions and in the audience, is most pronounced. The movie is the great leveler in Japan, as elsewhere. It is through the movie that Japan gets its notions of western life and manners; it is through the movie that it seeks to preserve its medieval morality. It is at the movie that it is trying to adjust its notions of family and the changes in the relations of the sexes.

Nothing in all Japan gives one the feeling of having entered a hive more than the darkened cinematograph theater. The building is thick with tobacco smoke and human odors. The pit and balconies are crowded—

not in the orderly regularity of seat behind seat, but in a perfect jumble of humanity, from the topmost gallery down to the stage and flowing over. Aside from the murmur of voices, there rises the sound of the lecturer, that strange innovation according to Japanese needs, the man who tells the story of the pictures in every detail. He often enough adds details of his own, not always mentionable, but on the whole he supplies that sixth sense, or perhaps the fifth, which is somewhat lacking—the sense of quick perception.

The movies perhaps more than any other force in Japanese life is making for the enlightenment of the people and democratization. There the people see out into the world at large, there they are brought together under conditions not a little alarming to the conservatives of Japanese officialdom. So much so that the officials have extended the censorship, exercising rigorous control over exhibitions. But there never has been a censor bright enough to note those subtle touches which are more dangerous to the grip of the bureaucrat than the obvious things at which he snatches.

To a nation whose women (except the geisha) until within a generation or two ago were never found mixing freely with men in public the sudden opening of the homes was bound to create trouble. With the advent of the movies the situation was aggravated. Naturally, men accustomed to seeing in public only approachable women would not know what to do when they found another variety. In the home, men knew well enough how to act toward their women; but in public how, under the circumstances, could they be expected to? The fault lies with the code which makes of woman a slave, to be summoned at every whim. There is in the home no especial occasion for our kind of courtesy. With no chairs, how should a Japanese know that it is kind to give a woman a seat? Is there not room enough

for her to sit in her proper place? In the street-car it is quite otherwise, but how is Mr. Nippon to understand without a lecturer to guide him? So he jumps to the seat and keeps to it. Thus, one of the things which disturbs Japanese moralists more than all else is this breaking down of the custom of coddling men at the expense of the women. Much there is in the West, he says, which is worthy of imitation, but one thing is for the Japanese demoralizing, and that is the way western men do things for their women. Women would become so selfish, he urges—and fails to see how selfish the Japanese men have become. Thus, the street-car is a source of democratization—sluggish as may be the progress—and the movie is its unfoldment.

The gulf which exists between the sexes outside the Japanese home was artificial. As soon as the barriers were removed, the gulf was flooded by an inrush of people eager for amusement. Recently the authorities, with the usual absence of understanding of human nature, issued a mandate for the separation of the sexes in the theaters. How and to what extent immorality could be practised at the cinematograph they did not explain. Perhaps daring mimics kissed their female companions in the dark while watching the foreign lovers in the pictures. If so, the censors have provided against the danger. During six months of 1919 alone they removed 2,160 kisses from the American reels.

Yet one never hears anything about dirty, unsanitary picture-houses and the dangerous overcrowding.

The regulation was that no man may bring a woman into a theater, be she ever so respectable, and sit beside her. And the law feels that it has obstructed the change in a custom which it regards more highly than progress. But again it may be said that the political, moral, and intellectual transition in Japan will come about largely through the western pictures. Already the cinema has

brought the woman out of her isolation; it has made her discontented with her lot; it has shown her what is the status of other women in the world. It is introducing a new chivalry in place of the doubtful bushido. The pictures of samurai days still draw great numbers—pictures showing dexterity in cutting off men's heads and leaving languishing maidens behind, forsaken for the sake of a liege lord. In the newer chivalry she sees men courteous to women beyond anything she has ever known; devotion to one's love which knows no greater loyalty. And the children she brings along, less set in their ways, and therefore less discriminating according to preconceived notions, will accept the standards of the one or the other which really and truly fit their particular needs. Thus one sees in the picture theater, with all its drawbacks, a force for the enlightenment of Japan not to be ignored.

Strange and inexplicable is the way of the East. At the very time the regulation for the segregation of the sexes at the theaters was promulgated a hygienic exhibition including sexual diseases was drawing thousands from Kobe's households. The promiscuous crowding was typical of that phase of Japanese life I have chosen to call communal. The small structure in which the exhibition was held squeaked with the weight of the people. They had to be released in batches or else the upper floor would certainly have given way.

That Japan is keeping step with European nations was only too clearly shown by the extent and variety of the diseases illustrated here. In the matter of sexual diseases there is indeed racial equality the world over. But in the method of handling them Japan is in a sense superior. It separates the sexes at the movies, but herds them where they might learn the consequences for which they are equally responsible and to which they are equally liable. Further paradoxes are not

SIGNS AND UMBRELLAS ARE FOREIGN, BUT CO-OPERATION IS NOT

THIS FISH-MARKET WAS ALIVE AT 4 A.M.

WOMEN PILE-DRIVERS EACH WITH A ROPE-END AND A PATHETIC CHANT

THE LITTLE WHEAT USED CAN BE THRESHED BY THE OLD-FASHIONED FLAIL

wanting. It places this exhibition not far from the legally recognized restricted districts, it exhibits the effects of sexual error in the most certain forms, it mixes home hygiene with personal hygiene. But the doors to political meetings are shut to women.

Follow the social life of the Japanese and you will find that, undemonstrative as he may be, he is absorbing much more than we think.

VIII

CRAFTSMANSHIP

HE Japanese is in a sense open to conviction when the change asked of him is not too obvious. But in the matter of creative activity his unwillingness to yield is most exasperating. He is ready to lose your trade rather than alter his method one iota. In other words, he is polite enough to listen to you and camouflage his interest, but try to bind him to it and you find him a conservative to the core.

True as it may be that the Japanese unmachine-like processes are more humane, their methods remind me of the ways of ants and bees. They cannot do things single-handed. A little job to be done is attacked by a group, each one working in his own way, regardless of the labor or method of the other. This is true of the householder, but no less so of the trader and craftsman.

The family relationship clings like a canker to his preternaturally slow and docile workmanship. This communal atmosphere issues from the stores as perceptibly as does the stock which is for sale. It pervades all of the lesser industries. It is the cause of so much of the unnecessary labor found hanging round the shops. Proprietors will keep members of their families on hand, though they are not earning the air they breathe.

Japan is not yet so industrialized that the break-up of the family in trade may be said to have taken place. The home and the business are still so closely connected

that association with the one throws light upon the other, and *vice versa*. With the shop as the front part of the home and the members of the family as the laborers, one obtains at a glance the effects of the one on the other and insight into social conditions elsewhere obscured. Until that intimacy is broken up, efficiency in its human sense, and not merely in the sense of turning out great quantities of products, is impossible.

For instance, there seem to be no regular hours of labor except as controlled by fatigue. And side by side with the usefully employed will be seen, day and night, idlers, and the shifting from one to the other—from idleness to industry—seems a matter of volition.

Coming from an extended visit in Australia and New Zealand, where everything regarding labor was circumscribed—where labor was enforced along with idleness, and leisure was cramped with limitations, I must confess to a sense of luxury in the ways of Japan. In spite of the incessant whirl of traffic in things, I have never heard so much singing as on the streets of China and Japan. Men and boys rush pell-mell through the streets, yet peace seems to abound within them or they would not sing so freely. The chantey is not yet a thing of the past in Japan. They chant while flattening a repair in the road, or while pulling a rope with a weighty burden, or shifting a rock of several tons' weight. At all tasks they work in common and ease each other's burden by chanting. Modern industrialism has so completely individualized our tasks that real co-operation is a thing of the past. Not so in Japan.

That, I believe, is the secret of toil in Japan. There are girls working everywhere, but in the department stores, amid all the noise of "auctioneers" and hammers, I have time and again seen something no floorwalker in twentieth-century New York could tolerate for a moment and keep his job. A girl, on her knees in Japanese

fashion, but doubled over as in prayer, the world and its wares glittering and shuffling round about her—fast asleep. Pathetic? Indeed! Heartrending! But she slept. How many seconds of the eight or nine hours of our department-store girl's day could she spend in sleep unmolested, no matter what her condition? It is this seeming freedom which is more dear to the Japanese laborer than all laws of economy.

Take the boy, howling with a larynx almost gone, pounding with a leather "hammer" upon the table before him. He looked tired. But he felt grown-up. Child labor is wrong, and we have nothing to brag of in that way ourselves, but mere suppression is an uncertain remedy. Another boy might prefer to howl his lungs out on the playground. Japanese boys take to their tasks with a sobriety amazing and perplexing to the foreigner.

This communal flexibility, the outgrowth of the family connections of labor and industry, affords an easy transition from labor to leisure which, wasting in material results, is a gain in life.

Take, for instance, the handicraftsmen. Contact with the actual maker of things is a delight to the arrival from the West. If you want a table, you simply go to a furniture dealer and order what you wish. Shoes, clothing, well-nigh everything can be done according to fit or order. The work is done with a certain amount of finish of which you had had no anticipation. But though there are many who regard the workmanship of the Japanese cabinet-maker and boot-maker as of as good quality as anything done in the more industrialized parts of the world, there is much that is unacceptable. Specialization in the way of ready-made goods has at least this virtue—you see them and buy them or reject them without loss of time. In Japan, if you have plenty of patience, you may after three or four attempts succeed in getting just what you ordered. Whatever

gain one has in the pleasure of feeling the hand of the artisan in his desk or chair is lost in the irritating delays which invariably go with their acquisition. The patience wasted in constantly turning up to find things made a little differently from what you asked for, or delayed day after day, is a strain on one's temper. It is a shock to one's sense of timeliness and precision. You never can get the simplest thing done on the moment. I once had a leather case polished, but part of it was left undone —just a few inches of strap. I called the leather-maker's attention to this, but he reduced the total cost of the job by 30 per cent rather than do it that moment. The simplest little task is deferred—the dealer invariably asking two or three days for time in which to do it. Delay is chronic. I have yet one pleasure to experience in Japan—the exception to this rule.

One's life in the Orient is one continuous process of hunting down such details as in the ordinary world seem to look after themselves. And the most amazing feature of it all is the bland indifference of the native to your discomfiture. If a thing doesn't suit you, even though you ordered it—you needn't take it. Japanese dealers will let you go away without making a purchase rather than effect the simplest readjustment to your needs. I had ordered a flat-top table desk with green-felt cover, but found the felt had not been tucked in properly. The man had stained it to suit my special requirements, yet he preferred to take it back rather than finish it off to suit me. "*Shikata ga nai!*" Oh, the sound of that agglutinated negative always accompanied by a shrug! "It can't be helped!" "Way of doing is not!" "Resource or alternative is not!" And indeed there is not—not that nor anything else. Alternative? Plead and see yourself scorned without mercy. Threat? Only to know that the *junsa*, or policeman, would put you

through the third degree and then leave you as little satisfied as before. You cannot punch them, you cannot warn them, you cannot "do" them. "*Shikata ga nai!*" Fate never rewarded western efficiency or American training never to say "I can't" with a more immovable mountain of indifference.

You enter a store and stand and stare for as long as you have patience, while the proprietor squats indifferently on the mats. Then you ask for the thing you want. He says he hasn't it in stock. At first, inexperienced foreigner, you go out; but soon you learn to look for yourself. In most cases it is before his very eyes. One might continue in this vein without end, coming finally to incidents which accumulate into the trials of the foreign exporter, who knows when he places a contract that the goods will not be produced on time nor finished according to order. Oh, of course there are exceptions. But these exceptions are generally of a class which belongs in one's first days in Japan.

No contract, except with the most specialized concerns, such as the big dockyards and steamship companies, is of any value. Most manufacturers take on as much work as they can promise in a lifetime, and depend on your having waited too long for them to produce the goods to be able to go elsewhere for duplication. The case of the young American boy sent out to represent an American brush concern is typical. He ordered forty thousand toothbrushes, which were promised for a set date. They were not ready. Threats of suit and withdrawal were of no avail. When the brushes finally came they were a quarter of an inch shorter in the bristles than contracted for.

The Nipponese tradesman and craftsman is hypnotist in method. He tries to impress you with his indifference. In the Oriental's life there is much of elasticity, of flexibility, and greater humanity. But from the point

of view of method it fails. Waste of labor is a curse, and in Japan the sheer frittering away of human toil is heartrending. And at every turn the waste is evident. Every shop has half a dozen—and more—of worthless helpers about. The proprietor keeps them because he hasn't the heart to discard them. So that instead of becoming self-supporting they hang about, waiting for support. Yet, though many pray for fortunes, no people in the world believe so ardently and sincerely in the value of elbow grease as a means of securing their wants as the Japanese.

For example. A certain brush-factory in Kobe was organized by a Japanese evangelist to give labor to some poor in whom he was interested. He succeeded in getting others interested, including a foreigner. The money was invested, the building rented at a very low rental. Good! But so poor was it in structure that it required constant alteration and repair to make it suitable. The meager funds were soon absorbed in this frittering—twenty yen a month for rent, seven hundred yen for repair. The foreigner kept his eyes on the way it was being worked. He would come in to find twenty women doing nothing, but they would rush wildly at something the instant he entered. Upon inquiry he was told that these poor women were being kept on hand, though there was no work for them to do, simply because later on they would be wanted. So that instead of putting the undertaking on a firm basis, the funds were again being frittered away. The foreigner withdrew, and the evangelist had the pleasure of posing as a martyr financially.

In most cases it does not end so simply, and there are misunderstanding and enmity—for the Japanese is the most obstinate creature in the world. He is absolutely unyielding in his adherence to "Japanese way" as the *summum bonum* of human ingenuity.

The Kobe business man, especially during the war, had so completely changed his color as to have become unrecognizable according to the categories of the specialists in Japanese traits and characters. Brusk, impudent, offensive, he treats the foreigner with contempt, except where he finds it more advantageous to be polite. Clerks, waiters, tramcar conductors, and station boys all co-operate with the trader to show the foreigner how little they respect him and how contemptuous they can be. This refers to the Kobe people mainly. The consensus of foreign opinion will bear me out. Kobe is the *narikin* of Japanese cities, the upstart of ports for ocean traffic. And the Japanese people themselves will speak in this vein of the Kobeite.

It is hard to be consistent in one's averages of national traits. I wander about in a maze of perceptions and leanings. How can one condemn with sweeping statements whole peoples, or praise them without equal qualifications? You come upon certain individuals, and their gentleness, the pleased expressions, and curious glances sweep away all mistrust and doubt. Buy a cake and come back for more and you find that you have awarded the maker a gold medal which she wears quite modestly on her heart. The old man who spends his days up to late hours sharpening a crude blade which comprises the Japanese razor is pleased and happy that I, a foreigner, buy one from him for fifteen sen instead of ten, which he would have asked of a fellow-citizen of his. Thus, here and there one touches the communal nerves of the nation.

The individual craftsman or tradesman is no more variable and communal than is the manual day laborer. The spirit underlying the labor situation in Japan is the same for the industrial worker as it is for the family shopkeeper.

As yet the 1st of May has found no echo in Japan.

As far as labor is concerned, it seems barely to have emerged from feudalism. Go through one of the great dockyards if you wish to see this same clinging, swarm activity in full swing. Division of labor along paths at right angles is still wanting. There seems to be no order, no plan, no arrangement, just a mass of workers, each attacking a job with the instinct of the ant and bee. The men move amid the scraps and skeleton constructions without obvious ordering, as though without duties. Food-venders with their baskets sit at ease behind their products in and about the works. The crowds about them reach for the buns and bean-cakes, pay their sen or two, and lounge as they munch them.

But they turn out the work. No seeming outward struggle, yet the work is done. Ships stood about, unfinished skeletons, their destiny written on paper and their hour of completion as certain as childbirth. The calm, indifferent, almost lazy-looking workmen filled every rib-space and alley, an atmosphere of patient, catlike watchfulness permeating all. Some of these days they will go on strike, thought I, and Japan will throw off cheap labor as it did serfdom—and the world will marvel.

One thing more than all else tends to perpetuate cheap labor and its consequent degradation of Japan, and that is the female coolie. Not until Japan raises the status of its women can she hope to be taken into the comity of nations as an equal. No standard is so much in need of improvement as that of the woman in Japan. Doubtless were the women of Japan more the equals of their men in political and social life such sights as women laborers driving stakes into the ground would not be seen. Fixed to an improvised tripod was a pulley from which hung an iron weight. About fourteen women and one meek, lost male stood off in a broken circle, each gripping a straw-rope end. One of the lot chanted

some song, in a not unpleasant voice, and when she finished they all pulled on the ropes, repeating the chantey and dropping the weight upon the pile. Their voices were not laden with complaint. They seemed to think little of the meanness of their lot, for their faces showed no signs of worry. It seemed as though they thought more of the blessing of this one arrangement at least—that the song could not be denied them and that it lifted them beyond the sphere of their twice-weighted existence. And gradually the stake went deeper and deeper into the earth.

One cannot feel sad for them, for they do not seem to feel sad for themselves. Yet I could not but wish for some other arrangement. Faces broken up with sores and eruptions, their spirit was yet satisfied with a simple chant. So they worked half a century ago pulling on a rope made of their own black hair, lifting the pillars of a magnificent temple from whose highest rewards they were excluded.

American women, so bold and self-assertive, claiming equal rights with men in every walk of life—why, they are dolls and darlings compared with these self-effacing little creatures, who toil away at the most arduous tasks and accomplish that for which we have devised monster machines, simply because our women wouldn't do them for us. It seems that women became lazy in the old matriarchal period, and began to goad men on to doing things for them. Having been filled with dream-tales from their cradles up, taught to worship and reverence womankind, and gradually fooled into using their minds, men invented all sorts of contrivances in order to get out of the doing of heavy things which mother diplomat used to do for them.

But not so in Japan. Here the woman still submits to being man's machine. She is everything from mother to manufacturer. But I see a gleam of hope.

Though she is not above being his equal in every task, still I have seen her follow the little cart her virtuous spouse was pulling, with one hand on the load, the other holding a silk parasol over herself. And already her little daughter proves herself the future woman of a free Japan, for she trudges along—'twould never do not to be along—without even a finger on the burden.

Again the family! One can never get away from it. What need is there of unions when life is knit so closely by ties of blood, when whole families form the foundation for all corporate activities? The ramifications are even more far-reaching than that. Not only are gilds a part of modern industrial Japan, but even the clan has survived the change. Perhaps it is because there still are so few trusts, but to be an employee of one of the big firms is like having been a servant or samurai or retainer. Workmen cling to their managers and bosses with the spirit of the serf or samurai—whatever the latter may have been. When asked how late he works, Mr. Nippon is just as likely to say that he and all employees wait around, even though they have nothing to do, till the manager leaves, though that be nine o'clock in the evening and they really should have closed at six. Strange this clinging to a leader! It is the starch of Japan. It is seen even in the schools, where good and earnest students will "cut" with the whole class, though they may much prefer to come and do their work. And even when some do come and find the other students have absconded, they will ask that inasmuch as the rest have decided to play false to their school bargain—attendance—they, too, be marked absent or all be marked present.

The spirit of the clan or of the class finds its finishing touches somewhat marred in the end by a fundamental weakness of which it is never conscious as class or clan—a weakness resulting in inefficiency, because more

willing to have a thing done within the clan and done poorly than to send it out and have it done by a specialist. Thus you find an unwillingness to go out of the family, as it were, with tasks for which the family is not quite fit. And that element of push—which has been the making of Japan—is side-tracked by the element of cohesion which nearly ruined it.

One reason why Japanese are failures as linguists is because they are too proud to yield the honors to a foreigner, really to listen and learn. And though individuals and firms could easily secure corrections in their correspondence and circulars and labels, they will issue absurdities such as the following rather than call in one who is not of their clan or nation.

The first is by a zealous student.

Gacific Mail
Steam Ship Co., Ltd.,
Dear Sir,
Will you please excuse this short note. For goodness' sake if you please, please send me that all kinds of advertisement.

The other two are from the now proud and independent firm, too eager for spoils and applause to seek assistance in English from the ignorant foreigner.

Sir, Hereby we beg to report to you a marine accident as follows: Toward the evening of . . . the heavy storm raging in the harbor since the daylight of the fatal day, gradually changed into a southerly one with still more violent force, and in the meantime the rough sea became heavier and heavier, until angry sea water dashed to the Customs compound forcing its way over the quay wall.

Every effort for checking the sea water was done in vain and it flooded over No. 1 Quay with the result that the cargoes lying there as per attached lists sustained damage.

Now this is a classic. It is dramatic and really good English, but when you learn that it is only a sea protest and meant to demand reparation in coin, and not tears,

for a couple of hundred yen's worth of goods, you will forgive the laughter it provoked.

Particulars of the Accident: On the 29th of August, 1917, while the aforesaid lighter was taking in at the starboard side of the steamer, the cargo ex the ss *Colusa* moored along the No. 1 Quay wall of the Kobe Customs, the Easterly wind, which was blowing since the morning, unexpectedly began to assume more violent force, making the sea quite rough.

During the heavy sea, the said lighter was laboring very hard and was often compelled to collide against the steamer's side, with the result she sustained damages to her body, there from the sea water ran into the lighter.

Seeing the dangerous state of the lighter, the lightermen engaged themselves to check and ladle out the water and at the same time our steam launches hurried to the spot of the accident and cooperated in pumping out the water running in, towing the ill fated lighter toward the nearest quay wall in order to salve her. But on her way thereto the salvage work being of little effect, the said lighter became full of water and in consequence met the fate of sinking to the sea with all her cargo at the middle part (120 feet off the Quay wall) between No. 1 Quay and No. 2 Quay. and this is certified to by the "Mayor of Kobe City."

Verily a poet was at work in a stevedoring firm at the handsome salary of thirty dollars a month.

I cannot close without a special word for a type of laborer who puts all clannishness to shame with his haughty individuality, the symbol of independence and the free-lance of industrialized bushidodom—the rickshaw man.

For him there is progress in Japan. How the disappointment and regret must have smouldered in the breast of the old rickshaw man, whom his foreign employers christened Jimmy, when he saw about him the wealth his fellow-runners were piling up day by day or heard of the advancement of some to the rank of chauffeur. He had been for fifteen years or more the runner for this endogenous firm. He was a pioneer, a venturesome fellow seeking new worlds to conquer,

Now, short and withered, he still sparkled with surprise when he saw his former boss. Instantly he hurried round the counter and without a word began bowing and bowing, till recognition came in: "Hello, Jimmy!" and the speaker turned to his equal again.

The jinrikisha, though an innovation in Japan, invented by a missionary, is the source of much that is evil being circulated through the country, and also of not a little good. The rickshaw man it is who panders to all the vices, knows where the prostitutes live and urges his customers to patronize them. Yet as long as you are in his "cab" and he knows you know his number or knows that your friends know his number, you are safe with him in any part of the city at any hour of the night. In recent days foreign women have quite frequently been treated roughly by these pullers, but an easy precaution is letting them know you have their number. Every one being registered with the police, none can escape punishment. But even as the rickshaw puller is the source of much trouble, he has been the doer of some good.

He figures prominently in modern literature and has even been involved in international affairs. In the account of the attack made on the life of the young Russian Czar while he was visiting Japan in 1891, written by a popular story-teller of Tokyo and published in English in *The Japan Chronicle* (January 1, 1919), the following interesting reference to the two coolie rickshaw pullers is made:

> As a matter of fact it was really the coolie who was pulling the Czarevitch's vehicle who cut at the offender; but in the above telegram it was reported as having been done by the police inspector who was at the head of the procession. The error was subsequently rectified; but just imagine how panic-stricken the prefectural authorities must have been to have mistaken a jinrikisha man for a police inspector!

And Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, in his *Things Japanese*, says that they "were forthwith almost smothered under the rewards and honors that poured down upon them, alike from their own sovereign and from the Russian court. One of them unites virtue to good fortune; the other has given himself over to riotous living. Such is the way of human nature, and the coolie is as human as the rest of us."

But the Japanese reverence for imperialism is biased; for once, it is rumored, a rickshaw man stumbled, and his mate put out his hand and clutched at the noble lady sitting in the "riki," saving her from hurt. He was forthwith cut down by an officer, who thus put the seal on the inferiority of the rickshaw man, a creature too vile to touch the person of nobility.

In clear weather and when I knew my way, I cursed and despised the jinriki; when I was a stranger or when it was raining, I thought there was nothing lovelier in the world. I have enjoyed talking to the rickshaw man more than to many of the other Japanese one meets in one's movements about the country. He has a keener sense of humor, is more interested in you, and tells you what's what, and is sometimes quite likable. Coming up the hill one day, a coolie a little distance ahead of me, I saw an act of co-operation worth telling about. This coolie was without his "cab," but presently another came pulling a full "bus." The burdenless coolie stepped up and without a word added his strength to that of the other—to the latter's surprise. And the soft patter of their feet seemed to say "sh, sh, sh," to their pleased inner selves.

Rickshawdom is not without its romantic side. Down the street ran a puller, restraining his well-sped car, his knotted triceps seeming doubly hard. His burden was a fat, round-faced servant-girl. Her keen satisfaction at being rushed along so rapidly, yet con-

trolled by the sturdy little man, was an untold tale of romance.

The evil side of rickshawism is commensurate with Japan's westernization. The cost of living rising, the coolie pokes his nose out of his timidity. He has become as independent as one dares to be in Japan, and just as impertinent. His prices range from extortion to highwayism. And if you are a resident and he knows he cannot frighten you, he boycotts you for your daring.

Once, after giving vent to a few lofty humanitarian sentiments in compassion for the miserable condition of the rickshaw man, alias *kurumayasan*, who pulled me up the hill, I felt as though I had somewhat lightened his burden. Why should he pull me? I asked. And asserted my conviction that next to the coolie woman he is certainly at the very bottom of human degradation. I listened to the sound of his feet as they splashed in the deep slush of Kobe streets, and to his heavy breathing—all the while sitting comfortably in my glory. But as soon as my journey was over I asked, "*Ikura?*" and was told, "*Go-ju-sen*" (fifty sen). I knew it should have been *ju-go-sen* (fifteen sen) and said so. He had more than doubled his price. He was obstinate, though he knew he was lying. I threatened to call a policeman. Yet I hated to appear to be haggling over a few sen. And so often enough he comes out the gainer. But he is losing, you reason, for if he charges too much you will not use him. And then perhaps rickshawism will cease to be an obstacle to the improvement of public transportation and public roads. And the puller will turn to active, productive labor, to fields in which he will rise above the degrading position of being a human horse.

On general principles, the rickshaw is a fraud. On long journeys you are worn out worse than if you had walked. The "cab" tilts you back too far, the jolting is considerable. Uphill, speed is impossible; downhill,

POOR IN DETAIL, EN MASSE THE TEMPLE MARRIES SILENCE WITH MAJESTY

AND WHEN THE RAM OVER THE STEPS STRIKES THE BELL WITHIN, THE EARTH TREMBLES

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING, DON'T VOTE FOR IT, ASK THE MECHANICAL FORTUNE-TELLER

DON'T DEPOSIT YOUR BALLOT IN A BOX—TIE IT TO A RAIL

it is dangerous. Many people have been thrown out and hurt or killed. And you are always quarreling with your "horse" instead of petting him.

The tram has done not a little to drive him out of commission, and will certainly do so much more. But in modern Japan, with its reputation for efficiency, the trams and the trains and the roads and the telegraphs deserve a chapter or a section in themselves.

IX

THE HEART OF JAPAN

THE same flexibility of temperament which makes of labor and recreation in Japan such helter-skelter, though utterly human, activities, predominates in the religious festivals. Viewing it from the outside, one would never think that this loose display of the communal instinct was at the same time an individual striving for conscious improvement of self. The crowd is no more unified by the fact that it has come to pay its respects to some local deity than by attending a show or building a ship. Fact is that if that show represents the spirit of loyalty shown by the Forty-seven Ronin, or the ship is a battleship and thus represents the State, the crowds are much more electrified. This has led emissaries of western religions to condemn the Japanese as unreligious, and certainly they are so. But is that deplorable? Only in so far as it leaves the unsuspecting individual an easy prey to the impositions of oligarchs does it prove itself a detriment to human development. When the Church was the State in Europe, the human was neglected for the sake of the spiritual; with the State as the Church in Japan, the emotional is deadened to the advantage of the political. In both Church and State the desire for the material is predominant. And to that extent Japan is in no sense different from the nations and peoples of the West.

Religion in Japan presents somewhat of a paradox.

There is Buddhism, which is essentially communalistic. There is Shintoism, which, politically speaking, is rigidly individualistic but being at the same time a religion of ancestor-worship, it is definitely pan-psychical, taking all the world's people who have ever existed into its embrace.

Most of the holidays and festivals which are according to Buddhist rites carry with them a well-defined humanistic import, but they are pretty generally conducted at a distance from the ordinary floods of Oriental life. The great majority of religious celebrations in Japan are Shintoistic.

Chief among all these national holidays is New Year's. As early as August preceding my first New Year's in Japan the wife of my Japanese friend remarked, when I asked her what she did for amusement, that she was looking forward to the coming of the new year. At last the day—to which I myself had come to look forward with interest and curiosity, so much was it talked about—arrived, only to prove the folly of anticipation. My little housekeeper was flushed with *sake*, as was her servant, who stood behind her adjusting her *obi* for her. It was barely seven o'clock in the morning, but celebration begins early in Japan. It begins still earlier, as, for days numbering a week before, preparations have been in full swing. Professional *mochi-* (rice dough) makers carry their stoves and mortars and heavy mallets about the streets, pound their special rice into a tough dough, and round it off in big and little cakes, pale and round as the moon. Not a street or a shop in which stocks of these clots of rice dough do not lie exposed for sale; and not a house so poor but that it puts in stocks of these to afford weeks of overeating. And on *the* day he who has not put in sufficient stocks of food to weather the calm of indolence or storm of jollity which grips the Empire is indeed improvident.

On this day it is safe to say every city in Japan is the same, a sameness which makes one despair of human inventiveness. Yet if ever the caterpillar of slow and unending endeavor is metamorphosed into the ephemera —the momentary butterfly—if ever a world is changed from being real simon-pure to Utopia, Japan does that "trick" on New Year's Day. A world which is never at rest, a world which is sweating with long-drawn-out labor, a world which sleeps, eats, and talks at toil—suddenly throws off the burdens of life and becomes a flushed lily justifying the biblical parable.

The New Year's breakfast is partaken of in common. It was the only day on which I, a stranger, was ever asked to join the Japanese at a meal in common with them. Everything served is cold—ready for the whole day's eating—except the *sake* (which makes them drunk), and the *mochi* soup, which is the delight of the year. There is cold lotus root, carrots, *gobo* (burdock), *kuromame* (black beans), *konuyaku* (a kind of edible root), cold omelet, *kuwae* (plant), *renkon* (lotus), *mochi* (stew), *gomame* (dry young sardines eaten especially on New Year's Day), *mitsuwazuke* (radish), *kobu* (seaweed), fish and egg omelet, *dai*, *satoimo*, *daikon* (radish), fish, *koyadofu*, *bodara* (fish), *ocha* (tea) and rice, *yomomi*, green plant mixed with *mochi*—all for breakfast.

Breakfast is followed by visiting. The men start early, dressed in their very best silk kimonos, and skirt-pantaloons on top—the full-dress of Japan. It is a fine-looking world, such as one would like to see at all times. Each visitor among the men carries some little present or just his card (a recent innovation) to his friend, acquaintance, or business patron. He does not remain to chat, but just leaves his evidence of having presented himself, and hurries on to the next place. One has then done his duty and friendship is sealed. The girls and women show themselves only in the after-

THE TORII MAKES THE WILDERNESS HUMAN AND THE MONOTONOUS CITY LOVELY

I REMEMBER HOW ALLURING IT ALL WAS AT THE TIME

A FESTIVAL, NO MATTER HOW ORDINARY, MUST HAVE ITS PARADE

AND A SHINTO PRIEST, NO MATTER HOW LOWLY, MUST HAVE HIS PRESTIGE

noon, though they have been prepared to receive callers from early morning. They appear in finery gay and exquisite in the extreme, a blaze of color which makes Japan the admiration of the world.

Even in the early hours there is considerable evidence of *sake*-drinking; but toward noon and in the afternoon flushed faces tell that the exchange of cordialities has been made—not in greetings alone, but in hot intoxicants. And when the evening comes, lonely indeed is the sober man.

There is one man in all Japan who does not know the meaning of New Year's freedom. All others have forgotten what it is to toil. To one accustomed to seeing Japan never shut to trade and barter, coming out on the street is a surprise in revelation. The wooden-shutter doors have all been placed across the store-fronts, and long curtains with the family crests dyed upon them stretch from end to end of the street. Everything is closed—except to visitors, and these know better than to stay.

But one man does not know what it is to celebrate in idleness. True, he puts on clean uniform and looks different, but he pulls his rickshaw just the same—aye, much more so. He makes money while the others spend it; he toils while the others enjoy themselves. True, he receives unusually large tips; true, he is given *sake* to drink and often has a difficult time trying to hold up the shafts; true, he is a dangerous puller to employ, but most of the patrons are themselves too drunk to consider such trifles.

Few indeed are the sleepers that night. Eat, drink, and be drunk is the motto. The women manage to keep themselves more sober, though they would not turn down a full glass. Many of them play the national woman's card game for petty cash all night through.

But the rickshaw puller pulls all night through—if he

can stand on his legs. For him there is no rest. He typifies, more than any other, the coolie. He is the dregs. The rain may pour, the world may rejoice—he alone cannot do so except in snatches. For even in modern Japan he keeps the world moving.

Most other national holidays in Japan are little more than signal for the display of the flag. What they are holidaying over is often hard to tell; reference to history alone would do so. In the manner and form there is generally nothing distinctive, and the impressionist responds but coldly. One, I was told, was a kind of Thanksgiving Day. The streets were ablaze with the flag—a round red disk (like the announcement of skating at the parks) against a cold white background. Were the symbol taken literally it would be a case of rich and throbbing Japan in a world of icy nothingness. It is the symbol of Shintoism. Aside from these emblems fixed to bamboo poles with black bands painted round them two or three inches apart—the poles are tied to doors and fences, in front of each and every worthy household—there is no sign of festivity. Stores are all open just as usual, labor is just as incessant. Idle rambling leads me past a shrine. What a pagan mixture—pagan in the absolute sense of the word. Beneath the shadows of the edifices, within the walls protecting gods, petty traffic continues. What a medley of modernism and mysticism, of business and prayer! Yet, in spite of our preconceived notions and prejudices, one cannot but admire this Oriental frankness. Life, a struggle for existence at best, is a business matter, and religion should merely facilitate it. What need of offering grace over daily bread? Its possession is proof enough of blessing.

I do not know how it was managed, whether the increased sales were shared partly with the priests or instigated by them alone. One thing is certain, the

grounds in and before *Ikuta jinsha*, once bare and deserted except for the occasional visitor, were suddenly beset with booths and stocked and crowded to an amazing extent. Buying and selling and auctioneering went on at a wild pace. The cheapest sort of trash found its eager customer; the most alluring picture, its admirers. Miniature show-houses, into which one gazed through large lenses, had themselves called to attention in the most interesting manner. At one table on a platform beside the door sat a woman, at the other a man. Each drummed upon the table with two thin reeds in a most monotonous way. Dull though it was, it took possession of you, the tripping taps affecting one as did Mark Twain's "Punch Brother, punch. Punch with care. Punch in the presence of the passenger." It possessed an indefinably subtle force which held you and made it pleasing.

This buying and selling is the life of shrine and temple. It is amazing to see the trash being manufactured so extensively in Japan. There is buying and tasting, and examining without either buying or tasting, all along the street leading to the shrine. The crowd thickens. Movement is almost impossible. You are within the confines of the shrine grounds. Hundreds of bowed heads, clapping hands, and intaking breaths make of that inanimate shrine with its sealed doors a living reality. The coins clink as they strike the wooden grating across the top of the huge box—one, two, three, hundreds. Vast sums are thus collected, and the instinct of hope and desire satisfied.

I stood, the night of that autumn festival, waiting for a friend, leaning slightly against the pillar of the large stone *torii*. Behind this same column a thin-voiced toy-balloon vender had taken his stand. His voice was not more pleasing than the sound of the whistling rubber balloons. But when one of them burst and he gave

vent to an undertone of indignation, his poverty, more than his anger, had found utterance.

The seventy-odd years of human life were here each well represented. No one had stayed at home. They passed before me, some noticing the stranger, some not, all moving with a listlessness verging on habit. What was there to lure them? Surely it could not have been for famish of trade. In no place in the world do people live so utterly under the influence of barter. Stores never close but when this world is asleep, and bargains are always being offered. One is always buying bargains. Morning, noon, and night, day in and day out, from year to year they have this opportunity, and this is but a flood of the same exchange. Wares which have been hidden away in the dark corners of the little shops find themselves out under the open sky, on inclined stands sloping to the ground. The wooden shutters which form the front walls of all shops disappear with the sunrise.

What is it, then, which moves this mass that cannot be roused by other promptings? An idea? Perhaps. But that idea seems of its own accord incapable of appealing, and must be clothed in the garb of exchange, set in a background of things instinct in the human race. Men seem to be timid in giving expression to even universal failings in the far-off East.

The very shrine itself is dedicated to the deity Wake-hime-no-mikoto, sometimes called the Japanese Minerva, for she taught the Japanese the use of the loom and introduced clothing. It was founded, legend says, by the Empress Jingu Kogo, mother of the God of War, Hachiman, on the occasion of her stay in Kobe en route to Korea, which she had set out to conquer.

What is characteristic of special festival occasions is in a lesser degree characteristic of temples and shrines in general. The other famous Shinto shrine in Kobe,

or, to be exact, in the old city of Hyogo, now part of Kobe, is extremely modern. It is dedicated to the arch-loyalist of Japan, Kusunoki Masashige, who had given his life in defense of the Emperor Go-Daigo, the unfortunate, when struggling against the strangling hold of the Ashikaga shogun. After the revolution in Japan in the last century, Shintoism was inflated by bureaucratic processes, and this temple was reared over a grave neglected for five hundred years. It is now one of the most favored temples in Japan.

Immediately to the right of the entrance to this shrine, which is surrounded by a great wall, is a deep well beside a fountain in a flat stone. The buckets used for drawing the water are like any old-fashioned buckets, but the tiny wooden cups and long handles—these are Japanese. A little farther on is a simple shrine. In these grounds one must put aside thought of guides; each must see for himself and find his own inspiration. There is nothing either beautiful or complex, but there is something new — a massive turtle resting on a stone foundation, carrying upon his back a marble slab. As a symbol of ease and longevity it is not a mean conception.

A little farther on to the right stands a most immaculate-looking building. Here we are met with a most gracious invitation to enter—boots and all. It is a museum of modern sabers and ancient armor, old inscriptions and recent maps, a jumble of things past and present. No nation escapes either, nor does the visitor, as he leaves, escape being asked to contribute. We have been looking at the relics once the pride of loyal Masashige—now plain Nanko.

Wending one's way across the trodden, grassless ground, past rice-cake bakers and roasted-red-bean venders, we come upon a circular crowd. Now I don't know whether it has ever occurred to any one, but

crowds have their geometrical propensities. If you see a circular crowd, always be sure it is a magician of some kind or the Salvation Army. Circular crowds are always of a safe variety. I'm not guaranteeing any one against pickpockets, but against the crowd. Circular crowds are a sign of a show or a circus, as sure as cumulus clouds are a sign of rain. Conjurers and magicians (petty and political)—whether in the presence of a saloon or holy shrine doesn't matter—anything with money for its object creates a circular crowd. This is universally true.

How about square crowds? Square crowds are less plastic, less generous. They must be confined or they will dissipate. You generally find them within doors, well-seated, orderly, and passive. They are of one mind—the square-deal mind—or they could never be maintained as crowd. They generally know beforehand what they come for and make sure of receiving it. That's what is meant by a square deal. They are found at lectures, churches, political meetings, and reveal the evenness of human mentality, its conformity, and its monotonous laxity.

Then we have oblong crowds. These are generally demonstrative. Each that makes up one such wishes to be seen and so lengthens out the process. No crowding here. In oblong crowds every one feels himself a master creator, of extreme importance and attractiveness. It doesn't matter whether it be a protest or a funeral, functions requiring long wind and long faces stretch themselves out in oblong crowds.

Triangular crowds are always being harangued by some pseudo-savior. They must have a leader, a go-between, one who can draw upon all the elements of society for support. He must be sharp and able to cut an opening for the entering wedge of the crowd. Such crowds are somewhat dangerous, as collisions are likely

to take place, or else there would be no reason for their existence as triangular, ax-like crowds.

There are, of course, rhomboid and hexagonal crowds, and those of all geometric proportions, but that takes me on into the intricacies of Shinto tenets—and there I must draw the line.

The crowd I saw that day was a circular crowd. It was quite a safe kind, being then so close to a real, living god. He who formed it was rattling away to old women, idle men, and children, exhibiting and juggling cards. For shame, Shinto! The day was a dull day, and all other crowds, except that before the man splitting open large mussels, were not in action.

At the extreme end I came to the shrine exceptional. There, amid columns and images, stand two bronze horses, riderless and unsaddled. They might even be wild—but they are ultra-modern. Within the sacred of sacreds is a large, obsolete cannon. Obsolete and still so young. Why, it can't be more than twenty years old! So soon to be supplanted! What a mockery of youth! Yet here it stands, as much neglected and useless as the shrine it plays at protecting. It has come from the country of the Czar, himself now obsolete. It was his when he thought fit to fight the Japanese. He must have bought it from American or English capitalists. Will they, too, become obsolete some day?

The shrine? No worshiper is present. Two glass candle-cases, a wooden box large enough to house the contents of a good-sized mint, with wooden bars across the V-shaped top, show the confidence the priests have in ancestor-worship. Its open slits call for contributions like hungry mouths. Great expectations! Lighted candle sheds expose to ridicule or in pride the donators.

A man arrives, purchases a red candle, lights it, presses it on to the nail-stand, drops a coin into the "grave," and approaches the shrine to pray. And while

he is bent forward, drawing in his breath and clapping three times, the two little urchins who sell candles in the stall to the right are learning their lesson in heat and sensitiveness over the flame of another candle. Skeptics! Sacrilegious urchins! One actually snuffs out the flame by placing his palm over it. Scorched but hilarious. Imps!

All the while the old man draws in his breath, hissing, rising, claps three times, and turns to the left and round to the rear of the shrine. Again he claps his hands three times, again squats on his haunches, mumbles and draws his breath, then rubs the cheeks of his seat most exactly and according to form, rises, claps three times, and proceeds farther round to the front again. He has circumscribed the shrine. Here again he formalizes, rises, claps, claps, claps before a stone image at the left, a stone image at the right, kneels and claps as he passes out—absolved.

A young girl enters the inclosure. For her no need of candles, or perhaps she can't afford any. She hurries through. Perhaps, being female, she has done her share of mumbling, thinks that deity. Are there not two images at the gate wickedly said to represent male and female, the former with his lips shut tight as though impatient and anxious to say something, the latter with hers wide open—jabbering? These, it is rumored, represent the differences in sex. So it may be that women are enjoined to signs, not words, in prayer. The deity releases them without verbal confessions. He has had enough. Or, let us give our better halves the benefit of the doubt. Being so virtuous and so fair, and he (the god) being a male Ancestor, their grace and beauty are in themselves sufficient to obtain his blessings.

We move still farther in, nearer the divine residence. But to us the gate is closed. "The god lives here," avows an enthusiastic young boy priest. He shows me the cherry-leaves and paper drapings he has just with-

RED-LACQUERED WAGONS, EVERGREENS, STRANGE BANNERS, LIVING DOVES—A FUNERAL

IT IS NO LONELY ROAD THE JAPANESE SOUL HAS TO TRAVERSE ON THE WAY

LARGE WREATHS OF FLOWERS FROM THE MOURNERS

THE WHITE SHROUDS OF THE LIVING SEEMED AN EMBLEM OF LIFE IN DEATH

drawn from the offering. He comes out, but, though he speaks words in English, he cannot catch them when spoken, and, lest fury seize me, I leave. He grasps my hand most fervently, places both of his on mine, asks me to come and talk to him in English—and we part.

Still I linger within the walls. The moon is higher in the heavens, the nights and days still chill. The great gateway to Nanko stands as no forbidding barrier, but rather as an open invitation to me to slip away from worldly ways. I have little time for institutions as such, but there is a longing which cannot be appeased other than in the quiet seclusion of some such place as this. Except for the hills, there is hardly a place in all lower Kobe outside these temple grounds possessing so much as a tree.

In the settling silence of belated evening the unvibrant sound of clapping hands announces to man the utmost adoration of some simple soul. The marble lanterns with diffused lights, like sleepy owls waking with the darkness, the medley of relics, some shrieking their importance upon an inattentive world—all express some phase of human visioning. The flat-headed, leaning, yet ascending evergreens, said to symbolize mortality, stand gazing heavenward. Yet nothing is immortal except the desire of living creatures to be so. And every such desire finds its expression in some material form, only to be superseded by a subsequent ambition which annihilates it.

The whole is not without its usefulness. The momentary glimpse I caught, the sense of loveliness and evening calm—if none other ever gained a fleeting breath of consolation from it, my having done so would have made it worth the while of the originator. And when it is considered that millions upon millions in thousands of generations have believed and trusted, mere denial seems futile. Yet missionaries come with the hope of obliterating this spontaneous acceptation for a "reasoned" one—

hope by argument, by threat and condemnation to swerve this Mississippi so that their wheat-fields may supplant the others' rice swamps. Sheer numbers alone should convince the perpetrators of the utter impossibility of success—unless their hearts are easily satisfied and a single soul secured gives them contentment. Out of sixty million, one hundred and thirty thousand have been converted.

The booths and stands had gathered in their wares for the night. All these bazaar establishments keep up the temple exchequer. This passing out of business left the atmosphere more hallowed. Not that it is not good to trade in human wants, but that human ways so often profane that trade. And there it makes little difference whether in God's name or in that of Satan, whether in the Orient or Occident.

Left alone, one cannot fail to sense the quality obtaining. It lies beneath the glamour of human adoration, the clamor of human barter, even beneath the ardency of human supplication. The temple is not temple when the crowds are thickest, for then it seems to fail as temple. Rescued from this malicious grasping after gain of one form or another, which smothers spirit, the place breathes deep and draws in the sweetness of repose. Then it emerges in all its sacred tranquillity. Then the creature hungering for contact with creation achieves it.

I looked into the empty, simple, meaningless shrines, passed the flickering candles of men too busy for devotion, doing it by proxy. I moved among the numerous erections set to represent some phase of human want or yearning, and, pagan or no, I gained salvation for the moment. It was not the kind of salvation most men seek. It was more of a salvation from self, a losing of self in the perfection—eternity. It was a saving from unjust contentiousness and contempt—a salvation from prejudice.

X

SHINTOISM, OR THE COMMUNITY OF SOULS

ONE is not long in Japan before he sees a funeral. Soon funerals become so common that one pays little attention to them. That I should become a party to one almost immediately after landing is more unusual. I had placed myself in the care of a *kurumayasan*, telling him to take me to any place of interest. In coolie fashion, when you let go the "reins," he goes home. The only place he thought interesting was a beer-hall, and thither he proposed to carry me. When he found that was not to my liking, he ambled on in disgust, but made for the slums. Then I had my first vision of Japan as it is and as I would it were not. The way led toward Kumochi, a district of Kobe then not densely populated. Presently we were before a structure of such mean appearance that, were it not for the gathering within its fenced-in yard, I should have thought it was a neglected shed. But the crowd within interested me. I ordered the puller to draw up. He was well enough content to drop his shafts to the ground and let me step out, seating himself on the footboard and looking on. I approached the gate wondering what so many people could be doing in so poverty-stricken an establishment, with little red-lacquered four-wheeled wagons earning their place in the world by transporting improvised Christmas trees from the homes of the dead to their tombs. No one stopped me, so I moved quietly on

through the yard and into the shed. The bare earth floor left no doubt that mortal dust was being received again to the dust from which it sprang. But forward in the center of the shed was an arrangement which even at this hour seemed to struggle against the mere return of dust unto dust. It was a collapsible altar upon which now stood some donations of food such as rice dough cakes, and an incense-burner. About six feet away from it, in the very center of the room, with his back to us at the door, sat a priest on his red-lacquered folding-chair, mumbling away in a stream of pathetic incantations. Behind him stood an understudy, while all round the room squatted the Japanese male and female mourners. I noticed that only the male mourners took any positive part in the performance. One after the other they stepped up before the altar, turned their backs to the priest after having bowed to him, bowed before the tables, and put three pinches of ash or incense into the burner, and passed on. The last one stepped forward, bowed, and then opened a large scroll-like paper, and, holding it out straight before him, commenced to read in deep monotones. I was at first somewhat confused as to the real nature of the ceremony because of the absence of evidence of mourning or weeping. The mourners looked grave, but nothing more. But at the gate, altogether away from the room, stood a rather pretty woman, crying pitifully. As soon as the last rites had been done, the whole assemblage broke out in smiles and chatter—one of the last smiled before the altar—and all passed out. At the gate two men handed each an envelope—even me—and for the first time in my life another's dying resulted in my good. Opening the envelope, I found two sen postcards—and nothing more. The giving of presents is an integral part of Japanese life. The recipients disappeared in all directions, and I moved on again, having

seen for the first time the spirit in which Japan disposes of its dead.

It would be making a misstatement to say there was no show of grief. Japanese do grieve, though their conceptions of death should not invoke it. Shintoism, without being the vital religion in the life of the people that Buddhism is, nevertheless lays the foundation for emotional calm which precludes mourning. There is considerable difference of opinion as to whether Shintoism is a religion of nature or ancestor-worship, and some even deny that it is at all a religion. But it seems that in the matter of death there is little to dispute, for whether the Shintoist says that the soul of his departed parent or relative goes to dwell with the myriads of ancestors gone before, or whether, worshiping nature and its visible forms and regarding every manifestation of life as but another phase of these—his attitude would always be the same. Not all the other religions in the world have ever been able to remove the sorrow of the human heart over the loss of a dear one through death, not even the Japanese. Without any preconceived notions about which is right and which wrong, I took no little interest in watching the Nipponese in this—what one might call the last and final phase of his communal life—and recorded impressions just as they occurred to me at the time.

Thrust thus unexpectedly into the very midst of others' sorrowing afforded me that impersonal aspect of death among the Japanese which leaves one somewhat cynical, if not scornful. The artificial flowers and trees, the release of doves trained to return to their cages, the distribution of insignificant gifts to bereaved and stranger alike, are not likely to impress the foreigner. But it does not take much to awaken that kinship which is nearer than that of the accident of marriage, if the wanderer is astir in the land unattached to his

own notions. That kinship was born one Sunday afternoon as I witnessed the passing of a human life.

I had seen him walk about like all living men. He was somewhat more striking in appearance than the usual Oriental, his long black hair projecting upward as though electric with life, and his quick hands carving simple, decorative lines into oak panels and staircases. From others I learned that he had been the one who had made the chair for the coronation ceremonies of the young Emperor, so unusual was his skill and artistry.

But he had acquired his weakness, and one night, the craving finding no release in ordinary *sake*, he mixed it with methylated spirits. Half an hour after laying aside his work he was seized with convulsions and at two in the morning was dead.

I saw him stretched on the bare mats of the laborers' shack. The "funeral" was to be held at sundown. In the meantime the body lay in the sun-baked shack, unloved of life. Nothing can alter custom. Everything had to be done according to form. The tub-coffin was brought; his stiffened sinews, just a few hours before so light and easy, were broken at the joints; he was doubled into a sitting position, or rather into that in which he first felt the quick of life in his mother's womb, placed into the tub, and the lid closed over him.

There were no mourners. It was not known where his immediate family was; he had evidently deserted it. I have never seen a more poverty-stricken funeral, and I understood how proper and right it is to have this seeing off of the dead for the sake of the living. The tub was set on the mats near the forward end of the platform-floor typical of every Japanese hut. The cover was tied down with straw rope, some odd rags and a coat thrown over all. In front was a niggardly supply of incense, a chisel belonging to the dead, and the unfinished bottle of *sake*.

The priest came. A Buddhist priest. The yellow surplice thrown across his left shoulder was soiled with age; the brown beads crunched against one another as he rubbed them between his withered palms. His prayer rose in mumbled monotones, interwoven with the sounds of his little hammer on the bell (not Poe's bell). A few minutes of this and the tortured soul was admitted to its heaven.

The few fellow-workmen who stood about were gloomy of aspect. But when the priest rose from the nail-keg on which he had been sitting, a little bustle and laughter gurgled through them. A woman lit a tiny bonfire to purify the air, and scattered a few handfuls of salt as a charm against further tragedy coming to the place. The two and only pall-bearers fastened the tub to a bamboo pole, covered it with a straw mat and decorated it with a few branches, and moved down the hillside. And all the dead man had to comfort his discarded body was an unused bottle of *sake* they had placed inside the tub.

Has he gone to join his ancestors and be a soul among souls, or is he still the carpenter making chairs for young emperors in that land of living dead whom the living are ever earnestly pursuing? To the Japanese it is not a world of night, but a real hereafter, peopled with passionate beings each in his proper place. Though superstition hounds them round this spirit-hovering world, their future world is as simple as their present daytime sphere. Is it accident or inherent opposition which reverses our lives in theirs? Where we don black, they slip our shrouds about them and move like specters between the borders of life and death.

Thus one dark night long after ten o'clock a number out of all those vast perpetual hordes gathered in an attenuated oblong crowd and passed along the river-bank to the cremation shrine. The white-garmented

people with their strange banners and appurtenances, their lanterns swaying in the breeze or throbbing with the steps of each lone carrier, presented a quiet spectacle not unsuited to the occasion. The passing of a human life out of the sphere of human interest and relationship seems more suited to darkness, and the white shrouds of the living seemed an emblem of life in death. It seemed as though arranged to call attention to things living and to lose things dead in the sleeping blackness of the unknown. You were aware of confidence unshaken, of life sounding its own triumph, of leaving to the beyond and the night the mysteries of what is to be.

Arriving at the shrine, the coffin was deposited in state and the simple ceremony commenced. It was a dead girl, close within the unpainted palanquin of white wood, with its carved casing. *Koshi*, they call it, or sacred sedan-chair, borne on the shoulders of four men. They set the car on the outside, then carried the coffin within. The bereaved family arranged themselves in rows upon the mats. The dim lights cast lurid shadows over the chamber. The priests chanted their rites, mournful, yet with a loftiness to which human regret the world over rises wherever it is sincerely felt. Vision and regret—the two idealisms of the human mind.

One by one the mourners dipped their fingers into a bowl and, picking up a pinch of ash, deposited it on the incense-burner. There was now but a little baby left, and its mother brought it forward and helped it through the rite. It seemed too frightened to act, but, seeing nothing hysterical in its mother, did not cry.

When the scene broke up, and each separate entity which we term human passed off into the larger shadows we call night, it seemed I had walked for a time amid those to whom the passing of that dead had left them neither fears nor fallacies about life.

But still I felt that as far as these people and their

attitude to death was concerned, I had seen but the remnants of unsuppressed emotion. I wanted to know what was going on down in their hearts. It seemed so unnatural that grief should conform so much to the conventions; yet I could not believe that here was a people whose natures, knowing little of religion, knew less of fear of death and sorrow. The most vital religions in the world have never been able so to assure mankind of a hereafter as to alleviate pain of loss in death.

I had not long to wait. Through a Japanese friend I had made the acquaintance of a gentleman whose name I must mention. Kitakaze San is the descendant of a family with a quaint history. Emperor Go-Daigo, known as the Unfortunate, tried, in the year 1330, to re-establish his prestige as Mikado and his power, lost to the Ashikaga family of shoguns. He failed. While trying to escape from Suma (a village about nine miles from Kobe, on the Inland Sea) to Kyoto, his imperial war-ship was hotly pursued by the usurper general. Seven loyal *Goshi* (samurai who lived away from the castle of their liege lord and cultivated the land), engaged in business in Hyogo (Kobe), put straw on a ship, set fire to it, and floated out with the north wind in the direction of the vessels of the Emperor's enemies. The wind carried the flames across to the others and set fire to them, thus affording the Emperor time to escape. He was naturally very grateful to these loyal seven who had no family name, and therefore gave them the name of Kitakaze (*kita* meaning north, and *kaze*, wind), which they have used ever since. Most of the families have become extinct. The one known remaining family was that to which my friend introduced me. And even they are now only Kitakazes by adoption, the gentleman being the adopted son of the last of the line.

For some weeks, whenever I came to visit, I found the curtains drawn across the wide doors between the

Japanese section and the foreign room now so common in Japan. One day I was informed that the father Kitakaze had died. All along his illness had been shrouded in secrecy. Arriving at the house, I found the lower part—which is always the business section—screened off so that all material interest be forgotten. My friend and his widowed mother came down to see a visitor to the door. Both smiled as though nothing unusual had occurred, yet smiles clearly devoid of happiness. They asked if I would care to come upstairs, and led the way. The foreign room was now severely orderly, and the curtains drawn aside. An enlarged photograph of the dead man was placed upon a table and I was introduced with, "This is my father." In the Japanese room stood the coffin, draped with a gilt-embroidered red-silk spread. The bier had been arranged before the household shrine, which now was wide open for the reception of the spirit of the dead. The glittering brasses and brilliant covering eliminated all solemnity from the scene.

The son dropped to his knees so quickly that I thought for a second his strength had left him. In absolute silence he prayed; then rose, drew two sticks of incense, lighted them, set them in an incense-burner, struck a bell three times, and made way for me. I went through the rites certainly with no thought of scorn or criticism. Whatever the form or belief, the obvious stoical suppression of grief, so heroically borne, was too real to be subjected to questionings. And yet there was no sadness. The smiles amazed me. But I learned that they were too excited to weep during all the preparations, but that after all is over, the widow will sleep on a bed instead of the floor-mats, and will relax into the long-suppressed and much-desired spell of weeping which lasts two weeks.

The body was cremated, and the funeral services were

held on the following Sunday. On Saturday I visited the home of our common friend. His wife and his mother were quietly discussing hair-dresser problems. Florence was to have her hair done up in real Japanese fashion on that night (her American upbringing had spoiled her) so as to be presentable at the home of the dead, early next morning.

Sunday at the Kitakaze home was a case of incessant comings and goings. In front of the rather large house twenty large wreaths of flowers had been placed on exhibition, each bearing the name of the sender in large letters on large sheets of paper. One was pointed out as that sent by a Cabinet Minister in Tokyo. Red-lacquered wagonettes fitted out with the funeral paraphernalia lined the street for over a block.

From the store all evidence of commerce was hidden behind gold screens of exquisite art. A few men sat at a table receiving visitors and their cards. Again the mother and son came to greet me with the same sad smile, a serenity which stuns to silence.

I was taken over to see the temple arrangements. They had honored me, as the foreigner, by placing the cluster of flowers I had sent at the right of the urn, with my name written in large Japanese characters upon a card. The decorations were perfect, forming two wings, or arms, as it were, reaching out toward the living. The fruits and food set in rows, two of each kind, though quite edible, stood aloof from the approach of human desire.

How changed, how flushed with life the temple became later in the day! Arrangements were completed quietly and in somewhat business-like fashion. The mourners seated themselves not facing, but at right angles to the altar-shrine, the sons and little grandson nearest the shrine at their right. The widow and daughter-in-law knelt and squatted in the third row farthest from it.

Though still serene and saintly—no, more divinely human—the widow responded to the prayers more heartily than the rest, and did not a little silent praying on her own account. It hurt, this stoical face of hers, so sweet, so refined, so drawn. What a soulful beauty she must have been when he, now shrived in the flame and secured in the urn, first thrilled her to love and to motherhood. And now, firm through her consolation in his life beyond, how torturous must have been her longing, held against reunion.

Unintelligible as were the chants and prayers to me, the whole was magnetic. It awakened thoughts and feelings clear and wonderful as must be the dreams of the opium-eater. Yet the scene was not intoxicating. It did not overwhelm. It stirred me to thinking, thinking deeply, precipitately, and it seemed to wash away certain prejudices completely.

Take, for instance, the question of wealth. I could not but be impressed with the lavish display. Nor could I keep from falling back on certain conceptions of economy, questions of wealth and poverty. Were not this man, now but a small cup of ashes, once rich, surely this great display, this convocation of all the priests of a temple with all the symbols prearranged on principle, would not have taken place. A poor man would have been given as much religion, perhaps, but not so much regalia. He would have been ushered into heaven with the same formulas, but hardly the same elaborateness. Happy that he lived, men would have trembled at his death. But with this man there was a certain gladness, a glow not altogether religious, impressive though it was. That is where a miracle was effected. For though nothing definite was said, it seemed to symbolize the ripening of life, the blossoming of man. It delights the world according to his achievements.

Men look with envy upon the wealthy man, but, were

we to think of riches merely as a flowering to adorn the world, we would love its possibilities for human beauty. Each man is a magnet to whom is drawn some color of loveliness. That he draws beauty and refinement from the blood and flesh of his fellow-men is good or bad only in the use he makes of it. If in the ages in which man has been fired only a few have become great and beautiful, it is not their fault. Their becoming was only the prophecy of the greater becoming—that of all mankind having learned to love "becoming." Pain and suffering were unavoidable in the unreasoned method of nature. Then mankind was unwilling to give for mere greatness, to obtain which it had to be drawn through hardened human arteries. The source of human grandeur is humanity, its flowering is their hearts' blood. A cramped stem means a withered flower-head. Those who have accomplished in life should save themselves from decrepitude by rejuvenating the mass from whom their greatness has come, to come in freer contact with the basic human essence.

This display was that final achievement of a man. He lived and drained the sources of life, only to display it all in an amassing of flowers and color and men. The beautifully surpliced priests, and chanting and mumbling in the midst of the gathering, were drawn about his memory as truly as he had gathered wealth about himself

I saw that gathering in perspective, though I was still present. I turned it over as one does a lovely vase. I saw the crude beginning and the luxurious finish. The pot of human society was holding securely this human flowering. It had a meaning for life, not for the hereafter.

This gathering of living men in the presence of a community of symbols and at the time of the reunion of the dead into a community of souls was the most dramatic

presentation of Shintoism I had seen in Japan. It is more direct than, though not so elaborate as, the great festivals to which a whole metropolis turns out, nor perhaps as picturesque. But the funeral in Japan is as real and as personal as a marriage, and the dead goes on to another life in the eyes of the community as literally as the husband into the house of his adopted parents. It is not pure mourning, but an accompanying of the dead along the WAY. And when it comes to the funeral of some member of the divine royalty, the most vital phase of Shinto is manifested. When it is known that there are some eight million ancestral divinities in the Japanese pantheon,[1] you at once see that it is no lonely road the Japanese soul has to traverse. And never was a cult invented which contrived to link so intimately the living with the dead, the parents with their children, and the nation with the Emperor. Whether it is a new religion or a new civilization—that is, whether it is Oriental Buddhism or Occidental Modernism—Japan manages to arrange some way by which the head of Shintoism may protrude from beneath the borrowed garment. So it is that the great Japanese Buddhist saint, he who taught them to believe that the Shinto divinities were but incarnations of the Buddha, sits to this very day within his little wooden shrine, not dead, but living. And so, too, is it that from beneath every accepted criticism of Japanese economic and commercial ineptitude emerges the refrain, "We are loyal to our Emperor." What matters it that this loyalty is not in the least different from patriotic fervor anywhere in the world; that love of parents is not nearly as profound as it is where the children are free as in the West? The Oriental needs must exalt his self-hypnotized in-

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[1] See James Murdoch's *A History of Japan During the Century of Early Foreign Intercourse (1542–1651)*.

fatuation with himself—and Shinto is the personification of this need.

Beautiful as it seemed to me in pageant dress, having seen behind the outer veil of stoic selflessness in sorrow, I felt the need of arriving at some understanding of the force behind it. And there, in Shinto—as in the discovery that a smile is no indication of real confidence in the life after death—I discovered that Emperor or nature-worship is no indication of real regard for the person of the Mikado apart from his position, or the love of nature aside from its symbols associated in their minds. I now determined to get at the very fountain-head of this cult—the Shinto priest—and drink of this wonderful drug which would alleviate all pain and kill all sorrow.

So I got my skeptical Americanized Japanese to arrange for me to meet a Shinto clergyman. Now, when a Japanese says the word "clergyman" it sounds like "crazyman." Once I even nodded and replied with conversation suited to the topic of lunatics, till his little wife smiled and corrected me with her fine, clear English, and I quickly covered up my tracks with a few pet vagaries.

At last we went to see this clergyman and I spent the afternoon in as cramped a condition of body and emotion as I had never done before. During the session I almost wished he had been a crazy man, for then I should have had an exciting if not pleasant time of it. As it was, I suffered two and a half hours, shifting from one uncomfortable position to another, listening to a well-modulated if not enchanting flow of Japanese. And during the entire time I was of as little importance as a woman in Japanese conversational settings.

At one moment I felt ashamed of having wasted my life on English. Japanese for the time was of more importance to me than any language on the globe. My

friend had said I was to ask the clergyman questions. An hour and a half passed, during which not only did I not ask any questions, but my friend himself barely opened his mouth. Then came a pause, and again my friend said I was to put any question to the priest I could think of. But I had no more than smiled in anticipation of relief when the clergyman began again, and did not stop for another hour. Not a word of it was translated to me. I shifted, I chafed, I smiled to myself, I even formulated a nice remark. I was going to say, "Tell him I deeply regret that I did not understand a word of his most learned discourse on Shintoism; that I hope to come again when master of his tongue (his mother-tongue, I should say, for one could never master his) and listen to him all over again." At sea on the question of Shintoism, I was not going to stoop to the affectations of the tourist who, on the morning after the departure, plagues the captain on the matter of when he will arrive.

But I might just as well have spared myself so much labor. He didn't give me another chance to speak. Having permitted his first lapse of a moment to pass unused, I was enjoined to hold my peace.

Now then, let me portray my surroundings. The usual cleanliness obtained. The room is twenty-eight mats in size—that is, each mat always being three feet by six feet, the room is twenty-four feet from left to right (facing the shrine) and twenty-one feet from the rear to the altar. The altar is hung with strips of cloth in brilliant colors—blue, green, red, and yellow—and numerous unnamable other things. To the right of the altar stands a pulpit-table; in the center, immediately before it, a little bucket of water with a tiny wooden cup having a two-foot handle; and a taboret for rice offerings. Over the paper sliding-door partitions are several hundred inscriptions of the names of devotees.

We are seated near the entrance, the altar to our left, the clergyman on a line with it, his back to the passage out into the private apartments. A well-dressed, important-looking man appears and does all the duties of a servant, yet he has more bearing than the master. The clergyman sits and talks. His manners are ultramundane. He smokes his cigarettes and drinks plenty of tea. His expression is not solemn nor manifestly vigorous. He might be telling some romance or some adventure, for all I could tell. His face lights up with a smile, his laughter is hearty, and his delivery low and rapid. There is not the slightest formality or assumption of reverence in his ways.

A man comes in—unwelcomed. He bows before the altar, repeats his prayer accompanied by intaking of breath, claps his hands—unnoticed. Having done this, he squats beside us in silence. Later on he breaks into the talk. He is evidently much at home, seems part servant, part master, yet looks even less of either than the priest. Later still he becomes more bold, even carries on a separate discussion to the evident distress of the master, who is trying to read aloud. The master stops, waits, shows his impatience, tries to begin again and to drown out opposition—he conquers.

This little cross-play is manna to me. Other than that I am vergin, on an internal revolution. A struggle is taking place between self-will and this foreign formalism. I am on the point of rebelling, of bolting out, of kicking over the round, blue-enameled earthenware brazier called *hibachi*. I actually do upset something. It is the cup of tea which had been poured out for me, but which no one had asked me to drink. As it pours over my hand it is cold. The flood is mopped up and the flow of Shinto wisdom comes all the more vigorously for the sudden interruption.

I reflect on formalism. I hate it. If ever I entertain

I shall urge my guests to the delicacies forthwith. This dragging out of the feast seems to me a cheap and paltry way of entertaining. Japanese formality seems to me less bearable because it is so informal. That is, there is seemingly an absence of formality, which leaves you quite beside yourself as to what to do. The host does not urge you to anything till the very last because he has all along expected you to help yourself. Not having done so, he insists on your wrapping up the sweets and taking them away with you.

Then, too, everything is so exquisitely artistic that one feels it were vandalism to make use of any of it. One looks on without touching, thinking no more of putting one of those cakes inside your worldly self than one of the pretty teacups into your pocket. The three cakes placed on the tray lie like three speckled eggs from which at any moment one might expect a dainty creature to be hatched.

But so impatiently rebellious and destructive had I become that I challenged custom and art—I helped myself to a cake. I hoped the act would draw some attention to me, but it passed apparently unnoticed. Thus after two and a half hours of trying to sit lying down, I had not asked one profound question. Once my friend mumbled: "You must be tired. He talks too much." But his gentlemanliness forbade further protest.

At last he called me aside and began a synopsis of the effusion. It was mainly that this man had some new ideas on Shintoism. We agreed he was not an over-imposing personage, but still, a man with a new idea is not to be scoffed at.

His Shintoism was a conception of truth. Life issues from nothing and passes into nothing. Nothing is truth and life is between. Through this recognition of nothing of life and of truth he obtains his power. He is master

of life and fellow with God. Through his prayers and his recognition he can prevent and cure disease. (Echoes of Christian Science.) Six years previous his incantations brought a man back to life whom a doctor had pronounced dead for two hours. His own father had been given up for ever by a doctor, but Shintoism conquered the consumption and he lived to seventy. (Echoes of Macfaddenism.) And then the father of another friend lay ill. He gave him a form of absent treatment and three weeks to live. (He died in only two, as the account of the funeral just given will show.) And all the time it never occurred to him to cure me of my backache, my boneache, and the weary spirit he had induced within me.

As we got ready to go, the clergyman produced a number of Shinto fans with a prayer written upon them (echoes of beads) as follows, "The spring leaves are rustling loudly outside the Shrine, Under the protection of God's cheering wind."

And thus was my agony over.

From all I have been able to gather, and from such authorities as have given much careful study, there is little of real religion in Shintoism. Fact is, little is known of its basic principles. Even on what is known there is considerable division of opinion, such a man as Hearn regarding it as ancestor-worship, and Aston as nature-worship. Its pantheon points decidedly in favor of the latter contention, but its application is again as decidedly that of extreme reverence, if not sincere worship, of one's ancestors. And the fact that the government is able to manipulate it in such a way as to maintain its hold upon the people through the awe in which the Emperor is regarded, the repeated piffle about his divine descent, indicate that in some form it is certainly an inverted anthropomorphism. (In a later chapter I shall show how it is being used politically to control the im-

pulses of the people.) As I wandered about among the people I began to see clearly that this Shintoism was a force, by no means negligible, in their daily lives and actions. How all their communal natures found expression in this interesting cult without in reality supplying any gratification to their emotional selves! It simply is the spiritualization of primitive clannishness reborn with the changing order now the rule in Japan.

A religion without an ethical system, a religion without a hereafter, a religion which does not seek for material aggrandizement, a religion without art or edifice to stimulate its adherents, a religion without religion—still it has held its own against the invasions of twelve hundred years of missionaryism, only to be revived and strengthened with the increasing laxity in religion the world over. Lacking in all those features which give religions elsewhere in the world their hold upon the people, it holds these as the others have never been held. Even at the present writing it is undermining the faith of the one hundred and thirty thousand Japanese Christians by calling them back to some form of ancestor-worship.

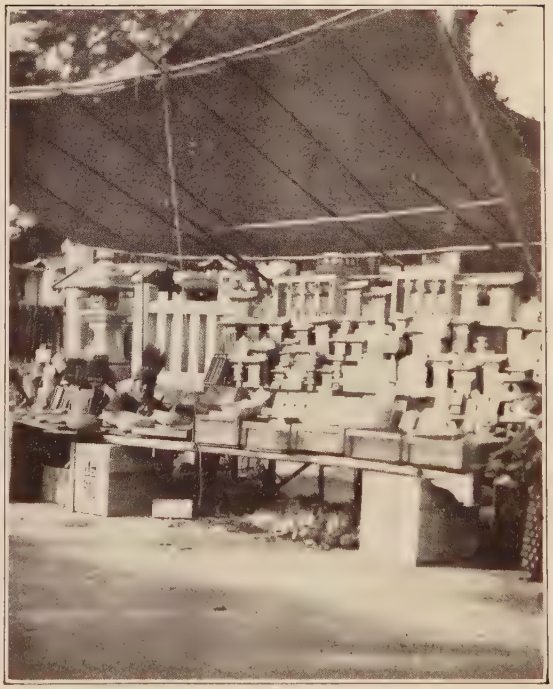
Unpractised in the arts of intellectual hair-splitting and doctrinizing, the Japanese impulse is essentially that of the herd. It does not know what it is to wander far afield. Its heart yearns for some collective action stimulated by collective impulse. Actual worship, in its more universal sense, virtually is non-existent here. Rather is it the childlike ingenuity of one who knows how to hoodwink a doting parent into giving another check. Patronizing the departed is perhaps the most manifest practice.

But that is for the other world. In this, enough is gained by simple contact with one's fellow-men, being brought into communion with the unknown numbers through a central concept, that suffices for all the general

ON NEW YEAR S CARPENTERS DANCE OUT THEIR GRATITUDE FOR PAST WAGES AND PRESENT GIFTS

ALL THE SYMBOLICAL ADJECTIVES ARE TIED UP IN THESE NEW YEAR DECORATIONS

WEIRD MASKS CONTRIBUTE TO THE JOLLITY OF KYOTO'S NEW YEAR'S



STREET-STANDS SELLING PARAPHERNALIA FOR HOUSEHOLD SHRINES

absence of moral teachings. Shintoism leaves the individual conscience so free to indulge itself as it pleases that, costing virtually nothing, it maintains its hold. But because it is without recorded dogma is not saying that it hasn't any moral scheme for the welfare of its followers. The governments in Japan have always meddled with the people's morals. Rescripts are common even in this day, the imperial pronouncement on education, on morals, on charity in great part taking the place of biblical texts and pulpit sermons. Even laws in the Tokugawa era were not codified because, regarding the judges as the fathers of the community, the officials as its precepts, and the Emperor as god on earth, official conscience was regarded as sufficiently reliable for the administration of justice.

We are led to conclude that the strength of Shintoism is in the family spirit which dominates the whole thought of Japanese life. That this is superimposed rather than inherent is a little too early in the evolution of the Japanese—and especially in this work—to state right here. But that there is every indication of its waning, together with the disintegrating force of Pan-Nipponism, expansion, and absorption, is not in the least doubtful. Within Japan proper it is still potent. But Japan is now not an island empire. Besides having over two million of its people residing abroad, it has added over twenty millions of aliens to its dominions. That that is bound to affect Japan in a way exactly opposite to that intended by its politico-Shintoists requires no great political sagacity to foresee.

Part Three
THE SPOKES OF MODERN JAPAN

XI

THE OPEN HAND

KOBE may well be said to be the hub of modern Japan. If, however, one wanted to be unkind, one could say that Kobe is the curve lying between the thumb and fingers of a supinated right hand, and nearest the palm, turned upward for receiving. According to the latter the route lying to the southwest and Nagasaki is the thumb, and Nara, Osaka, Tokyo, Yokohama, and Kyoto are the four fingers. The index finger (Nara) points to the origin of the race, or mythological Japan; the second finger, the longest, points to Osaka, or modern commercial Japan; the third points to Tokyo, or medieval Japan; the last toward Kyoto, or what is left of classic Japan.

It is this ideal location which has made Kobe what it is. It lies at easy distance from the interesting places in historic Japan; it is the brains of new Japan. To the commercially inclined it affords better opportunities for exploiting the Orient; to the artistic and academic it affords easy access to all that is permanent in life. One can enjoy (if it can be called enjoyment) the ease and comfort modernization affords in Kobe; or one can, in a couple of hours, leave it all behind and delve into such romance as this quick-changing world still permits. To suit these various interests we shall venture out into these regions in the following pages.

On one's way out of Kobe along the "thumb" one

passes through Hyogo, a city much older than Kobe, but now totally eclipsed and incorporated. At the other end one changes cars for the new electric line racing off to Akashi. I made an attempt to get out of Kobe on one of the early days of my life in Japan, and this is how it was done. I paid fifteen sen and obtained a return ticket to the next station. My limping inquiries indicating that I was still bewildered, the agent rushed out, obtained a folder with map and time-table in English, and presented it to me. This cleared away the confusion, and, seeing what went, I returned my ticket, paid another five sen, and was ready to go to Suma.

The train comes in. A young boy has mistaken me for another foreigner he knows, and we converse so freely that I have forgotten about my journey. Two little tots accept some candy from me in abashed silence. A crowd gathers round, observing every detail and glancing at my paper while I jot down a note.

How easily one settles into places permitting that worst of moss—conviction—to gather upon one's north side! That extremity, dampened and chilled by city life, turns green with falsity. City conditions and convictions are often chill and sunless and are found among permanent country residents as well. But it takes a little rolling and basking in the sun on an open field for such accumulations to prove their worthlessness. The drossy conviction I had entertained during my first few weeks in Kobe was that I was seeing Japan. Yet I didn't know why I wasn't so well pleased with it. I moved about, peering pedantically into nooks and crannies, only dimly dreaming of some future where I should be able to go out into real Japan and see what I but vaguely conceived. The city stifles. It winds you about with its meshes and misleadings; it makes you think you are alive because it is always pinching you somewhere.

As the train, crowded with people, moved along without jolts and rocking, we reached the scar between city and country. Is there anything more unsightly than the places from which trains generally emerge from metropolises?

The open country seemed remarkably awake for the first of April. Garden rockeries boasted of flourishing growths. Newspaper reports about an early appearance of the cherry-blossoms caused trade and barter to be forgotten and an exodus of the population of a Japan which has not grown up.

A dreamy wakefulness lay over all. Even the chalky hills seemed to be melting away as though it were springtime with old Mother Earth.

Suma is about six miles out from Kobe. It is a placid seashore, part of the pretty, pale-gray Inland Sea. The government, which runs a tourist bureau, is alert enough to have set sign-boards at all stations giving information in Japanese and in English about local wonders, and Suma has two temples, two shrines, two battlegrounds, a detached palace, and a tomb.

Nothing is ever done in Japan without feasting. If sports are held, booths to supply the visitors encircle the grounds with their streams of curtains with crests painted in blue against a white background. Suma was then celebrating, and thousands had come to take part. Few stragglers were at the shrines; the majority found races and games more interesting than death or the hereafter.

Every turn in the pathway leading up the hill is beset with little shrines, whether one goes up one way or comes down another. I followed one worshiper who, obedient to some inner fear or craving, stopped before each separate sanctuary, bowed, donated three pinches of rice, saluted and mumbled, and passed on, to pause and repeat the performance at the next shrine. Such

patience (and indolence) is indeed worthy of heaven. No chance for the devout in Japan to worship by proxy. Buddhism demands substantial proof of devotion. Climbing is all well enough, but thousands of pinches of rice, hardly worth the thought of the individual givers, are bound to accumulate into bushels. And the little stone images sit sworn to secrecy, some with cotton-cloth capes over their shoulders, lost in reflection as to whom they are supposed to represent or whom they should protect.

Japanese nature is as human as is ours. It is but a stone's throw from the temple to the zoo. The few imprisoned creatures, tortured for the sake of human curiosity, sleep away their lives in helpless inanity. They don't even care now if they are being stared at. The secreted godhead, the priest, and populace pay as little attention to the staring tourist. They, too, have grown used to it.

But I am getting a little confused, seeing so much and understanding so little. Surely there is a distinction between man and animals. Yet, one must eat. Obviously it is a supreme necessity. Western people at sports might scoff at such coarseness. To eat anything heavier than popcorn or peanuts at a game would be debasing. But the Oriental is a more practical person. Food of every description is being cooked in ovens and in stomachs, food pierced by long, sharp-pointed sticks, boiled and frizzled, just as it suits one's taste. There is even a hotel on the beach of the little lake. It looks palatial. But oh, how lacking in Occidental life! One is ushered into a room by oneself and there left waiting for the cold, greasy viands and soups. I ordered chicken. It arrived post-haste—a most unusual thing in Japan. It surely must have been cooked a fortnight ago in anticipation of my coming. Why bother warming it? And there was rice and tea. All *à la carte*. And

my bill came to twenty-nine and one-half cents gold, at the then existing rate of exchange.

I'm through with the living. Let me hunt out the place of the dead. "Atsumori's *haka*, where is, please?" Alas! no one knows. I wander about like a lost soul. Is there no one in all Suma who knows that the tomb of one Atsumori is still with him? Alas! What is the use of having a tomb? People should bow their heads to the ground at the mere mention of so sacred a name. The way, my way, after perspiring efforts, is shown me and I wander along the sunny, dusty road. A coolie gives me marked attention and seems intelligently acquainted with tombs. Think of it! Poor Atsumori, how indignant he would feel, how chagrined and ashamed! And yet, but for this coolie I should never have found the tomb. It stands just a few steps off the main road, now set atremble every moment by rumbling trains and screeching trolley-cars. Such intercession! Poor Atsumori! Frustrated! Certainly you had hoped for rest here, away from the confusion of life, here by the placid, swishing sea, and now to be so rudely cut off from its peace.

Who, then, is Atsumori? Not at all an unworthy lad. He was only sixteen when his head came off, like the plum-blossom which is cut off at the first of the year by the selfish enthusiast. Sixteen years alive, now six hundred years dead. Dates worth remembering. It is also worth remembering that when this lad found himself at the mercy of a powerful enemy warrior, he fought to the last, winning his victory in death. His enemy, when he removed the helmet from his antagonist's head in order the more quickly to slay him, saw that it was that of the boy Atsumori. Reluctantly he finished what he had set out to do, fearing the child might fall into worse hands, and then presented the boy's head to his father. After that he renounced life, entered a

monastery to pray for the soul of the child whom he had thus prevented from leading a life of life-taking. What a sad world it was then! Yet men glory in it! And to-day little Atsumori is still venerated by other little boys, much more, perhaps, than if he had not been slain at sixteen. Suma-dera shows a few relics of the lad, and lads sing accounts of him with mischievous self-consciousness.

I wandered back again.

No, tombs and castles and temples and shrines—these are not the places of interest. They are only cumulative evidence—no more. I return to the living, throbbing, even though as often discordant as artistic, Japan. The fact that it has tombs and ancient shrines only attests its activity. Just as the real temple reveals itself only after the worshipers have gone, and the silence obtains, so is the tomb but the timepiece of eternity without tick and alarm. Above its silence hovers the historic incident, just as above the jostling, jabbering playfulness of worship lurks the eternal calm. There is no death without life, and no life without silence. Death is a deeper silence, and no more.

Why is so much attention wasted on death? Simply because we don't live properly. Were there not some cankering irregularity in our living, we should no more concern ourselves about dying and after than we do about the condition of the church or temple or theater after our exodus. Does any one ever stop and shudder while at a performance because in another hour or two the stage will have become deceased, will lose its life? Because, when worshipers have dispersed, the church is dead? No, Japan is not richer because of its sepulchers, no matter how old. Neither its tombs nor its volcanic hills are the secret of its present interest. Our sorrow should be for its present failures, not for the dead.

Just before the hotel, on the main street, amid the

crowd gathering to return to Kobe, was a group of drunken men with geisha. The women were not in the least ashamed. Why should they? It was their profession. Vulgarities unmentionable were enacted. But I'm forgetting. Every positive must have a negative. As to which is good and which bad, who can tell?

Suddenly a flood of uniformed Japanese poured through the avenue of trees, shouting and laughing heartily. They were Suma's fire-brigade indulging themselves, and about a thousand little children, in the pleasures of a fire-drill. They looked like Robin Hood's forces transplanted to Japan. At the edge of the little lake they arrayed themselves in form, ready to put their antiquated instruments to a thorough test. A ten-foot pole had at one end two prongs, and at the other a ball from which hung a great number of leather strips. The hand-pump when worked furiously sent a stream of water half an inch in diameter fully a hundred feet. But this was mere practice; some other time we'll have a real fire and the marvel of seeing it put out will be described.

On hot summer days the beach is alive with bathers. Physically the bathers aren't any too robust, but morally it seems that, in spite of all said against them, they move on a much higher plane. It is amazing with what simplicity and indifference bathers changed from bathing-suit to kimono without the use of pavilions. Women appeared quite naked, and dressed in the midst of crowds of both sexes, yet no one but ourselves seemed to pay any attention to it. I believe the time will come when the Japanese will hate the foreigners most bitterly and most justly for their interference in this phase of their life. For nothing but the poison of prudishness has come to take the place of their former indifference to the nude. It is the custom of missionary critics of Japanese morality to forget the immorality they left behind. No

one who knows the Japan of yesterday and to-day will say that the people have been bettered in any way by the introduction of western morality. It must not be forgotten that in ancient times, as now, here as everywhere, adultery has been looked upon as a crime.

Between Kobe and Akashi lie about nine miles of the loveliest beach on the Inland Sea. The water is generally smooth, though on occasion swells roll in by way of Kii Channel and storms sweep across it convulsively. Its beauty is illusive and the island across the way is invariably lost in mist. When the hills appear, they look like a snowflake under a microscope. The sea itself is a film of easy animation, with fishing-boats performing their centuries-old task of weaving industry into art.

Hereabouts the hills are studded with characteristic Japanese pines. There is a striking resemblance between the motions of the body and hands in Japanese dances and the direction of the green twisted branches. Something mimicky abounds in both, but a slight taint of vulgarity and a very decided primitive resentment at conflict with superior forces mar the dances. Insularism affects both man and nature. The winds mold the trees and the trees mock the repression. People feel the repression in isolation until it is broken into by outsiders. Then a mocking spirit takes hold of them. Wasn't it the clown who mocked the crown with impunity? And it would seem that Japanese resentment against the oppression of feudalism, not daring to vent itself openly and directly, found relief in an indirect form of amusement, though they didn't know themselves against whom it was aimed. Hence the ludicrous attitudes of the men in dancing. Instead of man being an evolved monkey, may it not be that the monkey is a distorted man, a creature in whom his human nature was repressed?

For the benefit of such of the nobility as on occasion or on command resort to the detached palace at Suma there has been built a special shrine. It is not open to the general public. It is but about three years old and cost over thirty thousand yen. Immaculate cleanliness obtains throughout the spacious inclosure. The long rows of unsoiled mats in the main chamber, the narrow side rooms, the long strips of deep-blue hangings, seem immune to the possible uncleanliness of touch. One would bow and worship this in itself regardless of the tenets it was there to guard or symbolize.

The ceiling over the altar was made of decorative panel insets. Rich in color, they seemed to open the roof to the vision of human aspiration. Ultra-modern, they still maintained a subtle element of Japanese originality. Two panels on either side of the wall behind the altar or shrine contained figures obscured by flowing lines, which looked like imitations of angels in flight. They are frescoes of pagan grotesqueness softened, rather than angelic studies made weird. It is the pagan influenced by contact with westernism, however pagan the affecting ideals themselves may be.

Brass bowls and vases and simple offerings stood before the altar. Luxurious and imposing as these were, arranged to give a brilliant impression, to arrest the fullest attention of the worshiper, it all went beyond the point of personal appeal. It seemed to me to recognize each man as a human being originally innocent of sin and crime, and to recall him to recognition of his own essential goodness and virtue. It seemed to challenge these forced confessions of sin which have weakened the moral forces of mankind. These brilliant settings and simple cleanliness recall the innocent to their innocence and to the sweetness of life.

A few miles farther west along the same Inland Sea stands Akashi, the place decided upon as the time

meridian of Japan. It is that in another and more picturesque way, for to step within the grounds of what is left of the former daimyo's castle is to pass on into another world of time. But two towers in white remain unimpaired. The rest of the reserve is only sloping stone walls and muddy moats within which, dreaming away eternity, loll the lovely lotus-leaves. Nowhere was more of old Japan left undisturbed than in this district at this castle until the greedy hand of Kobe reached out for it and made of it a public park. How sad it is. Not till it was trimmed and spoiled did it become public property. Why couldn't they have let it alone? The sequestered paths, the cool and peace-won woods, the moss- and plant-grown walls—something more than the Orient lay hidden there. Something of life which spans all space and outlives all time.

The lotus was in flower. The thick, generous, sturdy leaves with the pure-white bulb! Within each leaf rolled the quicksilver-like bead of water, rolled, nor left a streak or stain, rolled like a pearl in one's palm, rolled without purpose or aspiration. How it gets there—who can tell? It plays with the wind and teases the leaf. But nothing disturbs anything in that lotus world.

The day was altogether too fine for one to be within; while within it was altogether too noisy and too dirty to resist the day. It was the great cleaning-day. Wishing to avoid being either within or without, I gave way to the impulse and—well, no, I didn't catch the train for Akashi. The ticket-seller said, "Yes," the wicket-keeper said, "No," and just as I gave voice to a most unmentionable invective a fine-looking Japanese emerged from amid the swarming crowds of youngsters and attended to my wants, upbraided the wicket-keeper, flourished honorifics at the ticket-seller, and blushed for shame for his stupid fellow-countrymen. I was saved. But I did not catch

the train. It went away quite gleefully without me. The express came in and picked me up and rushed me madly after that local as much as to say: "Now, you stupid thing. I'll show you how to leave honorable foreigners behind." In the meanwhile I made friends with my Japanese savior. He had been to America and spoke fluent English. He had a family of a wife and three children (the wife must not be forgotten) and was a steel-broker in Kobe. He gave me his card and it did not have his name in English on the back—which is worth noting. The card of every other Japanese aspirant has. He invited me to come for a walk with him some afternoon, and the train arrived at Akashi.

Now I want to confess that I had been deliberating between going alone and going for some friend. I finally went alone. But it is impossible to be alone in Japan. Japanese are too cordial and like to speak English too much. So though I landed at Akashi alone, it was not long before I was provided with sufficient escort. I asked my way to the Awaji ferry, and of course the man of whom I asked it had to be going to the same place. So we pooled forces.

Akashi is quite a v[illa]ge. But I shall describe it when I get a chance to be there alone to see it as it is. We went up one street, and I was just about to see something when my friend began talking and found he was on the wrong street. So we came back again. We turned to our left and there before us was the prettiest sight imaginable, but my friend was talking in "English"—so I cannot tell you what it was. Strangely enough, this happened again and again, yet I cannot tell you what that extraordinarily beautiful aspect of Akashi was. We went backward and forward through a street as though we were on the inside of a Chinese dragon, and saw about as much. By that time we had passed the ferry station twice and were returning to it

in amazement. He talked a lot to Japanese and each one directed us with the same certainty.

A dull resignation came over me as I lolled in the sun of that glorious day. I would have gone into a sort of emotional non-existence had it not been for Emerson. He was with me. Rare is such a friendship. We say little to each other, and he never talks but when I ask him something. Then he does not just talk; he reveals, he points out, and every touch of his dissolves the gold of life into a more exquisite essence. Then I have but to think of a shape and the gold pours into this thought-mold and remains fixed for the moment in the solidity of usefulness. I think of another form of loveliness, and the same "touch" turns the substance to gold, soft and formative. And so the world is in constant flux, and life pours beautifully about me. So suited are his thoughts to every phase of nature that Japan at her best is no better. Ah, I am not fit for such fine companionship. Emerson had never snubbed me nor would he leave me under any circumstance, but I leave him very often. And just then I forgot all about him because my Japanese "friend" thought of another word he had once learned as some foreigner's *banto*.

The launch came and we were soon making our way across to Awaji. Awaji is an island. From the distance one does not wonder much at the imagination which credited it with mythological origin. From its own shores it yields less to such touches. And though every isolated race on the face of the earth has draped the little land which nourished it to nationality with special divine favor, there is perhaps no island in the world occupying the exalted position of Awaji. Feeding 194,000 people, or 5,200 to the square *ri*, on rice and pickles, it sustains 50,000,000 on myth and vanity. For when the creator and creatress of Japan, Izanami and Izanagi, put aside their virginity, it was the island

THE BANKS ARE BLACK, QUAGMIRE-LIKE: THE SQUALOR MORE REAL THAN APPARENT

BY NINE A.M. THEATER STREET WAS AGOG WITH LIFE

FROM ROOF TO ROOF SHOPKEEPERS HAD ALRFADY DRAWN WHITE CLOTH STRIPS TO FILTER THE SUN'S RAYS

of Awaji which remained to tell the tale. Otherwise we should never have known it. Here, then, is the cradle of the deep in which the divine ancestors of Japan rocked their first-born. Of course, the story of the creation of Japan is in essence not very much different from that of the ancient Hebrews. The Oriental tale is a little more chauvinistic, that is all. The ancient Hebrews were more international, and a little wiser. They made a more general statement about the creation of the world, and thus laid themselves open for less scientific criticism. But the marvel of it is that in this far-off island world one dare not doubt, while everywhere else doubting the creation of the world entire has become an anachronism.

This much, however, is a startling reality. The island of Awaji is slowly sinking. The shore-line nearest Akashi is gradually narrowing, and fishermen are being driven elsewhere for their livelihood and for places to stretch their nets. I presume that in time to come the disappearance of this island will be regarded as the Ascension by the theocrats of this little world.

I cannot account for the mystery of it, but what connection with this mythology can it have that my return from Awaji was at a time when the whole of Japan seemed to have gone mushroom-gathering and fairly littered the train with their harvest.

XII

THE THUMB

West to Nagasaki

NE misses the wilderness and the wide spaces in Japan. Forty-five million people crowd the rural districts with a pressure that is like the weight of the water near the bottom of the sea. There is hardly what we call a homestead; strings and strings of villages make of all Japan a metropolis with suburbs. You never see an isolated farm-house, you never breathe the air of open places. But in every nook and corner you may find a calm and stillness, a sort of subhuman inactivity. Japanese cities are but the surface disturbances of world striving.

Like a Martin Eden I slipped out of the modern Japanese ship—Kobe—and dove for the bottom till I reached Himeji, thirty-four miles toward the west.

I was the companion of a young Japanese who was going home to his relatives to see them a last time before sailing for America.

Primarily, interest in Himeji is in its ancient castle. This magnificent structure in white domineers over the plains in Harima province, over which it has ceased to rule. It stands out above all other buildings, bare and brazen, eagle-like, but lifeless. Compared with Osaka and Tokyo castles, it is wanting in beauty, lacks that flighty spirituality of other Japanese edifices, and certainly has none of their stately reserve. It seems to have been born of two motives—to see and be seen.

It is marvelously well preserved for its age, having been begun in the fourteenth century and finished in the sixteenth. The interior is coarse, rough, harsh, and hollow. It rings with the voice of austerity and harbors no retreat but for men of austere natures. It has no chambers, wooden pillars alone foresting the cold, bare interior. Of course, it is now stripped and its nudity adds to its seeming coldness. But one cannot imagine softness having lounged there in thought or action. Strong as those massive wooden columns are, one cannot picture esthetes leaning against them. White without, dull within, seven stories turreted in ever-decreasing area, each seems but a means of seeing farther, not better. A mound of power, it is motionless, eight hundred feet of stone, wood, and plaster. One wonders whether six centuries hence the Woolworth Building in New York will have resisted time and change as vigorously.

Then the *harakiri maru*, or suicide-room. (It conveys somewhat of a wrong impression to translate the word *harakiri*, or *seppuku*, as suicide, for, though both stand for self-murder, still the circumstances are altogether different. The latter was, in fact, more generally self-execution—that is, the person was ordered to cut himself open. Beside him stood a trusted friend or executioner, sword raised, ready to sever the bowed head from the body the instant the victim's knife had penetrated his abdomen. There were, indeed, cases of real suicide, where a person, cornered, preferred death to falling into the hands of his enemy.) Even the *harakiri*-room still stands. Whatever it may have looked like in ancient times, to-day it is little more than a shed. A platform as high as a Japanese shoulder fits into the room. Here the fateful man drank his last draught of pride, while before him stood human beings to admire and applaud.

What a life it was! A castle conceived in slaughter, baptized in blood, harboring self-murder, and now haunted by the ghost of an innocent victim. It was finally finished by the lowly born Hideyoshi; its carpenter cast himself down from on top because even his wife had noticed a slight lean to the pillars; it saw many a proud samurai open himself; and a beautiful girl was here beaten to death and her body cast into the well. The latter story is worth retelling.

Okiku was a beautiful girl and concubine to one of the retainers. Another loved her, but she repulsed him, concubine though she was. There is morality even among concubines. But enemies were in those days a social necessity. The girl's lord had enemies or he never would have been a lord. They plotted against him or they never would have been enemies. They were frustrated or there never would have been "The Well of Okiku." Okiku had revealed the plot in question and was ordered to be put to death, but the executioner, "inflamed with her beauty," preserved her life. Ungrateful for thus being saved, she still was moral enough to repulse the advances of her benefactor. This story is a little confused, but it seems the enamoured male could not see beauty so virtuous and unapproachable, and, fearing lest another come and ravage it, killed Okiku himself. Not as the "brave man with the sword," but he "beat her every day and finally put her to death by torture, throwing her corpse into the well." Consequently, "for a long time after this the well was said to be haunted by her ghost, which came out every night, counting dishes and weeping bitterly." This selfsame lord, had he committed an unintentioned error toward his lord, would have been given a chance to cut himself open before the admiring gaze of his fellow-warriors.

There are many wells within this fortress, and since destiny had intended that this place, so full of action

and self-murder, be some day silent and hollow with wells unused, a small girl's ghost might just as well make use of one. We hear nothing of what happened to the criminal. How many thousand ghosts must wander about Himeji?

From the top one commands a lovely view of the plain round about. It is encircled with hills, opening like a dust-pan out on the Inland Sea. And the sea seems to sweep the numerous little islands toward it.

Himeji is another sort of dust-bin, for here, in 1905 and 1915, prisoners of war, first Russians, then Germans, were kept, and an army division is quartered. I wonder when all militarism will be swept into the dust-bin. It seems mankind will never learn, not even from unused fortresses.

Many quiet little villages lie scattered round about Himeji, the numerous coves between the hills having each its hamlet—now called suburbs by English-stuttering Japanese.

There are two temples here; one is used for worshipers, the other for prisoners. At the latter there is a most beautiful pine-tree. Its branches are straight, reaching out across a circular plot about thirty feet in diameter. More than sixty twelve-foot props support them; a little forest under a tree.

I had come to Himeji with a young Japanese and was to visit his home. Our rickshaw men took to a narrow little roadway round the base of the castle and then cut across the rice-fields. Soldiers were trimming the weeds in the ditch-drains. Women, children, and laborers wandered about as though it were midday. The rice-fields were rich and carpet-like. Turning once to the right and then straight on we reached Shinzaike.

It was in the cool of the evening, when all the world puts aside the stress of life for the comfort of living. Laborers—and who is not a laborer in Japan?—were

gathering the scattered remnants of their toil. But for the disgusting odor which vitiates the sweeter scents of country life in Japan the setting had been perfect.

The village temple rang with evening prayer. It was not exquisitely furnished, but it was rich in rustic simplicity.

The little cemetery, too, was part of the village. My companion—a Christian—could not pass without paying his Shinto respects at his mother's grave. I tried to get him to tell me why he became a Christian, but he was one of those Japanese who can speak fairly well until they don't want to tell you what you are after. He would not commit himself. He was a hyphenated Christian, not uncommon in Japan.

The village was dirty and smelly, but not a sound was there to disturb the glory of its silence. After the vulgar laughter and maudlin songs, the frantic calls for jinrikishas, the monotonous *fue* (bamboo flute), the scraping, the incessant scraping of wooden shoes, which keeps the streets of Kobe in a perpetual motion, I could not get enough of this far-away stillness. For the first few hours I felt like a steamer laboring heavily on swells after the passing of a typhoon.

Children huddled in the middle of rooms open to the world, waiting for their elders to return. One sat like a little savage watching the flames in the fireplace in the outer shed. My companion stopped to chat with boys who had been to school with him. His parents had been ambitious, so he was Europeanized, dressed in foreign style, and spoke English. This country lad went about in primitive simplicity, practically no clothing on his body and no manners on his healthy instincts.

The home of the headman—my companion's brother—was in the midst of little mud huts with thatched roofs. The lure of the quiet was great, and they appreciated

its value, for there was not too much talk. They had asked me to stay the night. At first I hesitated, then I precipitated a second invitation, and remain I did. I settled into the night and its quietude with a sense of comfort that was not only snug but unfolding. Japan generally suffers by too close inspection. Here proximity reached the heart of the world.

We sat upon the mats, looking out into the little garden inclosed in a six-foot wall. Beyond stood the white "Heron Castle," slowly sinking into the night. It was lovely beyond comparison. The greater shadows of world peace thus embraced the shadows of that symbol of centuries of conflict. And there I passed one of the most peaceful nights I have lived through in Japan. I slept between all-silk *futon* (quilts) and was never more rested at dawn.

They did not take me into their midst, but the distance at which they kept me was that of respect, not strangeness. The wife appeared only to serve, the brothers and other children moved about quietly.

Before breakfast we wandered into the hills through pine-groves, reaching a village completely isolated within another valley. A wood-cutter with ax and saw across his shoulder made his way along in a manner seen on Japanese pictures of life in the old days. Though it was but 6.30 A.M., women and boys were already at work gathering pine-leaves for fuel.

Three hundred years before, and for hundreds of years before that time, this selfsame forest was the stage whereon were enacted deeds of mercy and depredation. Here Japan's knights errant, her warriors of the round table, spent their lives and thought that what they knew was all there was to know in life. Yet they had as limited a conception of what it would be like in my time as I have of the days which in centuries will be.

It is to the credit of the Japanese government that in

but a few years it has made travel for the foreigner, once so dangerous, so safe and secure. I wandered about Japan absolutely alone, leaving Kobe without a foreign soul knowing where I was, and never felt for a moment insecure. Thus one Saturday night I left my boarding-house at a quarter past midnight. It was dark in the streets, stores were shut, and only a few stragglers about. I was bound for Miyajima, one of the three most beautiful places in Japan. The second-class train was crowded beyond its capacity, and for nearly an hour I stood on the platform, tired, sleepy, and by no means keen upon going. I kept pressing the guard for a seat, and finally he led me into another coach and there made room for me. The train had no sleeping-accommodations.

At about two past midnight a crowd of merrymakers took possession of the coach and authority fairly sputtered out of one man's arm. Unusual respect was shown him. He ordered the guard in such a way as 'twould seem would lead to a fight, but he gained what he was after. Folk asleep were wakened and told to find other places until this party was comfortably seated. There was a similar case reported in the papers of two officials holding up an express train for two hours because their baggage had been left behind. An inquiry was made into that case. Ours. no less offensive, seems to have passed unnoticed.

Where all these people could possibly be going to at such hours of the night is one of the mysteries of mass movement in Japan no one has as yet solved. But by morning most of these travelers had dropped off like linotype matrices, each into his little groove called home. One cannot become eulogistic of railroad accommodation; lack of efficient equipment, overcrowding, and a certain carelessness which would not be tolerated elsewhere rob travel of much of its pleasure.

I had taken the midnight train, as that would bring

me to Onomichi in time to catch the first boat down the Inland Sea for Miyajima, which was to sail between eight and nine o'clock. I arrived at 7.52. At the station was a young chap who overheard my questions of the guard, and when I emerged he was ready to accompany me. He could speak a little English, and I was the first foreigner to have arrived at Onomichi since he graduated from the middle school. I was the third white person to have been seen by him altogether. After I licked this bit of sweetened pride I found I had been given a bitter pill. Now they are all gentlemanly and mean well, but they are all so bashful as to become worse than useless—a drag. He was to help me find the boat and discover the time of sailing, but he got nothing definite. He then offered to conduct me to a restaurant fit for a foreigner. He led me for a mile; the eating-place was closed. So we returned to one called "Café Happy." Here I ordered coffee and an omelet. The coffee came—undrinkable. It had a flavor of limburger. A quarter of an hour after I succeeded by frequent promptings in getting the omelet, but no bread. By that time the hour was gone and we had to rush back to catch the boat. It wouldn't sail for another hour was the announcement. So we took to climbing the hills, which are scaled by stone steps. Everything there was so "famous in Japan" that it could not be benefited by mere mention here.

This, however, did not detract from the interest in the village itself. Dirty, narrow, and busy as it was, its activity threw a mantle of disregard over things.

Onomichi is a very busy port indeed. Fishing-smacks tilt their masts to the humor of the ripples and swells of the sea, and keep their distance from the stone wall. The "strand" is littered with freight amid which move the men, women, and children, while their storehouses stand about in as much disorder and absence of precon-

ception or design as accident could leave it. Wherever a man found room he built a home and doubtless he loved his neighbor overmuch, for he left only room enough for him to pass through.

Withal there is even in this confusion the charm of human purpose and the fitness of things. It seems as though, no matter what our standards, let us but lift ourselves out of the medley and selfishness of commerce and need, and somehow the magic order of things weaves a lure into our objections. The lover of the picturesque calls it by that adjective; he who wants diversion for his pains sees in it a fascinating strangeness; and even the unconquerable objector gains his satisfaction in having something real to object to. But over and above all, the simple fact that so many people find it conclusive enough to their living and their happiness leaves the outsider a convert, if not a resident.

All this time I have been waiting for the ship to sail so as to escape my companion, anxious to practise his English—a thing he will never do again unless another white man runs (runs, I say) across his path.

The civilian population stares in amazement at me. A man does not know what it is to be stared at until he comes to an unfrequented place in Japan. Children, with their usual shyness, gather and crowd about the foreigner, who is an object of interest and without doubt of disgust. Human nature even in the Orient is not without its instinct of self-glorification.

The ship is small, crowded, and uncomfortable. The majority of the passengers are males. A crowd is aboard in a most jovial mood; their feast of cakes and *sake* and beer is spread on the floor before them. They eat, drink, and are merry in ways quite Japanese. No men know what abandon is so much as do these men. They play at their child-games with the hilarity of children, and they sleep no less peacefully. A Japanese can

sleep anywhere at any time of the day—be it on train or tram, on his own shoulders or on yours. Some were belowdecks, where the air had been breathed over and over again and most likely will be to the end of time.

The day drags. Port after port is found sequestered within each bend. We are met by sampans which lash to for the discharge of cargo and for passengers. If our approach is quiet, not so the announcement. The captain on the bridge pulls the rope as though he were drowning and the siren shrieks across the silent sea.

The Inland Sea is pretty and illusive, but not majestic. The islands gather round about in dim invisibility. They are numerous, but not various; ever present, but not monotonous. They do not inspire, their dreamy semblance of reality awakes no after-longing. Slightly, it is like crossing the equator, though the latter is more positive, more definite.

Ten hours pass. In the darkness, the little ports creep out of their vagueness and into prominence. To dream during the day is weird. At night the magic spell falls away and the ports become more beautiful. The sea, during the day syrup-like and thick, under the cloak of night becomes cool, translucent, and alive with the glittering reflections of electric lights. Into a net of these lamps we steer and land at Miyajima.

Without much ado I take up quarters at a little Japanese inn. Its daintiness, cleanliness, and spaciousness would commend themselves to the most fastidious. As the servant opens the door of the bath to show me in, a faint voice protests excitedly. We withdraw. It was the beautiful little Japanese woman with the wedding and engagement ring on the proper finger who had come down on the same boat. It being summer still, the *karakami* has been removed and one can see across the hall, across another room, across a little court, and into her room with its little balcony. She is unconscious of

being observed. She does up her thick black hair, exhibiting a finely shaped white arm as pretty as Lucretia's. Her face is tightly drawn, in reserve, not selfishness; each feature a model in itself.

What silence! Who would know that her husband sat a little apart, reading a paper? Not a word has been exchanged. She speaks with her dainty actions rather than with her tongue. Her face seems sad. There is restraint, not vigor in her silence; the suppression of ideas rather than their contemplation. The *karakami* is drawn across and the picture is shut out from my life.

Miyajima (Temple Island) is also known as Itsukushima. Its natural loveliness justifies the veneration in which it is held by all. A big temple is built out into the sea, standing on hundreds of piles. At considerable distance stands a tremendous *torii* in a setting as picturesque as anything to be seen in Japan. The hills seem to smother all outer noises and harshness. They roll higher and higher, one after the other, like a great thunder-cloud. And even the singing and dancing of the geisha do not seem so harsh as in port cities. It was late in September when I was there, and the suggestion of the coming autumn made it still more impressive.

Though dark when I arrived, it was still early. I made my solitary way along the beach roadway partly lit by pagoda lanterns. To see the famous *torii* at night is to see the incomparable. The road has been cut against the hill and is free from the encroachment of "curio" shops. So here in the candle-light, slightly augmented by two electric lamps, all confusion is shut out from one's senses by the all-commanding darkness, and here amid the pines and the lanterns you stop to look out to sea.

Forgetful as one becomes of all else in life, so one becomes conscious of but five elemental sensations. The

hills, the lights (or man), the sea, its delicate sound, and the *torii*. The gate to what? The sea surrounds it indifferently and has not need of it, and to man it has but symbolic value. That it is beautiful one could find standards enough to convince the most skeptical. Its lines are to beauty what wings are to the albatross. But the *torii* lives. It is a symbol of life and action; as a gate it stands where life and death cross.

But the remarkable thing is that, standing apart or aloof from man and passing things, being gate without purpose, it is still firm in its architectural relationship to the scene about it. As a gate pure and simple, the *torii* may be magnificent or paltry and ugly. When one is made to walk through an avenue of wobbly, red-painted, thin-legged *torii* set to shrive weaklings of their sins and symbolizing that weakness by its own infirmity—then the *torii* loses even the simple honesty of gatehood. But this *torii*, devoid of value as gate, stands at a distance and impels the most prosaic to admiration. One's gaze passes through it even though the wide world round about offers unhampered visual pilgrimage. Even though the wide world is free of any emotion, the eye of the lover of the beautiful leads his desires through this *torii* with its firm pillars set in the limpid waters of the sea.

What is its significance as symbol? Why was the *torii* selected by striving primitive man? Surely its beauty must have commended itself to the primitive architect.

How does it compare with the cross? Let us place a cross out in the sea and ask ourselves if that in outline compares well with the *torii*. Obviously, the latter takes precedence. The cross is rigid, finite, disconsolate. You do not know whether its outstretched arms point you to heaven or to hell. Line has no relation to line except as it obstructs or crosses. There is nothing knit,

nothing co-operative. There is no support from the center pillar to the arm-ends. The eye longs to give them something to rest upon. One's sympathy goes out to them and longs to ease their weight. In art, to see a human being so painted would fill one with the pain of that other's agony and reaction against the torturer. Suffering is the basic thought which projected the cross. It is a symbol which kills joy, it negatives life. It does not stand alone in any architectural fitness.

But pagans seem to fear less man's forgetfulness of ruination. They leave their worshipers much more alone. They make their symbol, place it on the wayside, and hope for man to stumble across it or seek it out as it appeals to him.

The *torii* is a gateway; the cross is finality. As symbol, pure and simple, one is beauty and life, the other threat and death. One is inspiring and lofty, the symbol of creation; the other is a reminder of the barbarity of man which put a noble-minded idealist to torture and to death. It is the emblem of destruction, not creation. One reminds us of the passing of living matter from death to life, from inactivity to action; the other from life to death. As symbol, the more fortunate is the *torii*, and the pagans the most fortunate in their selection.

There is absolute stillness round about, but for the lapping of the thin ripples of the sea as it makes its way inward. No one is about. What stands closer to the great unknown, the thing beyond the reach of science and often so befogged in superstition—what is the nearest materialization of the vastness of life more than the sea? That sea which for human purpose serves only as a means of man getting to man; that sea which statesmen try to talk about under the heading of "the freedom of the seas." The sea is wide and partner to no human selfishness, is free from all aggression. The sea is freedom. It is the gateway to the universe.

And this *torii* stands here as gateway to the sea. It symbolizes human emotion, which is sister to the sea. Both are illusive and beyond interpretation. The more "truth" each savior claims to have discovered, the greater exactness he claims for his sect or religion, the more clearly does he confess his confusion. So, too, with statesmen and their boundaries.

A train is heard on the mainland. It whistles deep and long, and emerges slowly—a string of dull eyes. However quickly it may go in reality, from here it seems to creep, and, though it may have actually traveled miles, it has here merely crawled from pillar to pillar of the *torii*. The spirit of trains is not offensive to that of the *torii*. It is not in conflict, either. Nothing can be. But it throws light on the question of mystery and the unknown. What is perplexing is that a train traveling forty miles an hour should have to crawl across the length of a twenty-foot span of a *torii*. Where does reality begin and mystery end? A comet passing thousands of miles a second would take a week to move across this *torii*. Or is it all but the limitation of human vision and perception? Is it not possible that science may yet span the universe and make us certain of life on other planets as I was then of the speed of the train? But how will science ever overcome this foreshortening of human knowledge into the limitations of mystery?

Which will answer? *Torii* or cross?

Turning from Miyajima across to the plains which lie to the southwest, we soon come to the province of Yamaguchi. Perhaps the only justification I have for mentioning it here is that in the early days most of the immigrants who drifted across the Pacific to America came from this district. It is a healthful agricultural region, and though in method its people are still as primitive as before the change came over Japan, in politics they were the progressives. One becomes not a

little mixed in the use of terms in Japanese problems, for their progress was toward the restoration of the well-nigh effete imperialism. And Yamaguchi being far enough away from Tokyo, the seat of the Tokugawa Bakafu, it afforded a somewhat safe refuge for the friends of the Emperor. From Hagi on the west coast of this region have come several prominent Japanese, foremost among whom were the inimitable Prince Ito, Father of the "Constitution," and General Nogi. The old name by which Yamaguchi province was known in history is Choshu. The Choshu clan was one of the most potent factors in the restoration of the Emperor. It is still the district controlling the military affairs of the country.

The life of a stranger anywhere in that region is one of pestering pursuit by detectives. I got off at Shimonoseki, one day, en route to Nagasaki. It is a two-minute ferry ride across the straits. A detective approached me: "Gentleman, I am a detective. Show me your passport." "I am a resident of Kobe," I protested, "and am on my way to Nagasaki." But I had to produce my passport. As soon as I stepped ashore at Moji I was again approached in the same manner, and again had to produce my passport. As soon as I boarded the train, the same sort of demand was made. For some strange reason I was immune during my stay at Nagasaki, the farthest end of the island of Kyushu. But on my return to Moji and Shimonoseki there was no peace. The last time, on the train, I spoke to the detective in Japanese, somewhat harshly, and absolutely refused to show my pedigree. He slunk away like a whipped boy.

In the mean time I had succeeded in seeing Nagasaki. It is pretty enough, but presents that strange phenomenon which to my knowledge has never yet been discussed in books. Why a city should be prominent during one period of a country's development and fall into neglect during a later period, when the physical conditions seem

to be more or less the same, is as interesting a study as the question of individual success and failure.

Nagasaki was once the finest city in Japan, more closely linked with the western world than Osaka and Kobe. In the days when Spain ruled the world, Nagasaki was the point of contact. During the three hundred years of Japan's seclusion Nagasaki alone afforded a pinhole of light from the outer world. Through the Dutch at Deshima, a small restricted district in which they were permitted to dwell under conditions regarded as extremely humiliating, Japanese gained what little knowledge of science and medicine trickled in. Since the restoration Nagasaki has retained some of this prominence, but gained little compensation in the way of commercial advantage. Nagasaki is now little more than a name and a coaling-station. Offered the position of editor of the *Nagasaki Press*, I turned it away, feeling instinctively that there was little hope for one lost in this ancient city, little prospect for his future.

XIII

COMMERCIAL JAPAN—OSAKA

SITUATED at a point not much less favorable to commerce than Kobe, Osaka has always been the main avenue of trade in Japan to and from the capital, whether that was at Nara or at Kyoto. Yet, looked upon from a pragmatic or a foreign point of view, it is not the kind of place to which one should set out, breakfastless, at seven o'clock in the morning. Natives will be fully awake to the possibilities of trade, the electric interurban line running from Kobe to Osaka will be jammed. Japanese don't know what it is to try to gain momentum or to slacken speed. They run their shops, their trams, and their national reformations in the same jerky, violent fearlessness. It is not so much courage as childish carelessness. They are unused to the toys westernism has placed in their hands and are oblivious of consequent dangers. So we shot over the unguarded thoroughfares as though there was no such thing as a law of inertia. The streets sounded to the shrill whistle, not so much warning as threatening pedestrians.

It was a chill, misty morning. The sun was up, but weak. Not so the people. In the crowded suburbs, station after station despatched and received busy folk. Every one is always carrying some burden on the back, be it baby or bundle. It seems that provision is made, in Japan, for every member of the family having a baby to carry.

We shot past village after village. The serrated mountain range running east and west is picturesque. Not so Osaka, which is reached in an hour and a quarter after a twenty-mile journey.

Englishmen call Osaka the Manchester of Japan, and some Americans, the Chicago of Japan. I am one who is content to leave what glory there may be in such a comparison to the credit of England. It is a city of 1,395,823 people, the second in size to Tokyo, and has 300,768 households, each having on an average 4.61 persons.

The city seems cut into a thousand islands round which swerve the black, muddy waters of the Yodogawa. Fully a dozen bridges are crossed in a single journey, and for five sen one can have the pleasure of crossing as many more as the stoutest-hearted could not put behind him in an ordinary lifetime—metaphorically speaking. The banks are black, quagmire-like; the river subject to the tides and flood. Punts, rafts, steamboats of almost every size and description crowd the passage, but on the whole the waters are too shallow for anything larger than hand-propelled craft. The commonest of these is unique. A long plank is placed on deck. The boatswain pries the bottom of the river with a long bamboo pole. He retreats to the fore part of the junk, his pole over the side, reaches the bottom and pushes until he has walked the length of the plank. In that way he fools his *kami* (god) and uses up the forty-odd years of life placed at his disposal.

Generally a fine mist hangs over the city. The squalor and untidiness are even more real than apparent. Beggars and minstrels pass in stately leisureliness in and out of the narrow alleys; some in flowing black kimonos, with big straw hats over their ears and eyes, one in gold and tinsel, bare-headed, blowing on an unwilling conch-shell. Boys up to their groins in the slime of the river-

bed search for eels. And the never-ceasing pressure of crowds courses through the streets.

Much as one is impressed by the size of Osaka, a certain provincialism difficult of analysis and still merely an Orientalism amuses the visitor. It is without the least doubt a metropolis. Ford taxis dash about among the trams and jinrikishas, electric signs blaze forth their self-praise—yet in front of the railway station, astir with travelers, stands a great crowd of men and women, each with an imitation branch of cherry-blossoms, assembled to say farewell to some friend or relative. The tense used is merely the historical present. They are not still there, but they might be—and what things might be are a far guess in this strange world.

Ask any waiter in any restaurant what places of interest are to be found, and he will immediately direct you to Shinshaibashi—the main street. To walk in Osaka when the streets are dry is to eat one's allotment of dirt before wearing out a rin's worth of shoe-leather. To do so when it rains requires a pair of stilts. Street paving is still undreamed of in the catalogue of things modern in Japan. A street in Kobe, Osaka, Yokohama, or Tokyo during a rain is a picture of Noah's world after the flood. So one trams it these days in the Land of the Rising Sun. Mayor Johnson's two-cent fare scheme was ideal, but it lacked one essential—cheap labor. Labor must be cheap here in spite of the increased cost of living, or there would not be from three to four conductors to a car. It costs five sen (two and one-half cents) to ride all day in Osaka —and when you buy a bookful of tickets you can do so for very much less.

I reached my objective soon enough. It was a narrow little thoroughfare with but an occasional jinrikisha to disturb the early-morning shoppers. From roof to roof the shopkeepers have already drawn their white cloth strips across the street to filter the sun's rays. Though

the morning was still gray, not so was the display of wares. Everything was wide open, the stock attesting to the wealth of the city and the taste of the people. Through this narrow byway one wanders unsolicited and leaves the merchant unoffended if one prices without purchasing. Osaka is the great clearing-house of wants for Japan. Everything it possesses manifests that phase of its nature. Its pleasures abound to keep in check its resentment against being over-busy.

The organization of their business methods, viewed from the angle of the stranger on the street, is more spontaneous than planned. There is the difference between a prairie field of wild flowers and a horticulturist's garden. There are no centers here. You do not feel that you have come into a city built on purpose, as was Kyoto. It seems as though, when Hideyoshi announced his intentions of building his castle-fortress here, the rush of merchants made planning an impossibility.

At that early hour the street presented itself as few streets do in Japan. There was a touch of Sunday serenity, without its repressiveness, and never was spring so soft in all the days in Japan. By nine o'clock that softness was all gone, vanished as quickly as the loveliness of the cherry-blossom. A street running at right angles to it, and much broader, was agog with life. It was the theater street. A crowd of old women, young women, and not a few men and babies stood in line while a host of assistants were stamping tickets preparatory to the opening of the theater. All is done with a lack of concentration conducive to idleness and monotony of action. The Orientals could accomplish in an hour what they take ten in doing if only they set themselves about it systematically. Have they not done politically and industrially as much in a few years as it took us ages to develop? It is this drawing, dragging out which

is the obvious flaw in their make-up. The theater helps prove it. No western person with any interest other than ethnological would put up with the things they call entertainment. It starts at nine in the morning and ends near midnight. If the actors only moved a little faster the whole of it could be done in two hours.

But we haven't been inside yet. They are all still waiting for the theater to commence; so I drift into a little restaurant whose keeper seems to know English. His establishment bore the imposing sign, "Sunrise Restaurant." A sign-board below proffered the further information, something about "Syrvyse," which I interpreted to mean service. But despite its title, it seems I looked in from the opposite end of the telescope, and was viewing the "sunrise" from the sunset, for though now near 9.30, there was as little proof of life as though it were midnight.

The world is made for the tourist. For him everything is open and time is never wasted. Ask any one in the wide world you meet to direct you to a place of interest and he doesn't know, but sends you to the tourist office. So here. A gentleman could suggest but one cure for my curiosity—Tenoji Park. But one wanders from one place to another in Japan without seeing any change. The park is no more than what we call a Square —and much less. All you can say is that on this spot no one cut the trees down nor erected any private buildings. The absence of grass always leaves the foreigner unsatisfied with Japanese parks. The whole is stony and bare. Add a few low fences, an exhibition building, and the inevitable monkey zoo, and all is complete. Upon the balcony of the exhibition building a brass band is doing something, and inside is a limited display of business products—a commercial exhibit held twice a year.

While looking at some of the products here (which

need no special mention) I was addressed by a little person in English. He invited me to his section and asked me to wait half an hour and he would guide me about Osaka. In the mean time we discussed every topic imaginable, from commodities to international peace.

His duties done, he strolled out with me. The city seemed transformed. A word here and a word there and customs, manners, beliefs, and aspirations open their blinds and reveal a wealth of interest and life beneath this unclean, uninviting exterior. He led me to the home of a friend, somewhere in the heart of the city. A western structure fronting the street, it was exquisitely Japanese in the rear. This is the essence of Japan's modernism. We entered a little court, clean and quiet, and he called softly. Presently a little page appeared and asked us into the foreign wing of the building, where, after removing our shoes, we took uncomfortable little chairs upon which one can only half sit —and waited.

The time we waited affords me here an opportunity of digressing. The chairs are generally circular, with a diameter of about twelve inches. Now how can there be comfort in sitting on a foot of space with a six-inch back for support? The gentleman appeared and asked us above. The lower part of this foreign wing is given over to offices; the upper, to a large reception-room neatly furnished in ultra-modern style. A piano and several other western instruments, velvet curtains, soft carpet, wicker wainscoting—a spacious, quiet, and restful room. Two portraits in oil (mother and father, most likely), three landscapes in oil and two in silk embroidery hung upon the walls. Things were in much better taste than in a good many western homes, yet incongruous because clearly foreign to the owners.

We sat for fully an hour. The host talked in English in sudden spurts; the rest of the time I simply listened,

listened until it seemed I was hearing a stream murmuring in the distance.

Everything was according to form. I had no room for objection on that score. But it was the form I objected to. Japanese tea was served and followed by a cup of coffee. It was placed before me, but no one as much as recommended it to me as a cure for drowsiness. I was beginning to believe it would last for ever when, with a nod and sudden exclamation, as though the talk had come to a satisfactory conclusion, he turned to me and said: "I promise to guide you about Osaka. Are you busy this evening?" Now, though I have seen not a little of the world, for real, genuine good-fellowship none compares with the Japanese. Here I was more of a stranger to them than I could possibly have been anywhere in the world gone civilized, yet they took me at face value. We had become friends, and they were going to prove it.

Conscious of my being interested in the interior of a Japanese home, my host said his friend would show me through. "But my house so dirty," he pleaded, not, I fear, without affectation, or else with a national misunderstanding of what the word dirty means.

Not all the mansions of the world equal in beauty the simplicity of a Japanese interior. The absence of hangings, of bric-à-brac, of all incumbrances, leave one's feelings in exquisite peace. Whatever one says against the modernization of Japan—and much of it justly—one thing cannot escape the observer: the Japanese have not made that worst of mistakes—ruining the dignity of their houses by overcrowding them with importations. If they want things of the West, they have the good sense or bad sense to build separate wings for them. But their own homes they leave chaste and unspoiled.

A western home, unless it is in extremely good taste, bruises one's feelings at every turn. There are so many

things to see that one forgets to be. We buy things from all over the world, remove them from their natural, and exhibit them amid foreign, settings. But here in Japan the essence of home spirit is rest from confusion. One might as well expect a flower to bloom in an unweeded garden as peace in a house overcrowded with artificiality.

Just as I have never been in a house more thrilling in its simplicity, so have I never looked upon a baby's playthings more fabulously enchanting. A corner of the living-room had been set aside for the two-year-old baby girl's dolls and playthings. It was a shrinelike setting, a platform with three steps leading up to it, on every inch of which had been set some gilt and lacquered and silked doll. The whole was so lavish, so profuse, it bewildered. But for order and arrangement that little baby was seeing and receiving impressions which will doubtless affect its entire life.

At night the crowds, which surge through the city streets, are more like floods than streams. It is impossible to get away from them. In Japan the crowd is an altogether different phenomenon from what it is in other parts of the world. The streets are void of traffic. With the exception of the street-cars and a slowly increasing number of motor-cars, wheeled traffic is limited to man-pulling wagonettes. Yet the crowd fills every bit of available space. Not only space filling, but interlocking, goes on, a weaving of human shuttles, each with a thread of its own until it seems to become an entanglement against the understanding of the outsider. You are not in a current with which you must drift, but in a swirl of conflicting eddies. Every one goes in every possible direction. You move among them, but never with them, yet they among themselves seem to be the most interwoven ONE I have ever seen in any crowd.

You feel this oneness of Japan, this nationality, this clinging, this fitting into and fitness of things. It is one swarm, indivisible, one color, one craze. That is why a Japanese professor visiting America wrote so strangely of our American crowds. He objected to crowd influence, to the swaying of the mass one way and then another, and to that force carrying leaders and followers in its wayward, whimsical course. That is true, because in American and European crowds there are cross influences. In Japan, none. Japan is whole in good and in bad. Japan is capable of storming for great purposes, but also of festering, of becoming stagnant. Once it did, and for two hundred and fifty years not a drop of fresh water came into it. Now it is coursing along, unmixed and unmoved emotionally. That night it was celebrating the birth of an emperor, the son of the breaker of dams. Emperor Meiji opened the gates and let out the stagnant waters of Japan. And these vast crowds move along much as though they do not exactly know where, but have confidence in their captain.

Japanese in a crowd are like boys playing in a schoolyard. Laughter, jabbering, babies snorting, crying, shoes scraping, and the grating noise of the iron wheels make a trolley trip in Japan anything but delightful. Japanese haven't such dislike of crowding as have we. With us a crowd is tight by virtue of a desire on the part of each individual to be as far from his neighbor as possible; a Japanese reverses it. And what is worse, each individual brings with him garden truck, square boxes on his back which would put a woman's hatbox to shame, and every sort of article which enters into the list of implements indigenous.

The theater district is ablaze with lights and astir with people. If you go to the finest cherry-dance hall you will find everything in the most refined and artistic taste. During the Naniwa Odori (or Osaka Dance)

this is the center of attraction. The little program is in English as well as in Japanese. That is proper catering, and a foot-note says: "Japanese tea will be served by geisha girls at the luxurious waiting-room. Throughout the interior you are not troubled by taking off your shoes." And this was just as advertised. Chairs stood round a platform. Upon the mats moved two little girls of about eight years of age. They were cunning and playful and gorgeously kimonoed and bemannered. They brought us each a little basket with sweets on a plate as our present. Then two geisha entered in all their peacock splendor, seated themselves before the *hibachi* (brazier), and commenced making tea. The finest possible tea-leaves had been ground to powder and taken up with a little long-handled wooden scoop-spoon. Hot water dipped from the kettle on the brazier was poured over them—and tea was done. Each of us was served separately and in turn. Though the beverage is made of tea-leaves, the use of the word conveys an altogether wrong idea. A diluted mixture of spinach finely ground gives a nearer approach to proper nomenclature. It is as green and as thick and not any more palatable or refreshing.

Nor does the author of the famous *Book of Tea* assist the alien in forming any clear conception of what the Tea Ceremony is. What it was, perhaps; but to-day no one but the devotee abstracting himself from everything else worth while could possibly fathom its meaning or learn its art. What the average visitor sees of it is about as much of the real ceremony as an interview with the Tenno would acquaint him with Shintoism.

We immediately repaired to the auditorium. Hardly had we seated ourselves and scanned the elaborate spectacle before us when from below our balcony issued two streams of gorgeous daintiness. They swayed rhythmically along the narrow aisle toward the stage, turned

toward each other and, meeting, crossed and interlaced in a riotous display of scarlet and motion. But for the melancholy droning and drumming of discordant sounds the scene would have been incomparable.

The theater, or dance-hall, as it is called, is not like ours, though the paneled ceiling is distinctly western. The auditorium is square. The audience is placed on the main floor and upon a balcony at the rear, the less expensive places being below. On an elevated recess built into the right and left walls at right angles with the stage sit the singers and drummers and *samisen* (guitar) players—all women. The geisha enter upon the stage immediately below them by way of a long platform from the rear.

It seems that if, according to Nietzsche, melancholy music is a sign of decadence, this Japanese music is the best proof of it. I believe it represents the period in which Japan lay dormant. Nor can I imagine a rejuvenated Japan without the discard of this unexpressive, unthinking, meaningless noise.

The dancing itself is exquisite. That there should have been trifling disturbances to spoil the whole is but another orientalism. As with many things here, the ludicrous and disharmonious are so frequently and innocently brought in with the most serious efforts as often to mar the beauty or add to the realism of the whole. Take the shifting of the scenes. No curtain is dropped, but the various artifices of stagecraft are exhibited to the education if not pleasure of the audience. It was absurd to see trees get up and walk off stage, houses move sideways out of the way, wistaria-blossoms suddenly drop from above, or a crouching individual run behind the dancing-girls, placing branches of artificial cherry-blossom behind each so she might have one at hand to pick up when the dance required it. As the girls disported themselves, a gentleman in black kimono came

on and quickly removed the baskets as they put them down, thus for the moment becoming the center of attraction. And during the whole performance a boy, whose duty it was to draw aside a curtain for the geisha to pass, stood with his head poked out, grinning his widest possible grin at the audience.

By a very strong effort one could imagine these distractions as lending reality to the scene. It could be pretended that they, being in black, were humble caretakers at the shrine. This, of course, applies to one with an unsophisticated imagination.

Geisha-dancing is in a sense the loveliest living art in Japan. The professional dances come but once a year, at the time of the cherry-blossoms, and are as short-lived as the blossoms themselves. The dance has somewhat of ceremonial significance. Yet it is only a dance. The Japanese love to ceremonialize, and all their arts center in temples and shrines.

A performance lasts exactly an hour—and is repeated several times a day. Longer than that it could not sustain any one's interest, not even that of the Japanese. The movements are much the same throughout—slow, regular, and soft. Occasionally the dancers stamp their feet, and sometimes they set off on a mischievous gait—just a dash of impertinence to lend spice to the occasion. But they are such modest little maids. So there is neither abandon nor restraint, and interest lags in a trice. There was even a little discord. The girls didn't always come up in time and were often out of step. But seen for the first time, when the stream of gorgeously kimonoed girls suddenly makes its appearance, it overwhelms you into surrender with sympathy and interest. Yet the simplicity of the dance leaves no room for dissertation.

But there is more than this *odori* in Osaka. The city has its foreign devotees no less than any other city, and

on a clear autumn day, when one has to contend with neither slush nor dust, the wide rivers and the hundreds of bridges are indeed attractive to look upon. At night —almost any clear night—the lights can be seen for miles, reflected in the water. In the better districts one gets occasional glimpses of a Japan now hard to find.

Whatever else is rare in Japan, temples there are aplenty. Tennoji is the largest in Osaka. But the only advantage it affords is in an excellent view from the top of the five-storied pagoda. The city stretches beneath it for miles and miles, and its gray tiles resemble a sunless sea.

But this pagoda has been outdone in modern Japan by an ugly monstrosity of iron standing on four bowlegs. A slow-going elevator makes its way up and down, much as to say: "Oh, there they are again. And what will they see when they get to the top? A new smokestack, I suppose." And, as though in imitation of the big and little rocks at Yamada Ise, strangely called the Husband and Wife rocks, which the Japanese have linked with a straw rope, commercial Japan has hung a cable across from this iron monster to a smaller structure, and they who fail to be thrilled by the ungainly imitation of the Eiffel Tower can have themselves swung across the narrow street.

When you descend, you are again amid the dirt and filth, breathing evil smells coming from the neglected convenience stations which are a disgrace to Japan. Whatever may be said against the hardness of western commercialism, one thing in its favor is that it has laid sewers for us. And not till Japan has done so will cleanliness and decency be possible.

One has but to be in Osaka after a severe flood, such as occurred in the autumn of 1917, to see the wretched conditions in which its industrial population dwells. Like rats on a sinking ship, droves of frightened people

sought the dikes of the river. For miles along the open country improvised shacks and tents staged a scene of tragic suffering. Yet that was, after all, not much worse than the thousands of hovels which everywhere disfigure the topography of Japan.

The state of flux in which modern Japan now moves leaves all attempts at studying the problem in the realm of speculation. Industrially, Osaka is the heart of Japan. Its factories cloud the sky with smoke and its stock-exchange controls the pulse of the Orient. An exchange is quite a different proposition in Japan from what it is in America. The visitors' "gallery" is more open to the public than a zoo, and one has some difficulty discovering which is bull and which bear. But for the policeman I might have wandered into the lions' section. Two officers stood at the wicket and barred my way. So I turned back into the crowd from which I had come, stumbling over the unexpected steps in the inclined floor. The crowd was thick. No seats about, the men stood close together—now more interested in the foreigner than the market. Well they might be. But when the momentary interest vanished they were as forgetful of foreigners as the spirit of speculation is native to them. Between them and the gamblers was only the slope in the floor. That afternoon things were tame. The "animals" had eaten their fill during the wild rampageous days before the rice riots, and though one might think the lean period would intensify their hunger, the whip of riot had subdued them somewhat. The "auctioneer" from his pulpit suddenly advanced his offering, whereupon the speculators gathered round him like the lions before Daniel, but his intrepid self-composure kept them at bay. They screamed in his face and shook their fingers at him; a moment more and he must certainly perish. But suddenly the irate mob disintegrates, and the unfed pack falls apart indifferently.

The door to the street is open and the messengers course in and out, while upon the narrow gallery running round the chamber others chalk the changes upon the boards. Immediately before the pit is another device, peculiarly Japanese, which keeps the stranger guessing. The boys twirl the strips of metal as though a guessing contest were on, and the excited brokers watch them with intense interest.

Just as from the top of the pagoda one sees ancient Japan, and from the top of the steel tower modern industrial Japan, so from the exchange one looks straight down into the turmoil which threatens future Japan.

I was to visit a glass-factory in Osaka at the invitation of the son of the editor of one of the commercial journals of Osaka. His sweet, round-faced mother received me cordially; tea was served; and then she had a present for me—a fan, an artificial flower, a small toy fan, and a tiny bottle of perfume. When we departed she wrapped the candy-suckers I had not eaten in a piece of paper and handed them to me.

The glass-factory was not far away. From the street no one would have suspected its existence. Though not very large, it had the greatest out-turn of any in Japan. Ten thousand bottles were turned out a day in the old way. Tiny, dwarfed little bodies of what should be boys were, while working, stripped to the waist, and the pressure at which they were kept at work was guarantee against even a moment's loss of time. But machinery is being substituted. At that very time an American was overseeing the installation of some of the most up-to-date glass-making machines, in a new factory, which, he predicted, would swallow up most of the trade, though at the time the demand was but partially satisfied.

This condition obtained not only in glass manufacturing. During the past three years of war Japan was being

HUNDREDS OF DEER ROAM ABOUT—ARCH-MENDICANTS OF THIS EASY-GOING WORLD

YET SHE'D DEFEND THESE LITTLE EXPLOITERS WITH HER LIFE

THE OLDEST WOODEN STRUCTURE IN THE WORLD—HORIUJI PAGODA

JAPAN SEEMS ONE LONG VILLAGE STREET FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE

pressed to the utmost for whatever she could make, and manufacturers assumed contracts they knew they could not fulfil on time. Osaka manufactures almost everything that comes from Japan, and the consequence of this rush was obvious on the very streets. The narrow thoroughfares were crowded with electric cars and automobiles, the restaurants often turned people away, the river was thick with junks and launches, and Osaka enjoyed such prosperity as it had never dreamed of from the days of its beginning—three hundred years ago. But it is not within the province of this chapter to consider these conditions in detail.

The history of Osaka, however, may be written briefly. It has always been the commercial center of Japan. Capitals shifted places with the whims of the various emperors, but Osaka took no heed. Impervious to flood, political and otherwise, in spite of the fact that it is situated on the banks of the torrential Yodogawa and in the way of all currents of military movements from the time of the invasion of Japan by the uncertain Jimmu Tenno—the first Emperor—to the present day, Osaka has carried the floods of success and the recessions of failure with indifference.

No city in Japan offers a better stage for the display of horrors than does Osaka. Its hundreds of bridges, which span the branches of the Yodogawa, may keep its inhabitants, like lotus flowers, out of the slime beneath them, but only the darkness of night can soften its ugliness. Of all the tragedies in which Japan has been steeped during the twenty-five hundred years of its existence, none was more bitter than that which made of Osaka the "black as November" scene of Japan's last great struggle against disunion.

Nobunaga was the first of the great triumvirate of Japan, the second of which was Hideyoshi, and the last, Ieyasu Tokugawa, the arch-exclusionist, who shut the

doors of Japan in the face of the world. In the matter of ruthlessness, it is hard to say which of the extremes was the worst. Hideyoshi was once or twice brutally severe, but he was in general one of the most lenient of Japanese generals. Nobunaga seems to have been the worst. He was the relentless enemy of Buddhism because the priests disregarded his power. He favored Christianity for commercial reasons and because it challenged the Buddhists. He set for himself one final task following his well-nigh complete mastery over Japan's feudal lords. After exterminating the warrior-priests who had made of the peak of Hiei-san an arrow-head of strife and rapine, he turned toward Osaka, where another monastery was giving him trouble. And then one of the branches of the Yodogawa became the stage for the enactment of a scene of diabolical realism. The profligate priests had condoned licentiousness and encouraged concubinage. When the monastery was attacked, the many wives and concubines, with their children, tried to make their escape. Proof of their failure greeted the besieged warrior-priests in the shape of a junk making its way along the river toward the castle-temple, loaded with the ears and noses of these victims.

One would like to call this the darkest hour before dawn, but how can one look upon the seclusion of two hundred and seventy years which followed the conquests of these three great generals as a dawn, though it was a peace. The battle of Sekigahara is said to have been the bloodiest in the history of Japan. The founder of the Tokugawa family—Ieyasu—who did so much for the peace of the country, violated an oath he had made in friendship to his superior, the Taiko, and exterminated the family he had sworn to protect. And Osaka was the center of the storm. It was at Osaka that the first Emperor, Jimmu, built his castle after he overcame the swift waves which gave it its first name—Naniwa. And

several after him did likewise. But it remained for Hideyoshi, the lowly born, to set there a fortress impregnable to all methods of attack then known to the Japanese. In this castle-fortress his son, Hideyori, and the latter's strong-minded mother, Yodogimi, fortified themselves when attacked by Ieyasu. Then followed carnage and black night, and the eclipse of genius lowly born by that of another whose antecedents were in the great past no less lowly. It was the age of intrigue no less than strategy—as is always the case in wars—and Ieyasu was no greater player of that game than his illustrious predecessor. But he "put over" a bit of deception which simply makes one wonder at the simple-mindedness of the Japanese. Seeing that the fortress was impregnable, he had arranged an armistice with Hideyori, one of the conditions being that the inner moat should be filled in. A hundred thousand men were put to the task the instant arms were laid at rest, and continued filling in. The besieged weakly protested and were easily put off. That they should even for one moment have allowed this procedure leaves one in irritated amazement. The final burning of the castle by internal treachery seems more dignified.

The castle stands to-day as secure in its fame for beauty as it is against the invasion of the vulgar. Its moat is broad and deep, like the silence hovering over it. These conditions are not without their significance. Times change, and as men overcome barriers the forms clung to out of mere habit meet with inevitable reduction.

Osaka is older than Tokyo, its moat seems deeper than that of the capital, and the accompanying distance in space and time less navigable. . The silence on Osaka-jo is deeper; the castle is sunk in imperial desuetude. The eruption of change in time left it deep in the abyss of memory. Yet it is not old nor even neglected. It is

fresh and clean, and as prohibitive as ever. For there is one thing which never seems to die—and that is human arrogance and selfishness. That beauty and loveliness should surround itself with so much hate leaves one in doubt as to whether it can really be beautiful and lovely. Can they be so who are born of destruction? No man who keeps himself at such an exalted level as to exclude humanity from contact with his virtues can really be a great man. So I am led to doubt whether Osaka Castle is really as majestic as it seems. I wonder if it is not the love of prestige and power and pomp hanging about every stone and corner of that structure which makes us think it beautiful. Things so interwoven with evil, slaughter, pain, and exclusion cannot be beautiful—no matter what appearance they present. They cannot answer the human craving for the lofty and the noble.

Yet there stands Osaka-jo, a model of Japanese taste and architectural perfection; rampart buildings which can really be called wings, for they seem to carry the whole castle away upon their swerving lines and prominences. Wings indeed! The entire arrangement hangs between impending descent and promising flight. Nothing waits upon inspiration with so much grandeur and so much reality. Yet it is a contradiction of both, even as this rhapsodical praise is a contradiction of the heavier feelings which the closed gates, the armed sentinel, and the general exclusiveness and restriction, shackled to the wonder of it all, provoked.

XIV

MYTHOLOGICAL JAPAN—NARA

STOOD that night over my head in antiquity. I was alone, the only pale face in a world of weathered wonder-workers. The fathers of cults and creeds have all had to abstract themselves from reality and imagine the things they projected. But I was suddenly immersed in mystery and had to splutter and grip at the known to keep from losing myself altogether.

Uncertain information of the yearly festival at the Ni-gwatsu-do (Hall of the Second Moon) in Nara set me on my way. It was so cold in the electric car to Nara that I felt like a corpse in a communal grave. Stiffness and sleepiness overtook me before we came to the terminus. Then of a sudden the world dropped away from before me. Criticisms, objections, antipathies, vanished. A cool blue world of graded variations closed about; a deep blue-black below, a gray-blue canopy perforated with tiny star-holes through which to look out into a world of obliterating sunlight.

There was movement of air among the shadows, and a sound of water-currents. Presently a massive gate in gray, with horizontal streaks like bars, came out of the darkness. Seeing gray steps, I mounted them, crossed the broad threshold, and descended, thus passing through from without to within, yet being in the same realm—on the outer edge of the inner world. Pushing through this space and avoiding the black obstruction

which veiled the shelter over the massive bronze image of Buddha (in the day-world known to have been real and material, but then merely a curtain of heavy blue, without form or substance) I found myself in the outer reaches of this unreal world. It was the remnant of reality stored in an unmaterial world, as findings dug from a submerged past; findings which they who would approximate Nirvana must abandon.

But here I met my first reaction against the faith. Little stands and stalls, littered with tiny images and symbols and amulets, seemed to contradict the spirituality of man. Desire for profit lurked in the persuasiveness of the vender. We were supposed to be nearer spiritual achievement, yet here were some deeply interested in matters of trade. Perhaps this was a sort of remnant purgatory through which one must pass without being lured to purchase if one is to gain Nirvana.

A stout girl with a voice much softer than one would have expected, judging from her appearance, priced the hangings good-naturedly. "Fifty sen!" she exclaimed. "Why this one has only half as many on it as the one I can buy in the city." Yet they were genial, slight merriment obtaining.

There are always contrasts. I wanted the assistance of a carrier to take me back—just to catch my breath, as it were—and to make arrangements for the night. I wasn't anxious to spend all of it in this overground world. Two rickshaw pullers were ready to serve, asking thirty sen for the lift. But which would take me? Evidently neither cared very much about going back into the world beyond. So they resorted to chance. One drew out a towel, tied knots in it; the other pulled, and won. Without a word the loser stepped into the shafts and whirled (pardon the exaggeration) me through the darkness to the hotel. Arrangements settled, I started to retrace my steps. It was near midnight. A rickshaw man

offered to take me for twenty-two sen—and uphill at that—and he said he would wait for me and take me back for the same amount. He was pleasant, somewhat intelligent, with a clear voice and distinct pronunciation, and seemed pleased that he was able to tell me about the coming ceremony. He was half of this world and half of the other. I suppose it depends on which way in a man's nature one is going as to whether in the end you will think him altogether good or altogether bad.

Passing a second time through this pecuniary purgatory, and taking the steps two at a time, I reached the base of the temple. It was the next thing to reality, and while the masses waited for the hour of prayer, they indulged in conversation which might be said to be in the nature of worldly reminiscence. One so unfamiliar with the language as to be unable to catch thoughts from among the murmur of voices is left entirely outside of things. But a word here and a word there is like a star-hole through which to peep into the outer world of light, or a pin-prick in a piece of paper through which to watch the sun.

I felt I had come to the very heart of Buddhism. You cannot do so during the day, for its human defects are then too obvious. Even at midnight it is difficult to release yourself from recollections of known discrepancies. I tried to forget, to see it as it seems, and from the point of view of those who worship. They sit for hours upon the mats in the alcove-wings around the heart of the temple, body touching body. Some pray, others gossip, and not a few sleep. Others trot around the temple on the veranda. Is it penance for sins committed, or is the body unsouled trying to regain a little warmth by action?

The temple is a roof without walls, and the wind moves about with searching curiosity. It stands high upon the hillside, supported by heavy wooden pillars.

A door opens on each side of each wing into a small chamber not connected with the others except as all face the central chamber wherein is the brazen altar set with rice-cakes and candles. Here move and pray the priests. It resembles a prison or cage of heavy wooden lattice-work. By day it is neither beautiful nor interesting, lacking paint and polish. At night the inner, inaccessible, unresponsive trinity of rice-cake, candle, and the human face become sources of light, color, and motion, flicker, glitter, and emotion. This is not Buddhist scripture, perhaps, but it is what it was to me, except when I remembered it as it was during the day. Being an impressionable person, I like things for what they seem fully as much as for what they are—but because they seem to be that, and not because I accept them as reality. Now that I have returned to the world of matter again and attempt to recount my experiences, I keep asking myself: "But why did they carry out this performance at night? Is there anything wrong with the day?"

Just within the priests' entrance, one sat holding a bundle of burning bamboo sticks, the ashes and cinders of which dropped into a flat earthen tray. Across the valley glowed soft city electric lights. What's wrong with electricity? Why the primitive torches? The religions of the future will probably keep a stream of electrons issuing from a coil against a copper plate? That is the way of human progress. So why worship with the torches of sticks?

At fifteen minutes before midnight the priests began to strike their bells. Chatter and movement continued, while within was the chanting of prayer. For two hours those who had held to places on the mats continued their prayer; the others lined the steps and paths in anticipation of the ceremony of breaking the seal of the sacred well—Kawash-no-i. Midnight and cold had no terrors

for these old men and young girls. It was a still night, but a stillness owing to a heavy cold which had become immovable. I thought I would lose what little of the physical senses remained to me, my lower limbs feeling the weight of my body and the weight of the air.

The approach to the sacred spring is down a short incline, at right angles to which is the walk and the steep set of stairs leading to the temple above. The well is said to be dry up to the moment the priests enter and after they depart with the last bucket of water. So I was about to witness the performance of a miracle. But evidently the people were used to it, for they showed none of the signs of religious emotion one expects from such crowds. From the point of view of a westerner with no religious bias, I must confess that this seemed somewhat bizarre. Men and boys clambered up stone lanterns and trees, in total absence of decorum. This is in a way a sign of health in Oriental religions. With other religions there is too much striving, too much discontent, too much complaint of the lot of human existence and exaltation of a future existence. But these people are either in utter despair or indifference, or so certain of their future as to feel no need for further effort. The contentions of western critics notwithstanding, there was an absence of strain and emotional display which was as delightful as it was strange.

The hour had come. A bundle of sticks on the shoulders of one man behind another carrying a blazing torch of bamboo sticks in his hands. Perhaps I might symbolize even where no symbol was intended, and convince the reader that this meant to show that matter pursues spiritualization. But as fire is the active agent and pursues wood—the victim—so light and thought and emotion assail the body.

Then two enormous red parasols appeared at the head of the steps, borne by two subordinate priests. Two

torch-bearers followed with two long sheaves of sticks touching their flaming ends as they descended. Three water-carriers came after them, each with a yoke across his shoulder, on the ends of which, canopied in leaves, hung the basket on which stood the empty buckets. At the angle, the smaller torches were deposited on the ground and extinguished. The water-carriers passed down the incline to the door of the hut. All was submerged in darkness. A latch was heard to be unlocked and the door put aside. Still in darkness, the priests entered, remained a few minutes, and emerged—with buckets full of water.

A miracle. Where shortly before there was no water at all water had been dipped. At the angle, small torches were again ignited and given the priests and they lighted the way of the chief priest and carriers, the procession taking its initial form and ascending the steps to the temple. There the water was consecrated. Three times they came, taking forty minutes in all, and the ceremony was at an end. An end which had a beginning somewhere in the eighth century, with En-no-Gyoja, the anchorite priest, as the founder. "He lived in a cave on Katsurgi Mount for forty years, wore garments made of wistaria bark, and ate only pine-leaves steeped in spring water. During the night he compelled demons to draw water and gather firewood, and during the day he rode upon clouds of five colors."[1] "Legend says that when the founder dedicated the temple, the god of Onyu in the province of Wakasa begged leave to provide the holy water, whereupon a white and black cormorant flew out of the rock and disappeared, while water gushed forth from the hole. From that time the stream, which had flowed past the shrine of Onyu, dried up, its waters having been transferred to the Ni-gwatsu-do. Local

[1] Brinkley, *History of Japan.*

lore tells of unbelievers having become convinced of the truth of the miracle by throwing rice-husks into the original spring in Wakasa, which reappeared after a due interval in the spring here at Nara." [1]

Thousands of people stood round about watching. They were mainly from Osaka and Kyoto, I was told. I have yet to meet a Japanese, however, who has visited Nara for the purpose from any great distance.

There were torches enough in use, but none, to my way of thinking, well directed. All threw light on the form and concealed the source. I nearly yielded to the temptation of throwing my flashlight upon the well, to see what was going on. True, from a rational point of view, hardly necessary, but to the faithful it might have been a new revelation. Iconoclastic boldness, however, so often meets with disaster, not only not accomplishing its aim, but sometimes even helping to exalt the superstition it tries to destroy, that I had little difficulty in restraining myself.

Thus I stood that night over my head in antiquity. Not that the West is so young as to preclude such opportunities, but that human nature has a way of accepting things with which it is in constant association without question or detachment. "You can see much more impressive ceremonies at All Saints' Church every Sunday, yet you don't go," objected a gentleman. Association is the secret of the tenacity with which customs and rites are clung to. They become so much a part of one's experience that one fails to see that their primitiveness is inconsistent with enlightened thought. The mass of the religious, who accept with firmness the faith which is their heritage, would riddle with scorn the same tenets were they suddenly imposed upon them. But having associated their own actions with these con-

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[1] Chamberlain, *Handbook for Japan.*

ceptions, they begin to feel that on that very account they are inspired. In other words, the grafted twig is accepted by the tree, the scar is concealed, and the fruit feels itself to be a genuine product and forgets the process.

It was at Nara that Japan first became an empire; at Nara that Buddhism first took root; at Nara that Japanese art first found expression. Nara, apart from its mythological, historical, and religious associations, is one of the prettiest spots in Japan. But from the point of view of a city, when this is said there is little else to say. One must instantly fall back again to its romantic side. At ordinary times it is quiet and its verdure is a relief from rice-fields and confusion. But various and conflicting are the experiences when the tide of Japanese life again turns in the direction of this—the birthplace of Japan. Emerging from a night in antiquity leaves one ready for a day in the present, but on holidays the present itself becomes steeped in antiquity. Besides numerous trips to Nara during week-ends, I spent five weeks at a stretch browsing about among the temples and the tumuli. Surely the Aino, that ill-fated race whom the Yamato, the well-fated race, drove northward, loved as dearly, if not as fiercely, this picturesque land.

Twenty-five hundred years ago Jimmu Tenno, the first "divine" Emperor, stepped out of his celestial realms to conquer and to govern these islands. And to-day we are rushed with electric rapidity over regions fairly littered with the tombs of emperors whose identity cannot be definitely traced. Yet though inclined to discard these divine and imperial trappings with indifference, it is strange that my residence at Nara afforded me associations with princes and nobility which, so far, no other place in the world has done.

I had not been in Nara an hour before I discovered

that Mr. Yukio Ozaki, the well-known liberal member of the Diet, was in the province electioneering. I asked the hotel clerk to let me know when the distinguished guest would come in. But Japanese are most timorous in the presence of great folk, and this one, instead of carrying out my request, notified Mr. Ozaki. It was not hard for me to meet him, however, and after a short conversation he invited me to attend one of his meetings. And that brought me right into the midst of Japanese imperialism, for that day he was to speak at a little theater in Unebi, within three-quarters of a mile of the tomb of Jimmu Tenno. I arrived alone, but, being a foreigner, was graciously led to the stage where, with several other M. P.'s who were to speak, I waited the arrival of Mr. Ozaki. He came somewhat late in the afternoon. The little theater was fairly dark. The electric lights had not yet come on. Mr. Ozaki chatted with me while the other speaker was closing, and then stepped out upon the stage. I stood near the door, watching. The instant he appeared, cheers rose such as are seldom heard in far Japan. In ancient times, before such an exalted person they would have fallen to their knees. He who had dared to raise his eyes to an imperial person forfeited them. But things are changing in Japan, try as imperialism will to restrain them. It did try that very moment. Hardly had the applause subsided when out of the darkened auditorium a figure in white leaped upon the stage in a murderous attack on the Minister. I had hardly time to see what was toward. The table was turned, and there upon the floor lay two men—the man in white underneath, pinned to the floor in a *judo* grip. But Mr. Ozaki stood aside, as straight and still and calm as a statue. An angry roar rose from the audience and it seemed to me the whole mass was rising toward us like a tide. Then, seeing their hero unperturbed, the people changed the roar into a cheer

and Mr. Ozaki slowly commenced his speech. Though this is no unusual occurrence in Japan, I am told that no other foreigner has ever been present at such an attack.

It is common for self-elected patriots who call themselves *soshi* to intimidate any one with any liberal or unpopular tendency. Mr. Ozaki afterward told me that he is frequently attacked, but never makes any attempt to defend himself, his own rigidity generally being his defense. He also said that he was speaking there for greater extension of democratic government. There, he said, in the presence of the tomb of the first Emperor, he pleaded for the people, because the Tenno himself had said that without the people he could not rule.

Yet the sacredness of the Emperor none dares question. The tomb is close against a wooded hill, with a stone fence round it. One may only approach the outer gate and look off into the dell—and see nothing. Cameras are prohibited, as are sticks and umbrellas. It seems even love is shut out, though the green, the quiet, and the loveliness of nature induce it.

Though royalty is not in my gallery of heroes, it was at Nara that I had my first acquaintance with it. On a day we learned that a prince was in our midst. We did not see him, we could not hear him, but the air was electric with his presence. Then, after sleeping beneath his exalted suite, I was informed that he was dining some of his officers in the small dining-room of the hotel. Looking through the veranda windows, I saw what seemed to me a wake. Prince Nashimoto sat at the side of the long table, with a vacant chair to either side of him, two officers at the head and the foot, and four opposite him. They did not look at one another, but bowed their heads to their plates. Their lips did not move, so far as I could see. This not being exciting, I went into the main dining-room for my own dinner and

emerged again just as the Prince was being handed his sword by an officer. It was all done perfunctorily. I could not stand and look on, so brushed past him—and thereby must have done him an indignity, though unintentionally. But I thought that, it being a public hotel, even princes had to take their chances.

A week later I had occasion to see another prince there. But what a contrast! We were advised that Prince Arthur of Connaught was to visit Nara. For days the hotel was upside down, being thoroughly renovated. Then we heard all sorts of rumors about restrictions on our movements. We were not to use the main stairway. It was to be reserved for the royal party. We were not to have our usual places in the dining-room. In fact, all we were allowed to do was to pay our bills in the usual way. And outside soldiers were stationed.

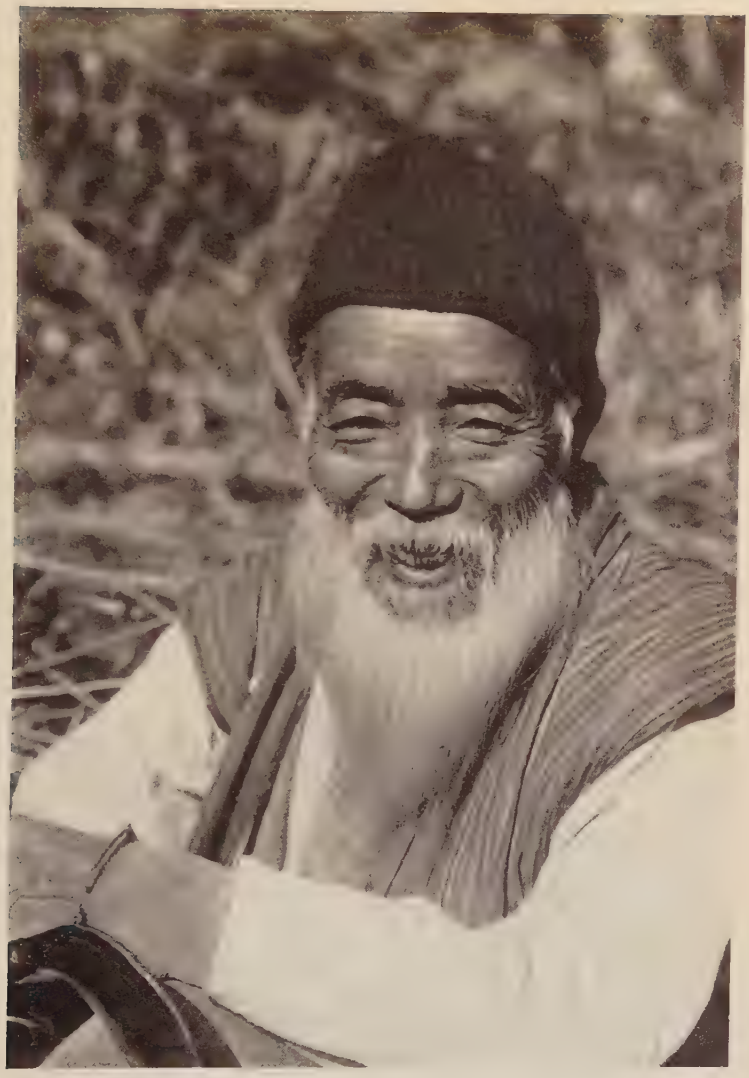
The day arrived. Everybody was full of expectation. Then across the pond divided by the main road we saw a string of rickshaws—it was the royal party. We were in the lobby when Prince Arthur stepped out of his rickshaw and entered. The rest of the party kept about ten feet behind him. He ascended the stairs with a suppressed beam upon his face. He was obviously amused. His intention had been to travel incognito and as a private citizen, but Nipponism would not have it. That evening he came to table in his street clothes, sat with his elbows on the table, gazed about the room absent-mindedly, and tried to be as informal as he could, regardless of the fact that the Earl of Pembroke and half a dozen Japanese barons and marquises were trying to honor him.

From Kobe had come four young men who tried their best to dishonor him. Two were Australian and one American, and all seemed imbued with the notion that the only way they could be democrats was by treating

a prince contemptuously. They sent notes to "Artie" and made themselves so "congenial" that the earl, suspecting their motives, accepted their invitation to a drink. They were later invited to the police station and told to move to a tea-house as quietly as possible. Some other things went wrong. The night was misty and the fireworks made a noise, but no sparks.

Next morning I was in the lobby, ready to depart for Kobe for the week-end. The royal party was about, except Prince Arthur. As he appeared at the head of the stairs they all rose, and when he was on the third from the last step they bowed. "Good morning, gentlemen," said the Prince, and they answered, "Good morning." He passed on out to the rickshaw, they followed a dozen feet behind him, the coolies were on their knees, heads bowed forward, and the train moved down the road. I took a short cut and came out upon the main street to find a small crowd of Japanese at the corner. I pushed through and made my way along toward the station. Just then a Japanese in a rickshaw came past, about fifty feet ahead of the princely train. He scowled at me for my daring. I went on. A policeman, as stiff as a telegraph-pole, commanded me with the one word he knew to "Stop!" I worked my way by and obeyed. But there I was, the only foreigner on the street. As Prince Arthur passed the crowd he raised his hat to them and smiled, but never a sound nor a sign of enthusiasm did they show. It was so amusing that when he passed me, not knowing how I should act before a prince, I raised my hat to him. He smiled knowingly, and bowed and raised his hat in turn. He wanted to be treated like a man, it seemed, and was amused at the contrasts in the ways of the world. And I learned then, thinking of Prince Nashimoto, that after all a man is indeed a man for all that.

Ill-content with the perpetual worship of living idols,



SAID TO HAVE NOBLE BLOOD IN HIM, BUT JUST AS LIKELY AINO

DRONING LAZILY BENEATH THEIR DOMES OF STRAW THEY STRAY THROUGH THE STREETS IN SINGLE FILE BEGGING FOR RICE

man seeks to materialize his ideals. The sad part of it is that in neither case is sufficient thought given to the question as to whether they are worth while. Idols are made and broken with tiresome regularity. Take the matter of Buddhism, which found its first friends at Nara. A plague came, and these friends suffered because it was said that the strange idols brought it. The idols broken, the plague naturally continued, even became worse, and the idols were brought back again. After twelve hundred years of peace the enormous bronze image of Buddha known as the Daibutsu still stands within a tremendous wooden structure. It is the largest image in all Japan. Its measurements are the wonder of the world—even to one who has been inside the Statue of Liberty. It is neither male nor female, human nor divine. It lacks the fire of pagan impulse and the calm of Oriental indifference. The face is not ideal and conceals a strain of the voluptuary. The upraised hand, as though bidding silence, almost turns one away instead of holding one's attention. But it is silent and unfriendly, as different from the big Buddha at Kamakura as one man is from another.

Not so the great bell at the temple above. Nothing of all the vast collection of antiquities in Japan is so rich in living quality as the bell at Nara. For twelve hundred years its reassuring boom has rung out across the hills. Wonderful is the sound of the temple bell; its firmness is a consolation to the weary. It does not call nor warn. It urges you neither to come to the temple nor to fear for your soul. It really tells you, like a loving parent, that all is well with the world. It responds to come who will, and booms out as earnestly for the child as for the grown-up, for the woman as for the man. And thus, all day long, the straggling visitors keep the thought of Buddha in the minds of a busy world. And when man goes off holidaying they make

the bell work the hardest. Any one who cares can strike it for a contribution of two sen to the temple.

All the residents of Yamato district contributed to the flood which poured into Nara that holy day. Thousands of families packed the trains and electric cars, and the confusion dinned the world and stirred the dust of the roads.

As much as Japan's picturesqueness appeals to the foreigner, he misses the green grass under his feet. Nara is the one place where he regains some of this earthly happiness. The park is lawned and the verdure most refreshing. Hundreds of deer roam about —arch-mendicants of this (spiritually speaking) easy-going world. Jumbo is not always known to have bad manners, yet we have to feed him through iron bars. Only a Thoreau and a Burroughs have enjoyed the friendship of wild animals without limiting their freedom. The lover of wild life receives a thrill of delight the first time a gentle, fleet-footed deer stands before him, bowing his head in Japanese humility, begging for little brown biscuits. Why, one is ready to go away with the feeling that nowhere in the world are animals more fortunate than in Japan. Where else would such alert timidity put its heart at rest? But the resident soon learns with regret that such is not the true state of affairs. His regret turns to fury and anger when he sees the cruelty animals are subjected to because of the perversion of principle. Buddhism had enjoined that no life be taken, so selfishness finds a way out of it by neglect, as pointed out in my chapter on recreation.

There was a shogun about two hundred years ago, Tsunayoshi by name, who lost his son. He was stricken sore with grief. A priest told him that in a former incarnation he had been cruel to animals, especially dogs, and that he could assure himself of another son if he not only refrained from taking life, but gave special

protection to dogs. Forthwith went out an edict forbidding harm to any dog, and the consequence was that dogs multiplied by the thousands. In Tokyo a giant kennel was raised, and everywhere dogs were treated better than human beings. In fact, for the life of a dog, the taking of which Buddhism proscribed, the shogun ordered the taking of many a human life. That a man should become so warped in his thinking seems incredible. It ended in the destruction of crops and intense suffering, but no son came to the fanatic. And though the edict was removed, Buddhism even to-day results in animal suffering, because Japanese will not take life.

Idols, heroes, symbols, love of Emperor, patriotism, religion—intrinsically good are soon made unrecognizable because the form is made more fuss over than the quality.

Nara is the national ideal of Japan. It was here that Buddhism found its first stanch supporter in a descendant of the gods—Prince Shotoku—and but a few miles away stands one of the oldest wooden structures in the world — Horiuji Temple. Were one not watchful of some light which these innumerable efforts in as many different stages of preservation throw upon the history of human ideals one would indeed weary of this monotony.

Thus at Nara, as everywhere else in Japan, in the very midst of tombs, Buddhas, and natural beauty, mankind is just what it is anywhere else in the world. It seeks a good time, paying little or no attention to both Buddha and the bell.

Here is a picture of Nara of to-day. Open tea-houses (or sheds) with red blankets upon the mats are full of merrymakers. Geisha dancing, men drinking, and all singing, their good spirits pouring out into the void. The Japanese, as soon as he is drunk, loses all control

over his generosity. The foreigner who happens across his path instantly comes in for attention which he hardly knows how to take. They fairly dragged me into their midst, one man holding me and another trying to remove my shoes so that I might sit on the mats. I had to remonstrate with them. Everything there was placed at my disposal, and cordiality flowed as freely as the beer and *sake*. The shouting and singing from tea-house to tea-house is an interesting commentary on the tea ceremony of which one reads so much. Had the zealous priest known that by cutting off his eyelids because they betrayed him into dozing while he should have been at prayer, he would give to the world so little of what he prayed for, he would surely have saved himself his pains. Instead of the quiet and the cloistered abstraction, tea-houses are the noisiest places on the face of the earth.

Pleasure does not confine itself to the sheds. Two little girls, dressed like geisha, with their little brother in the costume of the samurai, acted a thrilling scene on the grass near the road. Their mother accompanied them on the *samisen*. Minstrelsy is still a pretty feature of Japanese life.

Nara is a backward city, commercially speaking. Everybody claims to go to Nara to enjoy the past, but the people of the city are now hankering after the glitter of the present. And as a token of gratitude for a favor I had rendered, an official sent me, at Christmas, not a relic of old Japan, but a dozen fine Irish-linen handkerchiefs.

XV

A MONK FOR A NIGHT

I MIGHT now be wandering about with a smooth-shaven head, in a flowing crape gown of bronze silk with exquisitely embroidered lapels, were it not for that young American. His theosophical mother placed him in a Buddhist monastery in Japan as a novice for the priesthood. He remained there two years and quit. Now it is impossible for any one else to get in except as a temporary guest. Despite this curtailment of monastic privileges, I determined to know what it is to be a monk in Japan, and set out for Koya-san, an hour's ride by train from Nara, one of the oldest monasteries in the Tenno's empire. Like most of the Japanese monasteries Koya-san is beautifully secluded from the sordid world by woodland and hilltop. Though it is reached from all the centers by either train or electric car, these come only to Koya-guchi and Hashimoto at the foot of the mountain. Thence there is a ten-mile walk along a winding road which rises for over a thousand feet. And for more than a thousand years the road has been kept open by the passage of pilgrims, day in and day out, and the bodies and bones and monuments of the dead followed in their footsteps.

Forestalled once before by deluge and typhoon from making the ascent in summer, I now braved the sleet and snow of winter unyieldingly. The way was astir

with pilgrims. Pack-horses wobbled up and down the grade, led by listless laborers in stiff leather moccasins. Their limbs were stripped bare as though summer, not winter, were the order of the day. I rather envied their naked freedom.

At the first red "sacred" bridge the steepest portion of the ascent is over. Beyond the second we stand before the gate. Here sits the bronze Jizo, god of travelers, protector of pregnant women and of children, exposed in semi-exile. Now, that is just like most gods. If Jizo is such a remarkable patron of weary wanderers, why wasn't he down there at the foot of the mountain, ready to assist me to the top? After you have done all the work and struggled over the arduous journey, there he sits, complacent and pleasant.

As a matter of fact, despite his function as protector of feminine weakness, Jizo has been as indifferent to women as to wanderers. Until recently no mother of man might pass through the gate that he guards. Yet he was set to watch there by a devout woman. How like a mother to present so benevolent a god to man and child while being herself excluded by man from reaching the final goal!

I soon found some one more attentive than Jizo. A pleasant clerk looked me up and down, reflecting upon his observations before assigning me to a temple hostelry. Never was I judged more accurately, and never was my purse tapped so judiciously as that, my first and only night in a monastery. The little boy of six assigned to guide me trudged ahead on his four-inch wooden clogs. The road lazed its way along the level of the ravine, lined on the right by trinket-stores.

Snow lay six inches deep, adding delitescence to the monastery, shut in by forest and mountain. The numerous temples to the left crouched behind their walls, only the roofs protruding. The vastness of their

architectural enterprise was rivaled only by the tumuli of the dead, which stretch for more than a mile through the grove of cryptomerias beyond.

I entered the gate of the monastery which stood at the edge of the graveyard. The acolytes on the veranda scurried in for one of the priests, in a way which made me feel myself a guest with no ordinary possibilities. They assigned me to a room neat and clean, with only wooden bars four inches square to remind me of the nature of the place. Otherwise the straw mats, the screens and *tokonoma* (alcove for pictures and flower arrangement), were of better material than may be found at most inns. Only in one detail was the room different from any other Japanese room: there was a concrete fire-box two feet square set into the mats, besides the usual braziers, which showed that on Koya-san winter is winter. Sitting on the mats before it, it was easy to keep one's feet warm over the charcoal. Without, the rippling water of the serpent fountain and the remembrance of snow; within, the paper sliding windows shutting in the world.

Not such a bad life, after all. At least the joys of hot water have not been proscribed along with wine, women, and meat. I forthwith go to the bath, a chamber dark and cell-like, and open to the winter cold. I keep well in the hot water, nor loiter in the corridors between.

There is loud laughter in the courtyard. One boy has broken out into song. All subsides as quickly and as suddenly as it began—and the rippling waters of the fountain continue. . . . Then come soft footsteps in the corridor. It is the bronze-silked priest with the register. . . . At the same time he asks for one or two yen for candles for Buddha. I am to rise to prayer with them at five. Well, I like old Buddha, though I feel sure he will receive but a fraction of that gift. I dare say

Buddha can do well without money, though he seems to have an insatiable appetite for candles.

Just as the priest stepped out and pulled the paper doors to, a crowd of workmen or pilgrims came into the courtyard below, chatting and laughing. How like the shifting of the scenes on a stage is this life, as though each incident waited for its turn through want of stage accommodation! The moments lengthen, the murmur of the water without regains its place in consciousness, and the monastic prominence of the individual comes into its own again.

Gradually, as the diffused light through the paper windows grows dimmer and dimmer, the dull-red charcoal in the volcano-like pit on the floor looms brighter and brighter, just as in the recurring night of the world the sun's brilliance wakes us to our day again.

I have neighbors now. They have taken the room on the other side of the paper doors. In the sense of space it can no doubt be called a room, but never in the sense of privacy. From the latter point of view, it is really a *heya*, which in Japanese means a room or apartment. There is a suitable sound of commotion in the word. What a room in a Japanese house really comes to is that all can make all kinds of noises unabashed.

Four booms of the evening bell startle me out of reverie. They are bells of which Poe would have made wonderful use. Not so resonant as those at the great temples of Nara and Maya-san. A boy shouts to others across the court as though hurrying them on to assembly. Another answers. One sings a droning song popular in the large cities. A cough from my neighbor. Footsteps. And every fourth ring of the bell is echoed by a reverberant grumbling of a softer bell somewhere in the distance.

The acolyte comes in to turn on the electric light. Even in a monastery there is electricity. Modernism is

epidemic. There is modernism in other ways—namely, in the presence of women in the village outside the monastery. Hitherto they had no souls to save, notwithstanding the sweet devotion of Yasodhara to Siddhattha before he became Buddha. There is still another bit of modernism. Though only canine beasts were tolerated at Koya-san, because the local deity, who was fond of hunting, had promised Kobo Daishi, the founder, to protect his monastery, I saw bullocks and horses, and if I'm not mistaken the animal I photographed was a cow. Kariba Myohin, the Shinto god, has evidently been converted to modernism. However, a little absurdity is still necessary to religion. Why the ban continues on bamboo I cannot understand.

Faintly the drawl of a priest gets a hearing in spite of the rippling fountain.

I dine. The acolyte seems remarkably free from acquisitiveness. He has brought my dinner and moves about as though pleased to serve. He is neither attentive nor sullen. He has an able assistant in the form of a small boy who is about twelve years old—so is the dirt on his hands and shirt. The acolyte departs, leaving the abridged edition of himself to wait upon me. He's a cynical little fellow for honest twelve. He can't make me out, and doesn't care, either. He watches me eat and turns his head aside as soon as I look at him, but answers every question straightforwardly—as far as his knowledge goes. He has a father and mother, but doesn't know what country he came from. That was a stupid question and I shouldn't have asked it. He's from Japan, and who would dare to probe deeper than that? One dare not suggest him to be Korean or Chinese. In Japan one must regard every one as of Yamato origin for the sake of peace and tranquillity.

Well, I've eaten, nor, I am sure, did a chicken even so

much as walk through my soup or soups; there were four of them. Beef? The nearest I got to anything in that line was perhaps in the fact that the bullock pulled the wagon that brought it. Yet they all look healthy and happy, nor would I repeat the vulgarism of all carnivorous human beings that "they must slip out to a meat-shop on the sly."

Truth to tell, there is more than meat and fish on the outside of this monastery. The rickshaw man told me so, and I have reason to believe that on some points rickshaw men are as truthful as . . . My rickshaw man said he didn't care for women, preferring *sake*. He assured me both were obtainable in the village.

But that's not my interest, and the blasphemous insinuation might cost one dear. We'll not insinuate. Why do so when there are facts? *Sake*, the wine of the Far East, was brought to me, assumed to be part of the meal as wine is in continental Europe. It went back humiliated and scorned by an unconverted heathen of the West. Not so the other offerings within this temple. The four soups consumed, I took to the rice and *daikon* (a pickled radish, which smells like the dickens) and other soured vegetables, after which went precipitately some hard, tasty, black beans. Could a monk in the making start off more hopefully than that? By to-morrow I may have a different opinion, but to-day, to-night? I could say my prayers with a gusto.

So, it seems, I shall close my first evening in a monastery. For a moment I think back to old Japan, live a flash of life as it has been lived in these ancient halls for centuries. Here that life is not merely historical consciousness, but vigorous reality. But the historical vision has slipped away and is disinclined to return.

After midnight I am wakened by the song of some monk. The stillness of the night and his deep, sad voice

make what in the cities is a common tune pathetically human, sadly sweet and wholesome. I lie within the packs of *futon*, warm and comfortable. Horrors! I promised to rise to say my prayers to Buddha and paid two yen for the privilege. The candles will be burned out. How I wish these pious offices could be postponed. But the priest comes to wake me and I bolt out of bed. In the other compartments the stir of pilgrims, their coughing and washing, assures me I'm not the only mortal so penalized.

Now through the snow-cold corridors which zigzag for at least two hundred feet the droning of priests and monks shows that, eager as I am to taste of a new experience, they are more faithful to an old. It is but 5.15 A.M. Yet as I enter the temple it is plain they have well advanced in prayer. It is easy for my eyes, just rescued from sleep, to make their immaterial way about that sanctuary of shadows where darkness trembles with droning and flickers with candle-light. The long, narrow room allows only for a side view of the setting. The altar in the middle is flanked by lacquered and gilded little shrines to the end of the chamber. The gilt upon the black lacquer is like the candle flame in the darkness. The profuse arrangement of massive lacquer tables laden with symbols and offerings, and the beautiful little tables for the *sutras* before each monk, are joy in the midst of emotion sorrowing. The long line of monks sitting upon their knees, with their backs to the paper doors (*shoji*), leaves of the room but a narrow aisle, so that the pilgrim must occupy the space to the right. There are thirty of these suffering souls, all old and worked out. What an emaciated-looking gathering! The priests and monks are handsome in comparison. But even age softens in the presence of flickering candles and undying chants.

The head priest sits a little forward. The monks

repeat the *sutras* rapidly, and then out of their prayer rises, like some rich flowering, the voice of the head priest. His assurance is short and absolute. The others resume their chanting. Once they stop short and from among them soars a deep, rich voice, followed once again by the entire mass.

It strikes me as an extremely non-individualistic performance. The pilgrims don't enter in at all. Later each is called to the altar to put incense on the burner, and Buddhist symbols are pointed out—tablets of ancestors. I, too, am called—and service is at an end.

I breakfast on the same sort of food as that on which I had supped, except for the plateful of *mochi* (rice dough) arranged like a chrysanthemum and showered with colored meal. As I push aside the paper windows above the court the priest sees me and comes up to my room. He has, I discover, good reasons for coming. Since the restoration of the Emperor to real power Shintoism, the cult of Emperor and ancestor and nature-worship, is being fostered, though Buddhism is still nearest the hearts of the people. The imperial exchequer feathers the Shinto nest, and Buddhist priests find life more difficult. Hence they must make the most of a casual guest like me. Though entertainment at these monasteries is supposed to be free of charge, gratuities equivalent of what one would pay at a first-class inn are expected. The bronze-silked priest does not wait for me to settle my "accounts," though I have already given him candle money. He receives my contribution with greedy ease. Hardly has the money touched his hand when he asks for a "present" for the very boys he had told me not to tip the night before. It is all so cheap and so funny. He exacts all he can, but takes good care to call the graft, each time, a "present."

When this commercial transaction is completed, a boy

is sent to guide me through the cemetery. He doesn't know a word of English. Chamberlain says he is a cicerone, but I don't know. At any rate, he doesn't sing into my ear the myriad names of dead who left no record of themselves other than tombstones.

The world is full of cemeteries, but nowhere is a cemetery so full of life. In the midst of a grove of giant cryptomerias between whose towering branches float small patches of sky like the small patches of snow lying at their feet, hundreds of weathered monuments eye one another in cynical regard, and the gray stone, grown darker with age, stands in mute testimony to the undying fear of being forgotten. Yet out of that vast collection of stones only an occasional name is not lost upon the passer-by. What a vast mobilization of dead heroes! A place in the village cemetery seemed too humble to them. They had their ashes or bones brought there from the farthest regions of Japan, only to lose in prestige through vain assumption. General, saint, scholar, all looked with hope for eternal fame in this vast galaxy of the dead, and those very pretensions brought humiliation upon them. For the very merchant upon whom they looked with contempt is now outdoing them. The *narikin* (*nouveau riche*), with his vast war profits, is rearing tombs and monuments which far outshine their ancient simplicity. A thousand years from now they, too, will be as shabby as the others, but they are on the whole better and more human than the ancient piles of stones.

Relatives of those not so fortunate as to be able to have their bodies brought here and tombs set upon them save a tooth or the Adam's apple and send it wrapped in paper to be thrown into a circular building containing the teeth or bones of thousands of others.

Thus everything aims to symbolize the numerical

strength of the dead, even the flickering candles which nod by the thousands, in honor of the disembodied souls, in a chamber stored with black darkness. Yet the Hall of Ten Thousand Lamps is no longer lit to its full candle-power and looks like the mouth of an old man with empty places where teeth had been.

The tomb of Kobo Daishi himself stands behind this Hall. It is only a small, unimportant-looking little shrine on a slope studded with cryptomerias. The nearest any one can approach is to the wooden fence. Here the saint is said to be sitting, wrapped in contemplation.

Yet better than following the trails to the tombs of dead saints is meeting with the kindly smile of the oldest living man.

It is now late enough in the morning for me to be able to examine the works of art. Here one pursues Kobo Daishi from one corridor to another. Soft-painted panels of men of wisdom hang in the shadows and glittering brass trappings that illustrate Buddhist verities are set before them. Screens of various degrees of beauty painted by the best of the old artists. . . . But the bronze-silked priest seems eager now to be done with me. He does not see that a real worshiper, not a hypnotized faith-swallower, has come. He opens the shrine in which stands an image of Kobo Daishi carved by the great saint himself (everything under the Rising Sun seems to have been the work of his hands). He offers me a small replica of the saint for five yen, for which the curio-dealer accustomed to cheating tourists asks only two. He leads me from one empty chamber to another, repeating explanations interspersed with a dash of commercialism, urging me to buy images and scrolls—all this to one who had come to imbibe inspiration and relief from commerce. Such is the state to which Buddhism has come in Shinto Japan. He points

out only the gifts of the rich—a shrine-incased tablet costing a hundred yen, a special recess for the shrines of the heads of Mitsui Bishi Kaisha, the great banking concern, and Kawasaki of the Kawasaki Dockyards, and Suzuki, of Suzuki & Co., whose Kobe properties were destroyed by the rioters for forcing up the price of rice last year.

Then we are shown the room in which Hidetsugu, the adopted son of Hideyoshi, the great general, committed *harakiri* by order of his benefactor. It is quiet and unpretentious, and stimulates strange reveries. But the "guide" is impatient and keeps pulling me away. We drift away from this, however, lose ourselves behind *shoji* (paper doors) and corridors, pass from temple to temple, and return by another way to the one in which I had stayed the night. When I ask to be shown the priests' quarters, he says, "It's too dirty." Buddhism is as ashamed of poverty as is every creed on the face of the earth. But I do manage to get into the *daidokoro*, the big kitchen. A tremendous room with heavy rafters, it is set with a watering-trough, store, and fireplaces large enough to feed an army. Water from a spring comes in a thin, steady stream through a bamboo pipe. Around the open fire squat a dozen men and boys. The flames cannot reach any of the rafters, but the smoke fills the tremendous shaft (about ten feet long by twelve feet) which hangs from the roof to within six feet of the ground. In semi-darkness men pound with heavy wooden hammers and turn with dexterous hands the *mochi* (rice dough) which at New Year's is the delight of every Japanese, even a priest. They are like underground dwarfs with their fires and their pounding. These kitchens are more interesting than the unused chambers of the abbot with their screens and settings.

The last place to visit is the Kondo or Golden Hall.

It is a gorgeous amassing of Buddhist art with some exquisite details. Unbiased as I am, I must confess it tires me. There is too much sheen and too little inspiration, bent on teaching more the hatefulness of evil than the loveliness of good.

I have seen it all now—and I tremble before the covetous eyes of that priest in bronze silk. So I leave him to count his yen, and carry away with me a lovely memory and some solemn thoughts.

The Buddhism that I have seen is a tainted and a vanishing thing. Dear as it is to the hearts of common men, it languishes under the imperial government. Shinto shrines have been stripped of all the Buddhist symbols they once contained, and officialism is doing its best to supplant the worship of Buddha by the worship of the Tenno. Bereft of the imperial gold, the priests are resorting to all manner of means of securing funds. In and about Kobe and elsewhere they are pursuing a thriving business by saving the souls of the *fune-narikin*, who have grown rich on war profits. Out of the large donations which they require to assure the salvation of these new millionaires, they are erecting stone columns engraved with the names of the donors. Of these there are now more than eighty-eight in and about Kobe. Some priests have gone even farther. Otani, brother-in-law of the Emperor and abbot of one of the biggest temples in Japan, caused a scandal by selling the temple's treasures. He took to western ways and built a palace for himself upon one of the mountains near Kobe, bringing back with him from a trip to England two young boys who were to act as pages. These were not quite satisfied with the way the promises materialized and obtained their release by recourse to the help of the foreign community. His palatial residence has since been bought by Mr. Kohara, the Japanese copper-king. This practical abbot has now resigned and is wander-

HIDEYOSHI'S TOMB LOOKS DOWN THROUGH THIS TORII UPON A CITY HE ROSE TO RULE

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND KOREAN EARS AND NOSES NOURISH THESE ALIEN FLOWERS

LAKE BIWA LIES STRETCHING NORTHWARD, COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY MOUNTAINS

MINAMIZA, THE LARGEST THEATER IN KYOTO, UPON THE EAST BANK OF THE KAMOGAWA

ing about the South Seas, trying to establish ideal colonies.

So it is that the joy of barter pervades the worship of Buddha. Imperial divinity seeks to triumph over the saint whom common men have loved for over a thousand years.

XVI

CLASSICAL JAPAN—KYOTO

KYOTO first came into my life as a prohibition. In the full flush of adventurous prospects I had set Japan as my goal and was ready to sail across the Pacific, but for one thing—I could not get passage. And the reason for the rush was that Kyoto was about to see the one hundred and twenty-second Emperor placed upon the throne. So I set off for Australia, instead. Two years later I was fully determined to take up my residence there for a spell, but fate again kept me away. Finally, after making several hurried visits, but always being swerved in other directions, I succeeded in weighing anchor—in the deepest sea of classical Japan. I do not regret these delays, for it seems that a traveler, like the navigator, should try his skill on inland waterways before venturing upon the ocean.

History passes judgment on the greatness of cities as on men. The picturesque inconsequence into which Nara has sunk is fame commensurate only with the mythology it grew up in. Fable may be a good stimulant to youth; maturity requires a surer soil to nourish it. It was, then, the acme of real wisdom on the part of Emperor Kwammu when he removed his palace from the land of shifting Mikados—Yamato—to Kyoto. Lovely as are the hills in Yamato, the plains of Yamashiro are more so. From a geographical point of view, it cannot be said that the new site was an improvement in itself,

yet it has a vital bearing on the history of Japan. From being conquerors, living on the edge of the conquered territory for some seven hundred years, the Japanese moved farther inland. Kyoto is really the heart of Japan—of the Japan of yesterday, of to-day, of to-morrow. It lies on the way between all the important points of the island. At that time, with national unity anything but established, it is certain that nationalization would have been an impossibility had the capital been elsewhere.

Kyoto lies on a wide plain with a horseshoe of mountains around it, the opening being toward Osaka on the Inland Sea. Beyond the hills to the east lies Biwa-ko, the largest lake in Japan. Within the hills to the south runs the Hodzugawa, a river whose rapids tear along between boulders and precipices till they reach the southern plains. From the north comes the Kamogawa and the Takanogawa, which meet and make their companionable way through the heart of the city, giving it a distinction and a charm incomparable.

Whatever has happened elsewhere in Japan is foreign to it. In Kyoto the blood of these people has been spilled, the good and the bad, the noble and the ignoble; the art and the reality of life found substance out of which to make a world. Within the radius of these few miles more sorrow and more joy have flourished than in all the rest of the Empire combined. And Kyoto has withstood it all with real genius. With the greatness of genius it has taken its cue from life and played its part. Swept by fire and plague, wracked by conqueror and would-be conqueror, infested by charlatan and would-be priest—Kyoto has stood in sweet simplicity, mocking the would-be assassin and minimizing the would-be god, and remaining the city of beauty and peace withal. The Mikado sought to keep out the foreign barbarians—and, thanks to him who looks after real worth in life and saves it from annihilation—he suc-

ceeded. The foreign and native barbarians, the barbarians who would turn everything to trade without soul—these have been kept out of Kyoto.

Yet Kyoto is not behind time. It is as modern as any city in Japan. It has more street-cars than Kobe, its buildings are as fine and up-to-date as any in the Empire. But it seems that modernism when it reaches Kyoto is bereft of much that is vulgar or becomes purified.

No city I have so far seen in the Far East has in it the makings of so fine a world metropolis as has Kyoto. Its wide avenues, its leisurely spirit in which dreams count for as much as profit, even its people, Japanese like all Japanese, are still, it seems, a thousand ages ahead of the others in real civilization. Kyoto plays its part—not to charm, which is such a deceptive thing to do (and Kyoto is no flirt), but it simply opens its doors for you to come and live there if you will. But to fawn upon you—it is too much of an artist for that.

The children play on the streets, the narrow lanes are full of busy folk, women and men sharing their labors as in no other civilized country. The restaurants are cleaner, more refined, and more truly westernized than in Kobe. Men come in for foreign meals with dignity and bearing, clean in person and refined in manner. At one of the numerous bridges which span the Kamogawa—swift-flowing water sifting the moonlight—crowds pass, cheerful, picturesque, without swagger. Two little girls with most elaborate ornamentation, almost like Christmas trees, go happily on their way. Men are slightly drunk, enjoying themselves. Then the moving-picture theater lets out a lively, lightly clad throng. The box-office says, "Admission for a cheat Y1." That is, any Japanese or foreigner who must have so unnecessary a thing as a seat should pay double for it. Then a Japanese addresses me in an English not to be mis-

taken—he lived in Nebraska for twenty years. We go to a large refreshment-place on the river bank. It is cheap, but the crowd is interesting. Some foreigners arrive—a party of poor Russians—mother and children—one little girl dressed in Japanese kimono; a party of well-to-do Russians who later drive away in a limousine. This is a little picture of Kyoto life.

To look down this river on a moonlight night and see its banks alight with tea-houses in full flush of summer happiness is to wish once and for all one were a Japanese with no knowledge of other ways and customs to drag him back to dullness.

And to look toward one's left along the broad Shijo-dori, the main street of the city, is to wish one were a business man with a little shop on that spacious street with its thousands of electric eyes. No city in Japan is so well laid out, and no street so well lighted. And yet no place in the Orient is so conservative, so "unprogressive," so satisfied with the part it has played in Nipponese life. Grateful is the seeker after peace when he comes to Kyoto.

Wherever the eye turns it is met with verdure and art in thoughtful orderliness. When the sun rises its radiance tips a dozen temples, pagodas, and tombs of great men, and as impartially lights up the hills to the west where stands the Golden Pavilion. When it sets it eclipses the latter and gilds with its last light this dreaming world. There are cities about which one can say much in general, but which, when examined closely, are found wanting; cities like Fuji-san, which from the distance is divine—within touch, ashes and cinders. Not so Kyoto. Revel in its vast expanse as long as one will, it never loses prestige in intimacy. And lest it appear that I am carried away by general impressions, I shall picture each phase of its outer life as it makes its way within the cycle of a year.

Winter gives us its New Year festivals, spring its blossoms, summer the *Gion matsuri*, fall the maple leaves; and the whole is closely drawn by the pursuit of art, which even in these days will not yield its soul, however much it sells its body, to the toils of the slave.

New Year's Eve in Kyoto is different from what it was last year in Kobe. There a certain display was evident which in spite of its obvious *narikinism*, was pleasant and interesting. It looked so like a new suit. But here in Kyoto the Happy New Year symbols of sawed-off bamboo set amid short pines in a round base of logs two or three inches thick and eighteen inches high, and tied with straw rope, are more shabby where seen, and seen less frequently. These gate decorations, and others of *mochi* (large cakes of rice dough) on greens topped with a large lobster and an unedible orange—both of which symbolize longevity—are by no means elaborate. The streets are here and there strung with colored paper bunting. After dark I wandered about the unfrequented byways. Everything was settling into inactivity. Door-steps were being washed and sprinkled with water. But on the business streets both patrons and proprietors seemed more hurried than usual.

But Kyoto would be nothing at all were it like any other place in Japan, and like none other it plays its part honestly, picturesquely, and without ostentation. So at five in the afternoon the priests at the Shinto temple—Gion—borrow some fire from a sacred urn which, according to the knowledge of the average, has burned there without being once extinguished from time immemorial. They distribute it among the numerous burners which hang under the eaves on the temple veranda. Here half a dozen of them dispense its generous flame to the multitude.

From that hour the whole of Shijo-machi is an al-

ternating current of humanity. On the left it makes its way to the shrine, purchasing five-foot ropes of straw and bamboo from hawksters shouting, "*Hinawa, go sen*" (*Hinawa* being a rope-match for a match-lock, five sen). Many of the venders look like maidens with streams of hair from their heads; others like women with *marumage*, a Japanese woman's style of hair-dress. On the right-hand side the return current is a picture of shadows twirling little sparks as they move along. They have been to the shrine. There are strange rituals in the world, but for simplicity none compares with this. At the steps leading to the shrine the crowd is thick. On the way up the path it lingers before the usual toys and trinkets. It is slow and undramatic. At this shrine, on the night of the 24th of July, joy and voluptuous paganism stir the passions in men. Now they move quietly, stop at the various outposts upon which dispensations of fire are hung to relieve the rush, and light the ends of their ropes. Some are to be satisfied with no half-measures, but insist on getting their fire from the fountain-head. They press on, handing their rope-ends to the priests on the balcony, who, having gathered a handful, stick the ends in the fire. Then, because the tangled ropes to which each owner holds tenaciously cannot be disentangled, the priest dashes the burning ropes back upon them, giving them a baptism of fire not without its danger. At times it seems a baby riot may ensue, but, each having regained his rope, the group passes quickly on and another rushes to fill the vacancy. The priests give no impression of emotional interest nor of impatience. And thus the hundred thousand homes which make up the city of Kyoto are all afforded some sacred fire with which to start the first breakfast of the new year.

On the morning of the next day the usual visiting commences, most people having slept but two or three

hours. Here at the hotel I am invited to special breakfast, served with such a display of beautiful lacquer-ware as makes me feel these are indeed a wonderful people.

The New Year visits becoming a nuisance, many send cards by mail and others meet their friends at some public building to exchange greetings. But Kyoto's theater district is alive with traffic of all kinds. Every restaurant being closed, for the employees of the hotel have the day off, I go into a little Japanese noodle-shop. One of the helpers has raven-black hair hanging down to his shoulders. He's an attraction. A few guests arrive. One old woman enters in a fit of coughing and seats herself at the *hibachi*, smoking patiently till the bowl of rice is brought.

On the street I meet two foreigners from Kobe. They are stopping at the big hotel and have come down to buy a pack of playing-cards. Along the street they roughly inveigle a Japanese to lead them. In no other country would strangers submit to such impudence. In the store the woman asks two yen fifty a pack. Because one of them had paid a yen a pack in Kobe, he flies into a rage, rudely snatches the cards from her hands, flings the money down before her—and back they rush to the hotel. I wonder if that is what has spoiled the Japanese. And I'm ashamed of my own impatience with them. The ill-temper of the westerner is a sad commentary on our civilization.

Japanese, even when drunk, are not as ill-dispositioned as are we. Were Japan to become a prohibition country the world would lose one of the most interesting phases of pure impulse still left to it. Without *sake* there would be no flower-viewing in Japan, and without that all the cherry-trees and plum-trees would rot and die. Spring in Japan is the time of Omar. If ever a people flung its winter garment of repentance into the fire of spring, it was not the Persians; and indeed it is not to

be doubted—and I'm sure there will be many a Japanese to prove it—the whole spirit and philosophy of the Rubaiyat came to Khayyam from Japan. Why, is there not the very word *saki*—The Eternal *Saki*—there to challenge contradiction? One of the songs of the samurai was stolen from Japan by Omar and incorporated into his. Here it is:

Onaji shinu nara Sakura no shite, yoi, yoi—
Shiinda kabane ni, hana ga chiru, yoi, yoi, dekansho.

Which has various interpretations, one being that the samurai was so happy with life that he asks that it be like the cherry-blossom—burst into bloom and fall to the ground, all in the space of a few days.

In Maruyama Park in spring with its numerous cherry-trees—one over two hundred years old—the grounds are studded with open tea-houses. The usual mixture of unimpressive imagery and barter! But this park is not like most city parks. It seems to be the shaggy tail of the mountain drooping toward the city, and the lofty structures of the temples merge into it. In summer it loses its freshness, and, being grassless, seems bare and desolate. But after a rain the little streams wake up, the tiny bridges put out their chests with self-importance—and all poor man can do is wander about, gazing. That is, the silly foreigner, sedate and proper. What does he know of life? All he knows is to sit down in an easy-chair and enjoy Omar. Not so the Japanese. He lives it. He gazes, but through a film of forgetfulness. He becomes boisterous, but as a deer when the fire of spring wakes in its heart.

It may not be a fair assumption, but it seems to me that the reason all this boisterous celebration of spring in Japan has become common and vulgar is because the Japanese are taking to beer and whiskey. Go where you will, Kirin beeru and Asahi beeru and Sakura beeru

entice, with praise of themselves, the deluded Japanese. Yet the native never goes holidaying without his gallon *sake* bottles with him. He goes to the parks and he goes to his temple grounds—and all in the same mood and manner.

Kyoto without its temples and shrines would, of course, not be Kyoto. They must be considered apart from the outpourings which become the streams of religious emotion, and which are called *matsuri* (festivals). The temples and shrines are the spirit of these people in a state of inactivity. Yet, inactive only as the spirit of life, cramped and curtailed by the pressure of necessity. The flood of human emotion must gather before it can issue forth, and so month by month it accumulates for the great outpouring. Nowhere in the world does it do so as regularly as in Japan. In Europe and America pageantry is a thing of the past. Religion there has become so formal that it has lost its meaning. Going to church on Sunday is too frequent to become vital. It is a constant loss of emotional energy through leakage. It remained for the labor movement, for political impulse, to revive it. When the history of pageantry in America is written, it will begin with that of the Paterson (New Jersey) silk-strike sympathizers. In religious force there was nothing in America to compare with it. The labor parades lack unity, seem mere lip protests. But that pageant was the portrayal of emotional worth which suffering alone seems able to evoke in mankind.

In Japan, because the religions are not so cramping in their hold upon the emotions of the people, pageantry has not yet passed away. It is still vital with the people, and the outpouring might well be the envy of the West.

But before we can consider this phase of Japanese life attention must be given to the temples, which are the vessels or the fountain-heads for the springs from which it flows.

To attempt to do justice to all the shrines and temples of Kyoto would require a book in itself and several years of patient study. All that I can plead in justification of my touching upon some of them is that I have merely entered and listened and watched, stood with reverence and adoration, and now give expression only to that which issued freely. A western mind, unbiased by beliefs and preconceived notions, ought to be a good filter through which pure truth could pass. I do not claim to be better than others. I do not claim to have discovered any special truth in Buddhism or Shintoism, but I have allowed them to influence me as light or shadow affects a film. If in the coloring I have since added to the print I am not credited with being an artist, well, at least I shall have made a good record.

A massive two-storied gateway, disconnected but still part of the architectural scheme, stands at the head of a stone stairway with about a hundred-odd steps. There is no show of unusual sanctity about it. No steady flow inward or outward disturbs the spirit of the place. Those lingering seem to be part of it. So, too, the loiterers about the great wide space of the temple grounds. People seem to be afraid of showing their reverence too much. In order to enjoy the peace of mind the temples afford the weary, they come as though for an altogether different purpose. They do not care to pray too openly, lest their fellow-men see too clearly into their troubled conscience. It is not secretiveness, but just a desire to solve their own emotional problems without being meddled with. We of the West proverbialize against wearing our emotions on our sleeves, yet what does too much prayer come to but that? And often, indeed, in the dark shadows of a shrine where barely a candle flickers in the face of man stands a man or woman or girl—and prays.

Shoes must be removed before entering or even touch-

ing the great wooden steps of the temple. An old woman has a pair of cloth covers for the foreigner if he chooses. But the touch of one's stocking-feet upon the steps sends a slight thrill through one. As I stand upon the mats of that vast chamber of sanctity, barred from trespass into the greater half of it, as I lose myself in confused gazing at the numerous gilt hangings, wooden and gilt columns, altars beset with brass furnishings—as I stand there trying to grasp some meaning and listen with pained sympathy to the regular, melancholy droning and drumming of the priest—my heart reveres, though my mind rebels. With what unwavering regularity sound the strokes on that wooden drum, and with what sorrowful concord he chants his meaningful hymn! Why so sad?

Why has man come into the world for so much sorrow? Why should he give himself to such lamentation, resign the grace, the freedom of motion and of action, and rivet himself to such rigid formalism? Man was not made to root, but to wander, to seek, to instil. It seems to me that any religion, however much accepted by humanity, is a denial of the principle of life and growth if it bids even one man to shut himself away from the cleansing process of motion, of wavering in thought and action, and confines him to such a state of immobility. The cramping of the body and the regular drumming were painful to look upon. How can a man feel his spirit free through such checking of his physical impulses?

A family is let into the inclosure. A young priest comes forward and in the most profound and authoritative manner conducts the special service. It is impressive, even though the gongs and drums and bells tend to dispel not only evil thoughts, but the attentive and worshipful ones, too. Yet the sincerity of the worshipers is undeniably evident.

The religious practices of Japan cannot be said to be

individualistic, for the people generally cluster in family groups. But the forms differ distinctly from Occidental worship in this very elasticity. In the West, going to church on Sundays or holidays is a mass movement. You feel the solidity of conscience, a binding of the whole into an impenetrable mass. That is its strength and its weakness, for one knows only too well what hypocrisy obtains often in the severest profession of religious faith. The devotee in the East, however, on the surface of things, is the loosest co-devotee of his neighbor to be found anywhere. You frequent temple after temple, and at all hours of the day you will find visitors. They come and go at will and there seems nothing to hold them together. They usually pray on the outside if it is at a Shinto shrine; or, even if upon the mats of the great Buddhist temples, there is a perpetual flow of worshipers, a movement of individuals (usually in groups) which seems to lack cohesion. That is the strength and weakness of Buddhism. But it seems that in this it is stronger than other religions, because more elastic. It is like the waters of the world, which may be parted, broken into, or undergo evaporation, still they will some day reunite. Perhaps it is even like quicksilver, which draws its separated particles together.

Numerous are the temples which guard the precincts of classic Japan. Chion-in and Kyo-mizu-dera (Clear Water Temple) stand as the gateway to the rising sun; Nishi- and Higashi-Hongwanji face the road to commercial and modern Japan; Kinkakuji and Ginkakuji (Gold and Silver Pavilions) at the northeast and southeast corners in the direction of the continental sources of Japanese civilization. Yet numerous and elaborate as the temples are, one soon wearies of wandering from one to the other, feeling content to inhale the spirit of Kyoto which ever and ever exhales the glory of their artistry.

One marvels at the artistic genius of this people. From what source did they draw such inspiration? Though all are more or less alike, still each temple is unique and has a distinction which sets it out from the rest. Chion-in is massive simplicity; Kyo-mizu-dera is rich in a most virile use of mountain landscape; the Hongwanji temples are the acme of material luxury; while the Golden Pavilion, built as a temple of personal joy, is the consummation of wealthy simplicity. To attempt to make special reference to all the lesser edifices would be to imitate a guide-book; but one can go from one to the other and still find something to admire, something to marvel at. The unassuming structure harboring the San-ju-san-gen-do, or the temple containing 33,333 images of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, almost electrifies you with amazement. It reminds you of the theosophist who said that he often sets his mind on one point, thinks of that and that only without reasoning, without variation, until it sometimes seems to him he will go mad with concentration. Such is the wonder of this hall of images. All in gilt, all with a thousand hands, all with the same position and the same expression —one simply clutches at his reason when contemplating them. In the darkened chamber into which they recede, as it were, stars into the universe, they give the impression of infinity made finite as nothing else in art has ever done. And yet when examined closely one finds that individuality even here has found expression; that, whether flawed or faultless, each bears to the other a relative value—and that setting standards and conceptions of perfection or imperfection is the greatest of human errors. While in the rear sits a wood-carver deftly making new hands—soft, delicate, and human—for this undying goddess who seems to be wearing them out in trying to teach mankind to be merciful.

Kyo-mizu-dera may be reached from two different

directions. Inasmuch as most of us must again return to the humdrum trivialities of life, no matter to what attractive spots we may venture, the ideal way is to leave the world by the path behind the Miyako Hotel and lose one's way along the numerous paths which insinuate themselves into the heart of the hills. If you lose your way completely, what matter? You are within a lovely retreat, and there will be none to disturb the solitary peace so easily won. But instinct will lead you in the right direction. Presently, quite unexpectedly, you are tracing the bed of a stream and overlooking a deep little valley beset with temples, pagodas, and tea-houses. It is Kyo-mizu-dera. As you stand at the head of a steep set of stone steps, you look down upon one of the prettiest and yet one of the most pathetic pictures to be seen in Japan. The temple proper stands with only one side of the foundation touching the mountain, the rest being supported by innumerable pillars. Immediately beneath you, at the foot of the steps, is a square, concrete pool with three pairs of stones for the feet of penitents. Here, before a shrine set into the ravine, men and women who think they have committed sins, but could not say what sin is, come to be absolved. How any one who thus confesses he does not know how to live properly can be expected to understand the nature of transgression is a problem which does not affect the picture. Here at all times of the year men and women will come after removing their clothes in a little shed and donning a white cotton kimono, and stand for stated lengths of time with the tiny little stream of water from above dropping down on their backs. In summer the gods are cheated of their allotment of suffering mortality, and a ban should be placed upon this form of absolution. It is tempting man to commit sin in order to be justified in refreshing one's body in streams such as this.

But while the Japanese is or are doing penance, little

sparrows are quarreling for the possession of eminent domain on the shrine recess above them. The wooden god glares in frozen impotence, while all the sacred mirror can do is to mar the reflection out of all definition. The goddess at the right has placed her hands together in surprised prayer; the fierce prototype of power at her left has his right hand under his left shoulder, gripping a long spear, while his face is the image of scorn and indignation. And the birds quarrel and peck away at the bread set before these dyspeptic divines. They chirp and flit about, perch upon the floral and evergreen tributes, or on the candlesticks and glass candle-cases. And the penitent pilgrim mocks the whole procedure by enjoying overmuch the cool, refreshing shower, eager to prolong rather than to shorten the period of his "ordeal."

Kyo-mizu is the protector of a marvelous image of the thousand-handed goddess of Mercy, Kwannon, but out of mercy she is protected from idle gazing by being shown but once in thirty-three years. That is perhaps why she is so merciful.

One loses one's antipathy toward the selfishness of wealth in the East and the West after a visit to the great Hongwanji temples. That so much of the best that man can do is placed at the disposal of come who will seems to me the most exalted form of democracy. Yet they are not museums. They have their purpose and fulfil it. Some day all that is worth while in life will be so arranged. The exclusiveness of private possession is the limitation of art and a restriction on inspiration.

However much one of the West may not quite appreciate the details which enter into the making of these two vast storehouses of Japanese art, they leave one in studied reflection. One is relieved when the priest-attendant comes from behind the altar and quietly, one by one, draws the gilded paper doors across these virtues. Deep within the shadowed recesses the mystic symbols

IN SUMMER THE GODS ARE CHEATED OF THEIR ALLOTMENT OF SUFFERING MORTALITY

THE LIFE OF THE NOMAD PRIEST IS NOT MERE HISTORICAL CONSCIOUSNESS, BUT STERN REALITY

patiently await the coming of a great revealer. One by one they have sought to appease the hungry insatiety of man, and one by one have failed. Massed and marshaled they stand as the great conviction, only one sees how far from the mark both the spiritual and the scientific so very often hit. The scientist makes experiment after experiment, and then discovers exactly what he had not been looking for; and the artist and the individual devotee accumulate symbols and signs, and when you put them all together you have modeled a vast machine for the control of man—but not for his perfection. No system of religion ever really wants to make man perfect, for then it will have become obsolete. That is why religious wars occur, because, after having raised mankind to the level of its ideal, the organization refuses to step aside. The massive beauty of the temple seems to contradict its secret essence. That it has architectural, human significance in itself is obvious. But at every turn one is conscious of a telling presence which denies the outer forms. In churches, especially Catholic, the edifice does not simply symbolize the spiritual; it is actually meant to be that. The various artifices do not so much lead to the conceptions of divinity to be worshiped, but are in themselves considered divine. It is the house of the Lord and every bit of furniture is by that much the Lord Himself. But with these temples, the apparent absence of physical unity annihilates that continuity of purpose which leads to the ever-recurring spark of Buddhist power. It has the essence of wind and fire in its make-up rather than bodily unity.

The tremendous wooden pillars, which seem to have been loved into soft smoothness, is the surface rotundity, the hundreds of soft, oblong mats which fit so snugly into one another, the rich gilt and painted carvings held together with that impulsive outward pressing force

which is the law of universal matter—everything seems to spread and burst outward, rather than inward, as in western cathedrals. The oratory is oblong, but faces the altar which is on the longer side, not on the narrower, as in churches. The altar is the full length of the oratory. Thus the effect created is that of each individual facing something directly in front of him, rather than all facing a single point. The religious consequence must therefore be more individualistic; each man to his own god or his own devil; each facing his own problems. Still Buddhism has not lost its unity. There are no more sects within the Buddhist fold than there are within the Christian circle, and it seems that the former tends toward greater inclusiveness and the latter toward exclusion. Buddhism has here in Japan alone completely absorbed a people whose indigenous beliefs were directly and concretely more opposed to it than is Christianity—that is, Shintoism. And Shintoism is the essence of centralization, of unification round a single entity, a single personality. The great unifier of Japanese Buddhism was the saint Kobo Daishi.

Of the other works of art which fill these gorgeous structures to their tiles little need here be said. The screens are exquisite. But all are the work of men. What of the women? In literary art, Kyoto's women stood at the head of all the Orient. The Fielding of Japan was a woman. But the heyday of feminism passed with the coming of Chinese Buddhism. Since, its suppression has been complete. Their greatest contribution was their long black tresses. On the outside of the Higashi-Hongwanji, along an open corridor, leading from wing to wing, lies a coil of dark rope, like a giant beehive about four feet high. That was the gift of women to the construction of the temple—the hair of which the Japanese woman is so justly proud.

Cut off from the clean section of Kyoto by the rough

intrusion of the train into modern Japan stands a temple which no one would think of visiting these days—it looks so shabby. On the 21st of each month a festival which is more like a fair takes place in honor of the great saint, Kobo Daishi. It is quite unusual in its setting, however. Tall pines grace the yard. Hundreds of people course in and out, buying things from the venders who have spread their wares on the ground. Many of them are asleep. The sun is sultry, casting over people and things a spell of Oriental drowsiness. Some, however, are quite awake, attracting large crowds. A man sells a new concoction which he elaborately details with a torrent of explanation. A pan is full of ice-shavings. He pours a thin stream of condensed milk slowly over it, then a little flavoring, syrup, eggs, and two or three other liquids—and, lo and behold! a drink fit for monarch or Tenno. The glassfuls pass out and the coins which come in litter the table. A big, fat man under an umbrella buys a drink—two, three—served him over the heads of a dozen in front of him, (he must be a *narikin*). One smiles, hesitates, but also takes a glass; a girl, fat and short, with perspiration like a rash upon her sore, overheated face, looks on sadly. What wouldn't she give for a glassful! Old women, faint with heat, stand beneath their umbrellas. At another stand, a trick-maker with a blind eye and dislocated jaw, a many-colored divided skirt, passes up and down, displaying his skill. At another place, under the square cloth cover, open on one side, a woman calls out for the interested to listen. For two sen, which you pay on leaving, not on entering, you see a man with arms and legs atrophied, or shriveled, by infantile paralysis, drawing little meaningless pictures with a *fude* (brush) manipulated with his head and mouth. And thirty little children stand and stare! All round the temple grounds the most discarded, useless things are on display—*tabi* (stocking-shoes) stitched and

darned after having been thrown away, lie for sale. When you know that a new pair would cost but twenty sen, the poverty of the country is told at a glance. And within the temples priests are praying, musicians playing the fifes (like Scotch bagpipes); people sit about indifferently; others pray at the entrance and throw in their coppers. And all this in a temple erected by or under the spiritual or physical supervision of Kobo Daishi. How childish he would feel were he to visit the place to-day!

Nor would he be alone in this. At the opposite end of Kyoto, also in isolation, stands another temple known in the world as the Golden Pavilion. This section is perhaps the loveliest in and about Kyoto, wooded profusely, with a creek running along a sunken ravine set with a forest of bamboos. Kinkakuji itself has a most ideal situation against a little hill. Its garden is as fine a piece of artistic arrangement of vast possibilities in miniature as could be imagined, and the pavilion on the shore of the lake is ideally placed. Nothing is out of proportion. Stones, trees, islands, a lake—all are small and pretty, yet give in perspective an impression of largeness in reality. One partly shuts one's eyes and sees immediately a real lake with islands, instead of a small pond. And the pavilion stands on the shore, in a sense the only thing somewhat out of proportion. For it becomes a monstrous building when seen at a distance, though on the spot it is fitted to its environment.

Thought of in its historical setting, it again looms up as a monstrous project. There is so much of this sort of thing in Japan. Everywhere else art and architecture are the materialization of mass ambition. A cathedral is the ideal of an age, of generations; and so, too, are the temples of Japan. But these private enterprises, these self-raised mausoleums, teach so much of the egoism of individuals one cannot fully enjoy their

intrinsic value. Clever and powerful as was the shogun Ashikaga Yoshimitsu, his short-sightedness in this elaborate display of power portrays his weakness. And every Japanese will agree and join in anything of condemnation I might say of him, for he is the one man in the country who ever paid tribute to a foreign state. It was he who reversed the Nipponese attitude toward Korea and for ever disgraced himself with his countrymen. And this fact, this imperialistic egoism, is recognized in the fact that his golden pavilion, which he built for his personal pleasure and which he plastered with gold-leaf, has been turned over to the Zen sect as a temple. In this building, now five hundred years old, he bargained with art, as in politics he bargained with a foreign nation. It is this essential weakness which creeps into the actions of all men who obtain power, the full usefulness of which they do not understand or which the jealousy of others does not permit them to make full use of.

To-day the Golden Pavilion is a retreat from the very influences which made for its creation. And the way thither leads through poverty, scattered industry, the clatter of shuttles from the latticed chambers of the silk-weavers—and an ungilded humanity which lives on these small glories of power wrested from its very self.

"Across the way," at the northern corner of Kyoto, stands the Ginkakuji, or the Silver Pavilion, a modest imitation of the same thing. Between is the Mikado's former palace—a model of simplicity and austere reserve. Much as our friends, the Japanese, would have us believe that this imperial modesty was voluntary, history sadly disproves it. For these very pavilions were the upper and the nether millstones between which the poor, distraught Emperor was crushed into submission to the will of the usurper-general. For the peace and happiness of

Japan it is to be hoped that this stupid craving after military power is near an end.

Immediately behind this silver and gold decadence stands Hiei-san, as rich, as lofty, as green as in the days of this hectic past. Within his altitudinous precincts are but a few ghostlike remnants of the glory it once possessed. Buddhist priests, teaching mankind, forgot to practise, and, understanding life, forgot to live it according to that understanding. They sought to step where Ashikagas feared to tread and found themselves before Nobunaga, the exterminator. Periodically they swooped down upon Kyoto, leaving havoc and misery behind them. And Nobunaga taught the Buddhists to know their place, and they haven't forgiven him yet. I wonder what secret prayers the bonzes even this day utter for the torture of his soul. But to-day Hiei-san is quiet. The clash of arms can be heard no more; barely a sound of even Buddhist resignation rises. So tame has the world become that even foreign missionaries have been making the peak their camping-ground these forty years.

In the eyes of the unconverted natives how crude, cold, and unbeautiful must seem the Christian churches —they who have never seen a great cathedral. Yet with mere shacks the missionaries think to supplant Buddhism. This struck me so forcefully when on Hiei-san. For forty years missionaries have been camping on this mountain regularly during the summer months, yet not a permanent structure with even the vaguest suggestion of beauty is to be found there. Just wooden floors and wooden roofs, single boards raised to protect tents and tent-flaps. Everything in the cheapest, most dilapidated condition. How it must make the pilgrims who come to visit the old temples scoff. How offensive it must be in the eyes of the form-loving Japanese. All they have is a little

"meeting-house" which looks worse than an open country moving-picture stable, having the virtue neither of complete openness nor of inclosure.

In contrast to this ungainliness is the beauty in age of the numerous temples which stud the mountain fastnesses. Broad stone steps, though adding nothing to the beauty of the place, are to the region what generations are to tradition.

Crossing the mountain and descending, on the Lake Biwa side, through thickly wooded slopes of pines and cryptomerias and the most self-effacing bamboo, we come to where Biwa (Omi-ko) lies stretching northward. It is completely surrounded by irregular mountains. It is one of those places which was born great and did not have greatness thrust upon it. It is the Lake George of Japan, but infinitely more delicate, even as the former is infinitely more vigorous and verdant. It is somewhere between Lake Como and George, only the muddy marshes along the northwest shore recall one to the memory of its alleged origin. Once Fuji erupted, and Omi was born. This is a negative sort of an explanation and ill becomes the beauty of the water. He who would gaze long enough across Lake Biwa would, I am sure, be inspired with more purposeful romancing. And to me, one night, resting on its shore at the village of Otsu, it became the prospect of a greater assurance. Deep within the darkness which lay above it shone the lights of swerving sampans. My days along the edge of Lake George came back to me with saddening realism. But that night a hope hung between life and death. And Omi-ko said, "Life."

Here at Otsu is one of the loveliest temples in all Japan—Mii-dera. It has much of the real quality of Nikko without the latter's lavish tidiness, and the charm of Ohara without its neglect. Cryptomerias and maples grove the temple grounds and are walled in by broad

avenues of moss-covered stones, and bridged with just such a curved stone bridge as is universally associated with Japan. One is quite bewildered by the profusion of vistas and retreats which here go a-begging. Yet what peace and tranquillity! It is somewhat of a "Jean Christophe" of a temple: not too far away from life, yet not disturbed by its changing fruitlessness.

Here at Mii-dera, far away at a somewhat inaccessible distance, is the head priest's private residence. Beside it is a small graveyard. And here lie the remains of Ernest Fenollosa, the American patron of Japanese art. The tombstone is of a simple Buddhist type, inscribed in Chinese characters with the names of four American friends, one of whom is Arthur Wesley Dow, the American painter. The tomb is like that over Hideyoshi's grave—the cube (earth) under the sphere (water) over which is the pagoda-roofed symbol for fire, a spheroid for air, topped by another with a point to it for ether. Here at Homyo-in the priest received me, pleased to have a foreigner witness the respect and reverence with which Fenollosa is regarded. Every autumn when the maple-leaves have reached their greatest splendor, the priest holds a service at his grave. Reiyen Naobayashi, the old priest, promised to let me know what day would that fall be chosen. He did, but to the effect that that year (1918) no service would be held, on account of the influenza epidemic then raging. The head priest is a quiet, worldly sort of person, who shuts his eyes as though at prayer every time he speaks to you. But he was not so Buddhified that he did not show some irritation when a boy did not bring and handle the painted *karakami* as quickly as he wanted him to. The temple possesses some excellent works of art, among them being paintings of the great Japanese woman novelist, Murasaki Shikibu.

A few miles away from Otsu in the other direction,

yet still on the shores of Lake Biwa, stands Ishiyama-dera, a very ancient temple to which this selfsame Murasaki Shikibu is said to have retired for a fortnight during which she wrote the *Genji Monogatori*, one of the greatest Japanese classics.

But Ishiyama has a glory all its own. Hidden at the mouth of the Setagawa, which flows out of Lake Biwa, it is a secret to be discovered only in the blaze of autumn. Were there not "Eight Beauties of Omi" in and about Lake Biwa, but Ishiyama alone, fame could not have found a place more worthy. I have not seen it by moonlight, as devotees urge. It was enough to see it at sunset in autumn, swathed in delicate tints. One loses the sense of either the passing or coming of the year. The short avenue which you approach leads to a simple old temple-gate, arched with maple-trees whose tender leaves were dipped in tender hues. One is shy of words. A wrong word might shake these floating leaves. The very use of the world "cold" might add that little chill which will ripen the leaves for their graves. I mistrust the word "wind," lest that disturbing sound drive them "like ghosts before an enchanter fleeing."

Black rocks stand in patient usefulness—few and clannish. Here there are three structures—a temple on a small ledge to the left, a bell-tower on the ledge to the right specked with sunset-amber and maple shadows, and a third in the portion rising toward the summit. That is the main temple, sealed, and concealing "the real object of worship—a small image six inches in height." But one would hardly know that from the way in which the sunlight dances on the outer walls. This solar familiarity banishes all thought of worship of the superstition within, but leaves you worshiping none the less, leaves you, a small image not six feet yourself, insignificant in the presence of such natural caprice. And you then look up into an incomparable bower of maple.

One feels the hand of a woman in all this. For while Hideyoshi was making the Empire of Japan with firmness, there was one beside him dreaming. And when she became his widow and was released from being a delicacy against a drastic background, she, Yodogimi, took to making on her own account. And she remade Ishiyama.

Arashiyama is at the opposite corner of the district. In spring and autumn it is the attraction of Japan—its maple-leaves and cherry-blossoms alternating and vying with each other in the crowds they draw. The rapids of the Hozugawa, but a few miles up so noisy with self-importance and so treacherous, are at Arashiyama placid and exhausted, and follow the course laid out for them as though it didn't matter any more.

The humanity which pretends to revel in these beauties is just the same. Without organization, without enforced unity, man makes a mess of things. In freedom he does not seem to know how to be humanity. I have yet to see a picnic or an outing in which there is any artistic impulse. This is true of Japan no less than of any other country. The Japanese have no stronger racial genius than have we. Left to themselves their "art" takes the form of wild shrieking, haphazard dancing, and good-natured drunkenness. This is interesting, but only as the rapids are—for a moment. When Japanese dance they become very primitive and remind one of the Maories. But they know no more what it is to be really free and unrestrained, have no greater appreciation of wild nature, than any of us. To come out into the open to them as to us is merely to shout, to scrap, to eat, and to get drunk. So we will return to Kyoto and see what the more constrained, more formed and organized of its people think and do.

XVII

GION MATSURI PAGEANT

THE complaint of the rationalist against the disappearance of the old forms of life is not an undervaluation of the ever-arising new. He who lives at the transition stage watches with regret the gradual weakening of the old and cannot as yet see the slowly accumulating wonder of the new. That is why one hears so much about the fast-disappearing Old Japan. Those, however, who have given sympathetic attention to the real Japan may, no matter how much they disparage the new, have unlimited faith in its renaissance.

To see how quickly the Old Japan is degenerating one must attend one of the great festivals. None is more impressive than that of the largest Shinto shrine in Kyoto known as the *Gion Matsuri.* It begins on the 17th of July and ends on the 24th. Materially, nothing shows how incompatible the past and present are, for in order to allow the great *hoko* and *yama* (ponderous chariots) to pass through the street the electric trolley wires must be cut. Twenty or forty men pull the massive carts by long two-inch ropes. The wheels are seven feet in diameter, with bodies fully ten feet high; *hoko* or halberds are gracefully mounted on the temple-shaped roofs. The bodies of these cars are hung with embroideries and tapestries some of them of the most artistic and exquisite workmanship. On others, how-

ever, cheap foreign rugs have taken the place of native hangings. The old and the new, the false and the true, overlap in this day of uncertain inclinations.

Within the cars and on the driver seats are numbers of men and boys, some chanting and ringing harsh bells. The men in the front dance fantastic fan-dances.

There are twenty-two *yama* listed, and five *hoko*, but in these days the entire number is not drawn. The procession lasts three hours and takes a special route across the city. It is said to have originated back in 876 when a great plague swept over Kyoto, and priests sought to propitiate the gods by this means.

In the midst of the rush for modernism which has swept over Japan this persistence of an ancient form is admirable. Men know that the doctor expels plague better than these symbols; men see the introduction of new hangings, and watch paid coolies pulling these cars instead of zealous worshipers. The crowds gather by the thousands. Nothing in their behavior would indicate that a procession or a fire-drill had been arranged. Emotionally, things fall flat, but pictorially they are superb.

Though the 17th is the more spectacular day of the festival, it is not the most impressive. The people are merely spectators. On the eve of the festival all Kyoto is in the process of preparation. Great lanterns are hung in front of each house. The front room, generally the store, is thrown wide open and every possible vestige of trade is removed, except where poverty obtains. In place of trinkets, trash, and necessaries, which always litter the business world, screens of the finest quality and art are placed along the walls. It was certainly one of the most wonderful experiences in my life. Upon the streets strolled these clean Japanese in their summer kimonos, the essence of good cheer and satisfaction.

The social spirit is delightful. Everybody's home is

opened to all who care to look. Phonographs screech their canned music out into the dull-lighted night, men squat before their heavy Go (checkers) blocks, tables, and chess—a more sober, happy spirit of ease and content not to be found anywhere. As a touch of modernism, manufactured rugs lay over the soft straw-stuffed mats. At one place half a dozen little girls from six to eight years of age romped about. Their laughter and ease were infectious. They played a game of hide-and-seek, appearing and disappearing within the folds of the screens. Their gorgeously colored kimonos accentuated their physical differences from foreign children, helping to make them appear more fairy than real. A crowd of us stood watching them, but they were utterly unconscious of us. All the while at least twenty men sat upon the mats, playing such games as with us demand a room absolutely silent. Yet they were not at all disturbed by the childish laughter. Women, however, were not seen much, even on such an occasion retreating from the public gaze.

Wandering along one street, I took note of the subjects painted on the screens, to see what interests these people most. One screen represented the sixteen disciples of Buddha, each obtaining immortality by some special use of a living creature—bird, ox, turtle, horse, dragon, etc. One disciple was astride a frog, another, a flying bull, a third, a giraffe, tiger, heron, sheep, book, dove—in order. There were three screens illustrating fighting samurai, one each of an architectural nature, horse-racing, the No, children; two screens of wise men; two comic, cubistic; two religious; five of courtiers in procession; nine plain gold screens; twenty of fish and lions and other animals; and thirty-five of nature (clouds, plant life, etc.). It will thus be seen that nature and animals appeal to the Japanese most. I noticed that wherever a screen was painted after the

modern style in oils the expressions on the faces of subjects, if women, were invariably sad, dissatisfied, longing —as our women are always represented. This is certainly more foreign to the Japanese woman's face than is even the artist's technique, and shows the tendency to be imitative.

At certain corners or stations stood the sacred cars, all overhung with Japanese lanterns. Planks had been thrown across from the tops of the cars to the houses in which the treasures were temporarily stored.

The screens are heirlooms and are known to belong to the families displaying them. Should one fail to exhibit any of them it would indicate stress of circumstances, loss of wealth and prestige. The clan spirit is so strong that if one man is in need in one district, the rest will come to his assistance, and it is next to impossible for an outsider, even at this late date, to purchase property in a new district. Consequently Kyoto is very much scattered. Take Nishimura's silk-store—the largest in the city. It is on a little side-street in anything but a favorable business block. But the family has lived there for generations; so they cannot or do not care to go elsewhere. And foreigners are told to go there to witness the procession of the 24th, for in front of this store the palanquin-bearers go through special ceremonies. Each district has its car and districts vie with each other in elaborateness.

The replacing of the sacred palanquins in their shrines on the night of the 24th is a charming sight, full of voluptuous spirit as well as esoteric meaning. Forty or fifty youths prance backward and forward, raising the ponderous gilt-and-lacquer car high over their heads and lowering it to their shoulders, calling aloud, "Ya so, yo so, ya so," etc., in most primitive fashion. They sway and swing the burden (which is indeed heavy) and act as though the spirit were willing, but the body reluc-

tant to advance, and when they reach the bridge they swing round and go back again.

The effect is hypnotic. One sways with them as though actually carrying their burden. It is like being on a rough sea, only what one is forced to give up here is his unbalanced self-restraint. Yet the mass of Japanese stands by, staring—unaffected outsiders.

The climax in Japanese art is reached in these great festivals. They seem to be the fountain-head of Oriental artistic impulse. From the clear, restrained impulsiveness which makes Japanese brush-works so vigorous and so wonderful to the temples which contain them is a gradual ascent which finally culminates in these popular pageants.

XVIII

MEDIEVAL JAPAN—TOKYO

CHOSE to head this chapter "Medieval Japan" because Tokyo (or Yedo, as it was called) came into existence with the dropping of the curtain over Japan's world destiny. It was the Taiko Hideyoshi who suggested the place as a fit one for his right-hand general, Ieyasu, and all Ieyasu could do was to accept it. And in a trice, over three hundred years ago, out of a desolate waste he made a city.

Tokyo is in such a formative state as yet as to appear scattered. You have to travel long distances in small, dirty, crowded, creeping tramcars, cars so small that a passenger standing behind a motorman prevents him from using the antiquated hand-brake discarded in New York ten years ago. But her railroad station is modern in every way, adjoins an excellent hotel, and seems ultra-American in its details.

Kobe is impossible on a rainy day, but it is not the peer of Tokyo in that respect. I had come to Tokyo specially to see the cherry-blossoms, but Miss Cherry Blossom doesn't show herself to advantage when it rains. Her stems are not the most attractive part of her anatomy, nor do they look well bespattered with mud. She does not, on that account, disdain to show them. Shades of Anthony Comstock! If he wants to see maidenly, manly, matronly, and muddy legs bare up to the knees, let him visit Tokyo on a rainy holiday. Legs

THE PAST AND PRESENT ARE INCOMPATIBLE: NOW, WHEN THESE PLAGUE-EXPULSION CHARIOTS PASS, THE TROLLEY WIRES MUST BE CUT

FORTY MEN PULL THESE MASSIVE CARTS BY TWO-INCH ROPES ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET LONG

ESCORTS, PULLERS, DRIVERS, CHANTING AND RINGING HARSH BELLS, DANCE FANTASTIC FAN-DANCES

of all kinds, some pretty solid and some pretty wobbly, but nevertheless legs, human legs, and no Boston authorities to prohibit their immodest procession and promiscuous mingling in public. If I am unable to find my way over these notes on Tokyo it will be that I couldn't see the population for its legs. Not that they attracted me so much, for they are not over-shapely, but they were in the way. I had to move along most cautiously, determined to carry away as little of the slush as possible, and there were all these legs not only blocking the way, but leaving no footprints, either—only marks like the perforations in a roll of music for a piano-player.

What an unsanitary state of affairs! With a moat and walls round an imperial palace large enough and extensive enough to have paved half of the city, I saw not a paved street in the capital.

The 15th of April is a holiday for the celebration of the cherry-blossoms. Nay, welcoming and bidding farewell at the same time. Yesterday they were still blazing forth; to-morrow, nay, even now, they are falling to the ground. Ten days later they will have passed away with the thousands of others celebrated through the centuries.

It was a dull day, but the sun, though dazed, found joyous reflection on the light-pink blossoms. The ground was already strewn with them. It strained my eyes. It seemed like an artificial snow scene, a winter from which all the sting of cold had been removed.

And how do the Japanese celebrate? In undefined desire. Crowds, but not just plain crowds. Most of them in crazy costumes and with funny faces. Some went so far in their enthusiasm as to clip designs in their hair—stars, rhomboids, squares, standing out black against a bare scalp. Procession after procession of large, capacious boats pushed by *sendo* with long bamboo

poles were littered with noisy, gluttonous human beings. Some of them, spurred on by the *sake*, went into calisthenic paroxysms simulating savage dances. One was prostrate on his back. One old man became unmentionably vulgar before his women companions. And thousands of others looked on from the shore and the bridges. Noise of drums, singing in hoarse, discordant songs, confusion of color, dirty in appearance—that is what celebrating in Japan comes to when it isn't ceremonialized. I dare say it is good for man to relieve himself if this sort of thing is what is in him.

In contrast stood the imperial palace, presenting a scene as wonderfully opposite to that as anything this world can possibly afford. It had begun to rain. A hundred-and-fifty-foot moat separates the Emperor's world from ours; a wall of stone about thirty feet thick and twenty high above it barricades him against us. His world is all fixed and certain; ours, what we can make of it. To us who have not, the advantages from the achievement in one lifetime of such power and exclusion are enlarged to unimaginable proportions; to him, never having known other or lesser degrees, his lot may seem poor indeed. I wonder whom he envies now in the year 1919, with the Czar and the Kaiser to reflect upon.

There are degrees of difference. When I approached the immobile figure of the policeman at the crossroads, caped and hooded from the wind and rain, and looked into his deep, sullen, suspicious eyes, I felt myself a king in freedom and wondered whether that lonely statue-like slave didn't envy me as much as he envied his Tenno.

The inclined road reaches the ramparts of another moat which runs between two similarly constructed stone walls, the inner one of which harbors the imperial palace. Two simple bridges span it. Guards stand in

rigid attention. I stepped upon the stone wall and rested on the iron railing, but was instantly ordered off by a guard. My profane hands were not even to touch the imperial railing. What about the ground beneath my feet? Then there was nothing to do but to gaze across the yawning moat.

Strange thoughts came to me. Love of the peace, the quiet, and the beauty of the place beyond made me approve of it. A feeling of actual foreignness came into me such as had never disturbed me before—a foreignness which is not natural but forced, which even the wondering subjects, gazing wide-eyed at their Tenno's dwelling-place, must experience. And they were his.

Great silence brooded over all. I hoped some formality would swing wide those broad gates and let forth the Emperor on some affair of state. Nothing but some law or order could have accomplished so great a thing. Emperors and peers do not act haphazardly any more than do volcanoes. Geysers may be soaped into action, but not volcanoes and emperors. But no life showed itself from within. Even the trees maintained a marked decorum and stateliness in pose.

But the serenity was not to endure unbroken. The next year a ripple in the moats was felt and a tremor shook the palace.

We were at dinner at the Imperial Hotel when a gentleman came past and told us we were missing the excitement outside. It was the 14th of August, 1918, and the rice riots, which swept over the country a few days previously, had set in a second time—or had not been suppressed. In front of the hotel hundreds of sullen, voiceless hangers-on had gathered. The hotel employees warned us not to go out, but we made our way to the gate. I ventured into the crowds alone, and was scrutinized sullenly, though nothing happened. Under the arch of the railway bridge many other Jap-

anese hung about, while before the bridge, leading to the Ginza, stood a cordon of white-suited policemen. They would not let me pass, though their attitude was most friendly, and they answered my questions politely and sympathetically. A little later a number of windows near the hotel were smashed. The rioters had moved out of this district, the police permitted us to go through, and we wandered along the darkened Ginza—all wooden shutters having been put on.

We turned in the direction of Hibiya Park. Just as we arrived at the corner, a dozen motor-cars full of policemen in their white uniforms tore past us at great speed. We made our way into the park and seated ourselves on a knoll above the lake, with the imperial palace beyond. From this place we could also see over into the street. Crowds were rushing hither and thither, shouting—and there were the hangers-on, silent and sullen. Suddenly the sound of the bugle came from the direction of the palace, followed by the tread of soldiers; then a lull. The cries of the crowd rose again in an inconsequential protest, and then all was quiet. We attempted to return to the hotel, which stands right in line with the park entrance. The policemen permitted us to go, but stopped the Japanese. They made one exception—doubtless a detective, for he was tall, slightly foreign in manner, and seemed to hang on our trail. On several occasions I noticed we were being watched. When we came up to where the soldiers stood they refused to let us pass, notwithstanding that I explained that we were going to the Imperial Hotel, half a block away. We had to turn and pass for three blocks through the surging multitude.

It was an impressive scene. The Japanese policemen were excited, but each carried the tamest of objects imaginable—a paper lantern. There was nothing tame about the atmosphere, however. It was electric enough

and had none of the ordinary aspects of a food riot. It was tinged with political significance, which will be touched upon in a succeeding chapter.

Tokyo did not suffer so severely from the riots as did Kobe, Kyoto, and Nagoya. Tokyo, with all its fame, is another of the mistakes of medieval Japan. The time may yet come—though I have never heard it even hinted at and the railroads make it seem improbable—for Kyoto to come into its own again. Kyoto lies nearer the important center of industrial Japan. Tokyo will eventually be off the "macadamized roads" of the coming Japan.

The last time I was in Tokyo it was also raining. Going to one foreign hotel near the Ueno Station advertised in the guide-book, I found it closed, and, the prospect of the next being no more assuring, I accepted the advice of the rickshaw-man and had myself pulled to the Yamashiro-ya Hotel. It faces the Ueno Station, a foreign brick three-story building recently erected. The clerk told me there was no room, but when I assured him I would put up with a Japanese room, he assented. Immediately a girl came along and took my suitcases. When I took them away from her she said in Japanese, "*Seiyojin taihen shinsetsu*" ("Foreigners are very kind-hearted"). Which shows that, though Japanese women put up with the imposition of their selfish males, they do so not without being conscious of the better treatment accorded their western sisters.

I was taken to the top story and given a corner room, neat, costly-looking, modern, but Japanese in every detail. And here it struck me that this is the secret of all westernization of the Orient. Though it was an extremely up-to-date building, still in all essentials it was as inconvenient as one in the olden days. When I asked for a bath I was led down the three sets of stairs to the cellar where were the communal bath and lava-

tories. Imagine having to go three stories to wash yourself and washing in common with all the other strangers in the hotel. It struck me that socially the Japanese hotel is a negative affair. Washing, gargling, and clearing of throats are done in common, but eating and every other function by us regarded as social is done in private. Of course, eating should not be a social affair, either, for that matter, but the contrast is interesting. When I was ushered into the bath by the maid she called aloud into the room with the pool that a guest had come, and forthwith a tiny little woman came out with a towel in her hand—and not a stitch of clothes about her. Nudity has its attractions when slightly concealed, but when no secrecy obtains it has the opposite effect. She was small, she was brown. But she hadn't even a blush on her face. Why should she? None of the people she cares anything about considers it wrong! I made my way into the bath. Two men were there, but left shortly. I wasn't alone five minutes when in came a dainty damsel with as much on her as I myself had. She was soon followed by another, and the two seemed to support each other in virtue. They entered the pool and huddled in a corner. An old man entered and also stepped right into the water. The male attendant chatted with the ladies, and never a sign of confusion or of things amiss disturbed the atmosphere. It was the first experience of the kind I had had in all my stay in Japan. One is here inclined to agree with the Japanese that they don't need western moral restrictions because they are naturally moral, though this is not an absolute truth. And the story is told by those whose veracity is not to be doubted that when first the edict went forth that no one was to go into the sea at the beach without a bathing-suit on, all obeyed the order, but all took off their suits on the sand after they came out of the water.

Nikko is the embodiment in stone of the will to live. All the other Oriental splendors are of life unconcerned about death. Built of wood, they not only succumb to decay, but to the ravages of fire. At Nikko, besides the tall cryptomerias, the architectural conceptions are certainly more lavish than any to be found in Japan.

But that which is Nikko in more definite terms of human aspiration is the tomb of Ieyasu. In no mausoleum is there so much conscious striving to approximate immortality in the use of stone as at this tomb. Almost the first thought which came to me as I stepped upon one of these slabs leading up the hill was of Ieyasu's vandalism at the shrine of Hideyoshi. It hurts one's sense of manliness and pride to think that so big a man as Ieyasu was unable to tolerate an ascendancy he had been unable to excel. It was without doubt this feeling that Hideyoshi, a peasant's son, had outreached his own inherited prestige—which drove Ieyasu to such acts of ruthless destruction. It bears the stamp of conviction, of power, of confidence, but the desire to outstrip another lurks in every corner of this wonderful tomb.

Buddhist architecture, as stated elsewhere, seems scattered. If one could only see the entirety thrown together in some single work which could hold you for the time in its grip as does a cathedral. But come to a Buddhist or Shinto place of holiness and you are pursued with the fear that you have missed the best of it by not seeing the next temple. Nikko, however, though things are still somewhat scattered, is fortunate enough to possess a unity, a binding force, a consummate splendor.

Certainly no place in Japan is so rich in hidden streams, covering forests, and rugged mountain as is Nikko. You realize the futility of ever being able to enjoy it to the full, yet feel the delicious sense of growth in contact, the restful retirement. Of course, it is a question as to

whether you will see the pagan or the human elements within or behind it.

The writer is in the position of the silk embroiderer, who worked out a picture of Nikko for foreign consumption. Upon the sheet six feet by five will be seen the gilded gateway to the temple, the pagoda, the sacred bridge, the streams, and all that vast amassing of materials, all out of perspective and out of placing. But the "artist" felt that unless he put them all in the purchaser might forget one of the holy of holies.

Elaborate as these temples are (having cost $10,000,000 at a time when a dollar was really three) one leaves with a feeling of surfeit. They seem overdone. Splendid they are beyond compare; but they lack softness and simplicity. Were it not for the giant cryptomerias the whole would be garish and unpleasant. True, it is a fit monument to the kind of peace great Ieyasu affected. None of us can criticize, for at that time it was the only kind of peace possible.

But the tomb? That is different. It is reached by a steep set of steps lined with magnificent cryptomerias. One ascends slowly, listening to the hush which hangs within the shadows. The way is moss-covered; the hill steep; the peak set with the gold-bronze tomb. There is that about tombs which is resentful of attention. One wishes that the entire place were sanctified by that greatest of tributes—neglect. To keep things fresh and gilded as though born that day is to rob a tomb of that which it is meant to indicate—its age. And Ieyasu's tomb looks as though it had been built yesterday. One loses that historical perspective which gives to death its place in life. It is like the withered old woman who paints and rouges and dresses like a girl. But Ieyasu's tomb is commanding of reverence and respect, because nothing seems so strikingly set in its will to live as the spirit of Ieyasu about his tomb.

XIX

A RING ROUND THE SUN

IN this modern age one can throw a ring round the heart of the Rising Sun in the matter of a few days. It may be an engagement, but not a wedding-ring. Here and there is a little luster, but most is plain and ordinary. The gem in the setting, however, is certainly Amano-Hashidate, the Ladder of Heaven. It lies beyond the bay of Maizuru, on the Japan Sea. In these days the Ladder of Heaven is being guarded by monster battleships which, though they do not prevent you from seeing, prohibit your taking away any perfect images of the way to gloryland. Here, too, one must not look very closely at things within seven thousand yards of that which is interesting, and when you want to see, not climb, the Jacobean ladder you must perch yourself on top of a hill and look between your legs. The long land-spit which stretches out into the bay then does indeed reach heaven.

What is heaven, however, compared with meeting a good man? He was the *sendo* on the little boat who took me out over the waters along the length of the "ladder." He was old, still alert, and led me back over the ladder of days which he had climbed from his boyhood. The heaven of his youth still hovered in his mind, a youth astir with war and revolution, the days when first the hated foreigner disturbed the even tenor of Japanese

seclusion. He was a professional wrestler then, but now he ferries his little boat upon this bay, making it easier for the indolent to glide toward heaven instead of climbing the narrow "ladder."

Returning to Kyoto, I purchased a ticket for Arima, a small hot-springs bathing-resort back of Kobe. But when I got to Aiyabe I decided to go straight on to Kyoto. The ticket from Maizuru to Arima was something like twenty-five sen more than from Maizuru to Kyoto. It took half a dozen clerks at the station to figure this out and finally give me what I regarded as my receipt indicating the amount due me. When I reached Kyoto station I was again bombarded by demands, and finally left the station with both the ticket and the sense of having been despoiled of twelve and a half cents. But they didn't care.

With Kyoto as the starting-point the train went north toward Tsuruga, the port of embarkation for Vladivostok. It is a little town of eighteen thousand inhabitants, a scattered and soulless village. What can you expect of a port famous for its cod and seaweed? The future of Tsuruga is, however, dependent upon Japan's future in Siberia, its proximity to the continent giving it an advantage over every other port in Japan.

From Tsuruga, for the next hundred miles, there is no seaweed and the cod do not fly in the air. The entire distance can be described in a few words, the word tunnel coming in at the most unexpected moments. Occasionally glimpses of the sea between sharp ravines, or mountain barriers still packed with snow, though it is late in spring, somewhat vary the scenes. One is aware of the rigor of the winters here by signs no one needs to explain. The roofing of houses is unique. To keep the shingles from being blown away by the sea-winds, stones are laid in rows quite close to one another. The plains which lie back of the coast toward the mountains about

Takaoka are as unique in Japan as Japan is in the world. Accustomed as one soon becomes, in this congested land, to see the country literally linked with crowded villages, the sight of plains studded with homes set apart from one another is a great relief. One would think that, this region being an extremely cold one, the houses would have been built closer together, but instead they stand several acres apart, each encircled with a small growth of spear-shaped pines. This makes of the entire plain one scattered, picturesque village. Farther north, the train runs along the edge of the sea. Villages are here more ordinary and more ordinary things are villages. Fishermen, unable to use their junks during the rigors of winter, haul them upon the shore into huts of straw, tenantless structures breasting the winds.

Historically, the district is not without its interest, though, in a country which for centuries had been rent by intestine strife, it becomes wearisome to trace places famous for historic crimes. From this region came the last resistance to the rule of Hideyoshi, the great general; and here echo the sympathies for Yoshitsune, one of the greatest heroes in Japan, who fled thither to escape the jealous ingratitude of his brother, Yoritomo, generations earlier. Here at Fukui, after an idle peace of three hundred years, during which all development was regarded with dire suspicion, came one of the first calls for the outer world. One of the first men to sacrifice his life for the sake of foreign trade came from this northern shoreland. The circumstances are interesting. The actions of this man had come to the ears of the shogun. Fearing lest the truth that this wealthy man had transgressed the shogun's orders become known and others as sympathetic with opening the country to foreign trade become involved, he was charged falsely with having poisoned the stream which caused an epidemic. Thus was the iconoclast removed.

To-day the country is known throughout the world as a source of silk, *habutae* (a glossy silk), lacquer ware, *kutani* pottery, *makie* lacquer, bronze wares, and even patent-medicine supplies.

There is now a through train from Tsuruga to Tokyo, by way of Naoetsu and Karuizawa. From Naoetsu the train dips to the southeast, slowly ascending a valley the southern side of which is flanked by a range of mountains. These were still heavily clad with snow which lay far down the slopes. Even upon the fields about us thick patches of snow lay melting slowly in the bright sun. It was warm enough to remain on the platform without an overcoat. Passing through Takada, I was surprised by the ponderous projections from the houses out over the streets. These were necessary, for during winter the fall of snow is so heavy that without them passage would be impossible.

The region, though well cultivated where more or less level, is, in the light of other places in Japan, extremely desolate. Considering further how crowded these islands are, the uncultivated mountain slopes seem in contrast even more barren than they really are. They have few trees upon them, with only here and there a cluster, within which lurks a shrine to Heaven knows whom. One simply becomes disgusted with the flood of literature which attributes world fame to every rock and stream and mountain. I had thus made a semicircle round the heart of Japan of close on to five hundred miles under by no means favorable conditions, without seeing anything worth going five miles to see.

Karuizawa, the summer resort of foreign missionaries and wealthy Japanese, is high tableland with little variation. Mount Asama was then unusually active. A cloud of white fume hovered about the obstructing mountain peak, while a stream of dark-brown ash floated down the slope toward the east. Then we began entering

and emerging from tunnels—and night overtook us before we reached Tokyo.

Within their private homes I am sure few people are as careful and orderly as the Japanese, but on the trains and in public places their absolute carelessness and untidiness are unbearable. Banana-peels are thrown upon the floor, egg-shells, tobacco—everything unedible finds its way into the aisles. Then comes the overcrowding. For over an hour on the Limited Express from Tokyo to Kobe there wasn't a seat to be had. Not that there wasn't room enough, but that Japanese, unaccustomed to sitting on chairs, double their legs under them or stretch out full length upon the long side-seats of the car. There wasn't a sleeper to be got for days. A Kobe Japanese gentleman of my acquaintance was on the train with his two children. He was compelled to spread a blanket on the floor of the platform for the kiddies. Japanese are great travelers. They simply move in swarms, and, go where one will, this herding is unavoidable. While the masses are crowded beyond endurance, at Tokyo and Kyoto there are special sections of the station reserved for the imperial household which are never opened, nor is vulgar foot permitted to tread upon them. As one foreigner aptly put it, "In Japan there is no false modesty, but a great deal of false dignity."

Mothers sit nursing their sturdy offspring. One Japanese woman, just returned from America, and in foreign clothes, actually forced the breast upon an irritable youngster in trousers and shoes. He wiggled and protested, and she handled him as though he were a sack of oats, but finally she won out and stifled his screaming with a mouthful of breast. Another woman nursed her prodigal youngster every other minute, serving, between courses, whole bananas and Japanese tea. It seems that the Japanese mother is patient under such circumstances largely because her person-

ality has been suppressed or was never developed. A western woman is therefore naturally more easily irritated by the whims of her children.

Things which irritate a foreigner in Japan do not seem to trouble the native in the least. There are things innumerable to try your temper in the East. Japan is like a secret society which puts a proposed member through an absurd and trying initiation before it permits him to enjoy any of its esoteric advantages. Japanese are everywhere putting little things in your way. It may be only a few sen or it may be a smile. A Japanese smile prevents you from knowing what is really going on in the mind behind it.

You order your horse for the road to the foot of Fuji. You allow three hours in which to saddle it. It is there half an hour late. You find that it is a balky horse and must turn it back, but when you ask for a refund the dealer counter-attacks with a request for a tip for the boy. The "guide," who is urged upon you for the ascent of the sacred mountain, does not hesitate to induce you not to go the full way for which he has been ordered by "advising" against it, but when returning the same way you went you ask for a refund, the agent throws in the word "holy" somehow and refuses to give it. You appeal to the Tourist Bureau, but the bureau does not include that phase of helpfulness in its general run of business. You order your lunch made up for the top of the mountain at a hotel with a big sign declaring that it caters to foreign travelers. There is no convenience suitable to one's tastes, and finally when you reach the summit you discover that the sandwiches have been buttered with an abominable grease, and are compelled to cast them over into the crater. It takes three or four intruders successively to discuss the simple details of the ascent, which, if properly handled, would have been arranged in a moment elsewhere. They keep coming back every five minutes, each with a new tale to tell.

And long after you have really settled the problems one returns for a final answer which you have given him a number of times before.

On the other hand, I have taken a bath, used a room for an hour and a half, had Japanese tea and cakes at one little hotel, and then sat and chatted with the whole crew of servants for two hours more—but when I asked for my bill I was told there would be no charge. The extreme rarity of such experiences, however, makes them worthy of mention.

By the time I left Tokyo and visited Kamakura, with its great bronze image of Buddha, the loveliest work of art in Japan, and had myself driven across country in a four-wheeled hansom—a rare sight in Japan—and got on my train bound for Nagoya, I was so weary and disgusted with accommodations and crowding that I felt I had seen enough of the heart of modern Japan. Instead of arriving at Nagoya, with its wonderful old castle-fortress, early in the morning, as the Tourist Bureau had advised me I would, we moved in at midnight. I was too weary to make a change and stayed right on all the way to Kobe, planning to visit the fountain-head of Shintoism—Yamada Ise—another time.

In the morning there was no water in the washroom of the first-class coach, and no towels, no dining-car, and no privacy. Added to this, five Japanese sat all through the night drinking whisky by the tumblerful, and third-class passengers, for whom there was no room in the coaches, stood upon the first-class platform, peeping in upon the foreigners through the unfrosted figures in the frosted pane in the door. I vowed I had had enough traveling in Japan. But the restless spirit is not so easily subdued, and, willy-nilly, the wanderer sets on his way again. There are heights still unconquered. Fuji being the symbol of Japan, one is never at rest till its meaning is understood.

XX

FUJI—THE ATTAINABLE

GEISHA do not dazzle stray passengers at stations like Numazu at five o'clock in the morning. Japan is then sleepy, damp, and silent. Only the tireless river stretches along and scratches its back against the stone embankments or plays round the pillars of the bridge. A woman, kimono down to her waist, may be washing clothes in the stream. A man of about forty and his sturdy wife may be carrying their household effects from their home to a boat without exchanging a word as they pass each other. These are human currents.

But what am I doing at Numazu at that hour? I have been rushing all night with the current of commerce determined to get to Fujiyama. In order to do that, it being now "off the beaten tracks of Japan," I had to get off at Numazu. So fast is the rush of business these days in Nippon that trains have no time for such places as Mount Fuji. We dreamers and pilgrims seem but driftwood which sometimes finds a convenient pillar to catch hold of. And Numazu is that pillar.

Once before I had been torn past O Fuji and deposited in Tokyo. On my return, I again missed my "grip." This time I conquered. Once firm at Numazu, it was nothing to reach Gotemba, a village at the foot of the mountain with more worshipers treading its arduous heights than even that from which the great sermon was

EVEN THE HORSE LOOKS CONTEMPLATIVE BEFORE THE VISION OF FUJI

READY FOR THE ASCENT OF FUJI

THE SLOPE IS STEEP, BUT SHE MUST GET THERE ERE SHE DIES

delivered. Fuji, Fujiyama, Fuji San, O Fuji of poetry, the Fuji pictures of which fairly litter the walls (where there are walls) of Japan, Fuji of winter snows, Fuji of many shrines, Fuji of Dai Nippon. And it is Fuji which has called you to Japan, it is Fuji which keeps you there if you have not seen it, and it is Fuji which finally gets you. Then you rest—but just as you did when mother told you that "just one more" fairy-story before you fell asleep.

The day is stormy, in spite of assurance from every one about Gotemba that the weather will be fine. Black, heavy clouds completely screen the pyramid of Fuji and peals of thunder roll across a quarter of the universe. Still people insist it is safe to start. Finally the post-office clerk telephones up to the summit, still concealed, and is told that no ascent must under any circumstances be undertaken this day. And we prepare for a night at the inn.

It is 11.30 P.M., and in spite of the sad, stormy wind which is driving the clouds to huddle near the earth, the blind massageur makes his way through the one main and few minor streets of Gotemba, over and over again. There is a sad appeal in the two lone notes coming from his tin flute. And there is a sad weariness in the vigorous wind which howls through the cracks in the wooden sliding shutters or rattles the loose paper windows.

Long before morning comes you are wakened by a rattling of tongues such as was never heard since Babel. Some pre-morning train has arrived with pilgrims and the various hotelkeepers are trying to lure them in. The noise at a circus, the calls of the side-show men, is a phenomenon distinct from this; it forms as it were a pyramid of sound based on general confusion. But here, wakened from sleep into a night but three-quarters gone, with general silence round about, these voices contain an element of self-confidence as though there

was no need of strain. So they rattle along at a low key, the only sound in a somnolent world.

By noon we are off, having been delayed three and a half hours, waiting for our horses to take us to the first station. The main part of this eight-mile ride is in the open; then you arrive at a bit of wooded tableland, the ground of which is softly bedded with scoria. This is, as it were, the instep of the foot of great Fujiyama. Emerging from the forest, you come to a gradual slope of cinder-land dull with lifelessness. Impressions here are somewhat blurred by the fact of newness and the sudden reversion to wildness on the part of one of our horses. He has perhaps learned the trick. The ascent is no joy to him, hence why should he take to it without protest? We had reached the first intermediate station and had dismounted for rest. He balked at being remounted, and my companion decided to walk with me, and the horse was sent back.

The "guide," who pants and spits and sweats and trudges on under the five-pound weight you have placed upon his shoulders, is an amusing little thing. You wonder how one whose "profession" is climbing Fuji can have learned so little about walking and about breathing and so much about overcharging.

Two hours pass. You push aside the curtain of trees and breathe the first cool draught of mountain sweetness. It is four o'clock. The heavens are gray, the earth serene. The clouds above are coming down below. The very trees are spun about in webs of mist. Lost cloudlets move slowly in and out as though cautiously seeking a safe place for the night, and the higher we go the heavier things become. The trees are now below us, and we have reached the rotted lava and have come to Fuji's own.

Every step is a thrust which sends this old earth of ours farther and farther into the syrtis of space. Con-

tentment ends where the forest ends; beyond is the naked goal. One seems to be walking up into infinity. Nothing but the gray telephone poles are seen of human makeshift. Huts or caves built of lava clinkers will be our only protection, but from beneath they cannot be distinguished from the reddish-brown dullness of the mountain. The rifts of clouds are now deep below us and have taken upon themselves the burden of Fuji's shadow, holding it up as princes hold the trailing robes of their emperor. The earth wheels slowly round, throwing its own great shadow over that of Fuji.

We zigzag our way upward over the brown ashes which crunch beneath our feet. A light is pointed out to us as the third station, as the fourth, the fifth, but every time there is a half-way station or two between. And the brown ash becomes darker, but the crunching under our feet continues.

The sun is gone, and yet the sunlight lingers on the cloud-reefs round the world. The night born of little shadows weds with the wind, while yet the sunlight lingers yonder on the rim of space. It is now but a simple streak of color without substance. It does not rest upon the rind of earth. Seen from these outer peaks, it glows softly off in space. The clouds crouch low, eager to slip out of the reach of their enemy, the wind. They become ashen gray. They invade the Nubian darkness as gray hair the black locks of youth.

From the northeast come flashes of lightning. It is a night which, among men, harmonizes with terror and revolution; on the summit of Fuji it is an intoxicating mixture of distance dissolved in space. Down there below the collision of two small bodies extinguishing a spark of life would be called a tragedy; up here, among the worlds, one could watch a war of stars with unruffled detachment.

We reached the seventh station somewhere about one

o'clock. The moon had already decided to look the other side of Fuji in the face, and the wall of darkness we were left to climb seemed more and more inaccessible. Moonlight in the sphere of ordinary mortals is ripples and shadows; moonlight on Fuji is as undisturbed as water in the ocean's depths. But the crunching of the cinders never ceased beneath our feet.

I was loath to go in. The long, low hut-cave packed with sleepers one against the other, the thick *futon* covering each and rolling from one to the other like a paralyzed sea, the thick green smoke choking life—that was no lure against the superb outside.

The wind was colder than a wind in December. The two slender candles barely holding on to the flame which the wind through the cracks sought to snatch, the brass bowl and polished brass inscriptions on the altar of the little shrine in which we were quartered, reflected a glimmer of light, while the towels, hung by business men to advertise their trade, flapped and swayed as though merely under the eaves.

At sea-level the sun rises: from the top of Fuji the sun is born. How many thousands have toiled through the night to attend this rebirth! Princes and paupers, and legend even includes an emperor of China. Men may not be bettered in the slightest so far as their actions among men go after their return, but no man can carry away with him remembrances of sunrise from the summit of Fuji and not be a different man. It is like love purified, for there is neither give nor take in it.

Two thousand feet above us on the cinder slopes was a sight I shall never forget, a sight which can occur only on rare occasions and only in a country politically pinnacled as is Japan. Just above the eighth station, or about twelve thousand feet above the sea, following the serpentine irregularity of the path, moved a throng of men in khaki and in black. As the sun appeared over

the cloud-reef below, this entire mass halted and faced about, and a dim, distant sound of exclamation quivered down the slope. There were fifteen hundred soldiers who had come to guard the Japanese Prince Kuninomiya on his way to the summit. Added to this mass must have been fully five hundred civilians making their first or annual ascent. I had all sorts of visions of Oriental salutations of the sun, but though the fact that these men came on order and not on impulse somewhat dulled the splendor of that scene, still it was inspiring beyond words.

The first ascent I made was from Subashiri. When we reached the peak at six-thirty we were welcomed by the biting wind, strong enough to lift whomsoever ventured away from the lava wall clear off his feet. Very few climbers went anywhere near the crater, and those who did returned rather hurriedly. In double file, the soldiers were marched off up the ridge and they disappeared in a cloud. We risked the wind and reached the edge, creeping on our stomachs for a glance over into the crater. A gale from over the gulch pressed down the deep pit and brought back with it a cloud of mist. Heaps of snow lay bedded in the inner cavities where once was seething lava. As the wind made a breach in the cloud it revealed the snowdrifts like sharp, angry teeth. My companion, just a youth, said, with somewhat of awe in his voice, "It felt as though you were looking into something which you had no right to see."

On the second ascent, the following year, from the Gotemba side, our progress, especially after the last station this side of the summit, was much slower. This short last lap took us an hour and a half to negotiate, slipping on the loose clinkers beneath our feet. At one place we entered as it were a pocket into which the wind could not get. The heat of the sun was intense; and

when at last we reached the crater, rest was the only thing desirable.

The day could not have been more perfect, even though it was seven days after the favorable season. There wasn't a cloud about, the nearest being fully ten thousand feet below us, where they were packed along the shore like driven snow. So many pictures are seen everywhere in Japan in which Fuji plays a prominent part, but it seems to me that the glory of the mountain is from its summit down. The sea, fringed with cloud, was spread with mist. Behind us, the crater was cold and void. It is not deep, but clogged with scoria, irregular and cavernous. Some day, we are told, it will burst open again and the spot now frequented will become the edge of ruin reborn.

Descent is rapid. The Gotemba side seems vastly more desolate than that of Subashiri. No one keeps to the zigzag path, but all cut a straight line for the bottom. The broad sweep of powdered brown cinder into which one sinks ankle-deep lies interminably beneath one. What a scene of utter desolation! One's heart sinks in emotion as does the body in space. One longs to get down again to the level of human commonality where life abounds even though in conflict; where emotion is tempered with materiality and made tangible. Emotion is coarse below, but is more real. And one vows never to make the ascent again—while one is on high. But though one leaves the waste of ash behind, in memory it never leaves one, but lures one for another ascent.

At the base we obtained horses again and trudged along over the seven and a half miles back to Gotemba. It is wearisome and slow, because Japanese horses are all led. We entered a heavy fog which lay over the earth all night. Images of trees in weird, fantastic shapes stood embossed in the white mist. A more pictorial

ending to our ascent could not have been made. Our train of horses and coolies, the two girls leading the animals and the boy following behind; ahead of us moved another climber—all pushing on into the mist.

Seeing the throngs which crowded the path of Fuji-yama, I wondered which one of us really knew why he climbed its slopes. Some put it down to Shintoism and call these climbers pilgrims. But that excludes me. Some say they are nature-worshipers, but Fuji is not beautiful at close range.

The use of the word "worship" is so entangled with rites and incantations that it is hard to say whether this opinion is justified. I saw some worship at Fuji. There were many who had come from great distances to make the ascent. The paths are beset with shrines at which some form or other of religious practice is conducted, such as stamping the white pilgrims' coats or burning the seal into their staffs. But this is in itself not worship. Yet only a deep religious conviction could make old men and women undergo the strain of such a climb. In the summer of 1918 over seventeen thousand people, including seven women of over seventy years of age, made the summit. And once a zealous couple attempted to spend a winter on the peak and had to be rescued before very long.

It is said that Japanese are great lovers of nature or are nature-worshipers. This does not strike me as being exactly the correct statement of the case. I cannot say that I saw any exceptional regard for Fuji shown by any of the hundreds of climbers I met in both my ascents. Fact is, Fuji cannot be loved in itself—but only as a symbol when seen from a distance.

In place of what I should call a real love of nature there exists in Japan a sort of nature ritual. Superstition has invested many things in nature with spiritual significance or even deified them, but apart from that

Japanese do not take exceptional delight in the wild. I do not say that all Japanese do not really love nature, but the claptrap which says all do is as false as are a good many things said for Japan. There is much neglect of nature, actual and potential. A foreign enthusiast wrote about Japanese love of flowers and said that they "prefer to leave them in their natural state," and that to compare this love with our desire to pick them is to make of us "a race of vandals." Yet this statement was made in utter disregard of the fact that all cities are possessed of flower-girls who sell them in the streets, and that flower arrangement is the pride and the art of Japan. Japanese do pick flowers, just as do we. But whether they frequent places of beauty for their beauty's sake or simply because Buddhism and Shintoism have selected them for shrines and temples is another matter. And whether they pour out into the open to see the plum- and cherry-blossoms or simply because it gives them an opportunity to indulge in gallons of *sake* and beer is likewise a moot question.

Then why do people climb and crowd old Fuji? Why did I sit in that little shrine and write by the light of two thin candles? Why did they burn themselves out? Why did the flame cling to the wick when it might have wandered off with the wind? Why did the brass glitter? Why does the wind blow, the bell ring, the house stand? And Fuji, dead and crumbling, why does it support these thousands of pilgrims?

Twelve thousand feet above the sea hovers the answer. Twelve thousand feet out of the reach of the waves and the sound of the sea—that sea twelve thousand miles of which I have been four times over. Twelve thousand years ago Fuji was submerged beneath that sea; for twelve thousand years it slowly rose. And now it is submerged in a sea of space twelve thousand times twelve thousand would barely measure a degree of its

immensity. Ninety-two million miles away is the unswerving sun; halve it and the moon beams lovelessly; encircle it and you have slashed a thousand suns with your imagined line's directness, pierced a myriad constellations, and lost your mathematical arrow in the heart of some unbegotten form of life. Little wonder then that Fuji is worshiped by the Japanese, for from its peak these things stand out clearly and our world of little things shrinks to the size of a grain of star-dust.

Part Four
CRITICAL

XXI

ETA—THE SUBMERGED

IT is a commonplace in photography that good pictures are obtained by "exposing for the shadows and letting the high lights take care of themselves." Feeling that my picture of Japanese life would be flat if I permitted myself to dwell upon its happier phases only, I took to investigating its nether worlds. The measure of real progress in any nation is the extent to which consideration is given to social-welfare work. That is exactly where one can put his finger on the vital things in Japanese life and see whether there has been any real progress or not.

On questions of form and morality Japanese are becoming wise enough to see that imitation and wholesale adoption of western ways are dangerous. But on questions of social legislation they are not wise in our follies. Industrially they have copied everything foreign without discretion. Thus, instead of avoiding our industrial evils, they have stuck their heads in their accumulations of golden sand. Practically nothing is being done to get at the roots of poverty. And as late as August 8, 1918, it was only necessary for a man to be known as a socialist for him to be tried *in camera* and sentenced on the charge of *lèse-majesté*, even though the basis of the case was a personal quarrel.

Besides having acquired most of the evils of western industrialism, Japan has had unique evils of her own.

Foremost among these are the distinctions which set apart a section of the Japanese for absolute ostracism—the *eta*. The growth has been cancerous because in no sense foreign to the Japanese body-politic. It is of the essence of Japan's political, religious, social, economic, and moral systems by which the country has thrived for twenty-five hundred years. It is bound up with the false notions of honor, prestige, and divinity, and cannot be dissociated from *bushido*.

The purpose of this section is to touch upon all these phases of Japanese life. One of the basic principles of Buddhism is illuminated by the answer of the Blessed One to the *bhikkhus* on their question, "What conduct toward women dost thou prescribe?" "Think to yourself," he answered. "I, as a *samana*, will live in this sinful world as the spotless leaf of the lotus, unsoiled by the mud in which it grows." And though without written code that also is the manner in which Japan's political structure has grown. Yet before we can in any way appreciate the quality of Japanese imperialism we must know the nature of that very mud in which it grows—and that muck is *etaism*—slums, crime, and industrialism; the leaf is its schools, its art and its history bespattered with the mud of politics. The flower we can only sense, nor will the writer prophesy whether it is blooming or has turned toward the fall of its existence.

There are over a million human beings in Japan who, though essentially Japanese, live a miserable existence, worse than that of the ordinary poor and even lower than the criminal. They are the *eta*—the pariah, the butchers, tanners, and scavengers. At first "*eta*" seems merely a mysterious term of opprobrium. Even among the foreigners one hears the word, though, unfortunately, always in anger at some grievance. Yet it is a term one dare not use to a man's face. One flings it at him behind his back, in sneaking abuse. *Eta*, thus

employed, means "dirty dog," and something worse. The *eta* are also a convenient "goat" for politicians where anything goes wrong. When the short-sighted Japanese bureaucrat sees his "yacht" of state in danger from the mine he has himself set afloat, he attacks the first humble sampan that looms on the horizon. So the *eta* are sources of unrest in the Empire, and loomed large in the case of the rice riots.

Aside from the muffled use of the term, I heard little and saw less of any people answering to this mysterious name during the early months of my residence in Japan. However, examples of this class of people roam about the crowded byways and make their living—the men by mending *geta* (wooden clogs), the women by playing the Japanese guitar. During my first days of residence in Kyoto I was disturbed every morning by one of the *geta*-menders who wandered round and round about that particular square, crying in a somewhat pleading and pleasing tone: "*Naosh, nao-osh, nao-osh!*" his voice sinking appealingly. The word *naoshi*, to mend, becomes almost unrecognizable, like the calls of our newsboys.

About the time that I began thus to distinguish certain outcasts among the poor I became interested in the slums in and about Kobe—slums such as in our understanding of the word do not and could not exist in the West. There I met a young Japanese evangelist who has given himself up to the study and elevation of the poor. Through him I learned something more of the *eta*. As we wandered into the depths of unknown Japan, I used the word unthinkingly.

"'Sh! Don't use that word here," he whispered. "It will make them angry." My interest aroused, he and I planned to devote the following winter to investigating life among them, little thinking that three months later they would have forced themselves upon the attention of the whole Empire.

From then on I enlisted the services of any one who came across my path, and visited several villages in which these people still live. It was not a simple matter. The Japanese are still living in their old exclusiveness. Proud, trying to maintain appearances, they are loath to let the outsider look into that side of their life which is likely to jeopardize their fame. It became obvious to me from the first that the every-day Japanese would not give me any great assistance.

"It will be very difficult to find out," said a young Japanese lawyer from Tokyo who was stopping at the same hotel. "Its difficulty doesn't bother me," I protested. But to every question he assured me he knew nothing about them. However, I extracted quite a little from him.

I was amazed to find how little the Japanese really do know of these miserable ones round about them. The hotel proprietor's son, eager to practise his English, consented to guide me to their villages, but when in one he stood aloof, almost as though in terror of contamination.

It was not only from the average man that I encountered indifference. I had been told to see the police for information. The chief stood stamping records with a seal, doing work any child should have done. After a fifteen-minute debate I was told to go to the governor of the Ken for permission. The governor immediately sent the head of the department dealing with these people out with me, and thence I had a retinue of inspectors, interpreters, and followers.

Though I now had some official assistance, it took me days to get hold of the threads which lead to these unapproachable outcasts, pariahs who have become so degraded that they resent any show of interest in them. I did, however, succeed in discovering where to look for them. *Eta* villages are not hard to locate. Generally they are somewhat on the outskirts of the main town or

SEVENTEEN THOUSAND PILGRIMS MADE THE SUMMIT OF FUJI THAT SUMMER

PUNTS, RAFTS, AND LIGHTERS CROWD THE RIVER AT NAGOYA

THE SAMISEN HAS NO MUSIC IN IT BUT REQUIRES A LONG FACE

city, but often in modern Japanese cities they will be found surrounded by thickly crowded districts. In Kobe, for instance, one village is side by side with the worst slum to be found in Japan—Shinkawa. The stranger cannot tell which is slum and which *eta* village, except that his guide will immediately whisper to him not to use the word *eta* any more. There is also a large *eta* district in Hyogo—which is the older city now incorporated in the city of Kobe. A little out toward the hills is another district known as *eta*. Then nine miles from Kobe is Shioya, on the Inland Sea, a lovely residential section for foreigners and rich Japanese. A path leads across the hills to an *eta* village a couple of miles away. It is merely a small group of thatch-roofed houses with mud walls not a little weathered, which, but for its isolation, would not be more noticeable than any other Japanese rural village. In and about Kyoto, the loveliest city in all Japan, the greatest number of *eta* will be found.

When I had got to the point of mapping out the geographical distribution of the *eta*, my investigation received an impetus and a new turn. They sprang into the political limelight. It is always convenient to blame the dog when anything happens, and something very serious was beginning to happen. All over the Empire the poor were rising in rebellion against the high cost of living. Profiteers and speculators had been driving the price of rice away beyond the reach of the laboring element, to whom rice is the "bread" of life. The initial rumbling of these outbreaks was in places as distant from the large *eta* centers as Toyama Prefecture, one hundred and fifty miles northwest from Tokyo, though the disturbances spread explosively to the big centers like Kobe, Kyoto, Nagoya, and Tokyo. The majority of the rioters were ordinary laborers—men and women. Yet all these facts notwithstanding, the *eta*

were immediately accused of being at the bottom of the trouble. It was safer to blame them than to trouble the speculators.

A flurry of investigation forthwith took place. Accusations flew. Eyes were blinded. The government evaded accounting for the real causes of the riots by instigating investigations into the condition of the *eta*. It was as though a man seized with hunger pangs were to turn to the problem of why crabs walk both ways. Count Okuma, Japan's "Grand Old Man," ex-Premier, went so far in his wisdom in this matter as to compare these *eta* with the American negro slaves. In 1871, after centuries of weary degradation, the *eta* were officially liberated. In 1918, after half of one century of freedom, they realized they were in no wise better off than before. And the government admits that this unjust racial discrimination has not been eliminated by mere edict.

Published sources of information being limited, I began to make my own observations concerning the present conditions of the outcasts. I found that there are several divisions of this low class of people. The *Hinin*, or non-humans, are beggars and vagrants. The *Sanka*, of whom there are about a thousand, are descendants of robber folk who inhabit the mountains (*san*). About three years ago a number of *Sanka* roamed the hills back of Kyoto. They lived in tents, holes in the ground, or in whatever crude shelters they could find. They were really nomad criminals. Then the government began a crusade against them, and for two years it has pressed and harassed them, finally forcing them back to Inari in Fushimi Province. Since, they have hid themselves completely. On Ikemachi, Kyoto, they may be found in *kitchen-yado*, a type of restaurant common in the slums of Japan into which the poor come to cook for themselves, paying a few sen for wood and for the use of the "equipment."

The *Kawaramono* were also an outcast lot who some two hundred years ago lived under the bridges along the shingle river-beds, from which they get their name, *kawara* being that part of the stony bed of a river which is dry except in high water, and *mono* meaning thing. Little is now to be seen of these unhappy people. On the west bank of the Kamogawa, which makes its broad and tortuous way through Kyoto, is a small village called Kuramaguchi. It is made up of these vagrants who had formerly kept the banks as their rendezvous. They have since risen in the social scale to where they are *eta*, earning their livelihood by simple agriculture and as greengrocers, or as stone masons and architects of tombstones (*dokata*). Their condition is rather good, their homes, as Japanese poor homes go, being fairly stable with even a chest of drawers and other evidences of civilization. It is said that there are several households among them reputed to be worth ten thousand yen each. The government has encouraged organization among them into reform societies, whose object is to develop their physical and mental well-being, encourage cleanliness, orderliness, and good behavior.

There are several other divisions now lost in the general term "*eta*." The name represents no political or religious class, but a social prejudice deeply rooted in the Japanese consciousness. Legally the term is taboo. They are now called the *Shin-heimin*, new-commoners, and thus, though legally no distinction is made between them and the common poor, the difference is recognized. With the people they are still outcasts, and none is so bold as to venture across the line.

How, then, did they come to be outcasts? This is not an easy question to answer. Even some of the most thorough-searching authorities on Japanese history confess they are unable definitely to trace the origin of the

eta. But there are some obvious sources from which they have been recruited.

In the first place, there may be among them the offspring of slaves taken by the Japanese from the Aino, the first inhabitants of the islands of Japan. The proud Japanese would gladly assign this alien origin to their outcasts. Indeed, they go still farther, trying to convince the world and themselves that these outcasts were Chinese and Korean prisoners of war. But a class that came into existence so many hundreds of years ago would interest us as foreign only if it had retained its original characteristics. This is not the case. James Murdoch, the historian, gives it as his opinion that the absence of Aino characteristics among the present *eta* is due to the gradual accession of degraded Japanese into their ranks. *Eta* cannot be recognized apart from the general type of Japanese. Therefore, for all practical purposes, all studies of the *eta* must be made on the assumption that they are Japanese. Thousands of the Yamato (pure Japanese) have filtered down into that stagnant group, thus leaving the problem Japanese, and not alien. It is therefore in the Japanese social order itself that we must look for an explanation of their existence.

Within this social order, two noteworthy causes of *etaism* will be found—the Buddhist faith and feudal custom.

Buddhism, that most gentle of religions, has been responsible for two great crimes in Japan. One is the *eta;* the other the treatment of animals; and these two crimes are closely interrelated. The edict against the killing of any creature has resulted in slow torture of undesirable animals, and the necessity of using them for clothing has brought into existence the *eta.* Even to this day Japanese will put kittens out to starve rather than do away with them outright. To touch the carcass of an animal was to become defiled, according to both

Buddhism and Shintoism; yet, since it was unavoidable, the *eta* took upon themselves the burdens of this fanaticism. To this day they are the butchers, the leather-dressers, and buriers of dead animals. They live in separate villages and cannot enter the houses of even the poorest of the poor. Among the Maories of New Zealand there was a striking similarity. To allow an ordinary Maori to drink out of the cup of a chief was to render it taboo, and the miserable wretch upon whom fell the task of burying the dead was compelled to live apart in a state abject beyond description.

Responsibility for the existence of the *eta* may secondly be traced to Japanese military ethics. We have been led to believe that the Japanese aristocrats of old were all brave and faithful warriors, who out of a fear of disgrace following capture or out of loyalty to a deceased lord did not hesitate to commit *harakiri*, preferring death to a life devoid of full happiness and glory. This custom is spoken of with intense pride by every one in Japan. But it is never published that there were not a few among Japanese soldiery who preferred to live in misery among the outcasts rather than cut themselves open according to code. Nature has its revenge upon all forms of social organization which tend toward crystallization. In Japan class distinction, till this very day being more set than anywhere else, almost defeated its own purpose. So there were some to whom life, no matter how mean, was dearer than a code, and they slipped away into the *eta* villages, cheating the sword of its prey. Some *eta* still have the armor which belonged to them as samurai. Perhaps these renegades among the old samurai were merely suffering from the fact that they were the only ones who had not wholly lost their sense of humor.

There are now fully 1,200,000 *eta*, most of whom live within the vicinity of Kobe and Kyoto. The following

list given me by Mr. Kagawa is perhaps as nearly correct as it is possible to make it, of those living near Kobe:

	Population	*Number of Villages*
Chinese	4,557	4
Korean (Immigrants)	1,368	4
" (Captives)	5,204	5
Those caring for shrines	4,881	8
" " " temples	945	6
Sons of the aboriginal Aino	1,124	3
Descendants from noted families	796	2
Nomads	12,637	56
From common people	5,013	17
Descendants from nobility	943	5
" " samurai	4,754	13
" " scavengers	5,541	16
" " tanners	2,189	11
Offshoots of other colonies	3,388	15
Beggars	727	1
Unknown	13,835	65
Total	67,902	231

According to a book by Mr. Tomeoka Kosuke, who has devoted himself to the improvement of the *eta*, their distribution throughout the Empire is as follows:

Hyogo (Kobe)	95,772
Kyoto	72,222
Fukuoka	60,824
Ehime	45,590
Hiroshima	44,405
Okayama	37,699
Osaka	34,878
Miye	34,317
Wakayama	32,935
Kochi	27,705
Shiga	23,721
Saitama	23,332
Yamaguchi	23,258
Tokushima	29,012
Total	585,670

In the very heart of Kyoto, completely surrounded by ordinary working-class homes, in a district called Sanjo is an *eta* sore. We entered by way of a narrow little alley not more than five feet wide. Within this seclusion will be found several families of *eta*, mainly *geta* (wooden-clog) menders—dirty, crowded, wretched—not even next to nature.

I visited the village of Nogouchi, ten minutes' walk from Nishijin, the silk-weaving district of Kyoto. Here the poverty is just a hair's breadth above dire squalor, and the prospects of betterment half that space above hopelessness. The absence of even the simplest sign of refinement, decency, and healthfulness is appalling. There was but one exception. In one house, a rather good structure, was a new grass carpet on the mats.

Among *eta* may be found some extremely well-to-do people, worth as much as ten thousand yen and over, but the vast majority of them are simply poor to whom poverty is not the worst of ills. They confront us with a curious problem. Sensitive and defiant, they resent any interest in them or attempt to help them. Yet they have no distinct religious convictions which evoke ostracism from the dominant religious groups. They have no group organization, each being too individualistic. In the slums I felt there was a kindly feeling toward the strange foreigner, but in the *eta* villages the air is strong with surliness and resentment. The "proprietor" of one hovel showed anger when I tried to photograph an old crony beside his door. A Pied Piper's following of diseased and emaciated children gathered in the eight- or ten-foot alleyways. The mob of little urchins was up in arms when I tried to photograph them. There was a division of opinion. Some were in favor; others feared the picture might get into the newspapers. This spirit is worthy of consideration. A strong individualism, a spirit of defiance and indiffer-

ence to consequence, obtains among them. They lack organization and social purpose. One man's opinion is as good as another's, and even the little tots are ready to assert themselves. They were ready to mob me should I have gone counter to their wishes. Before the Restoration, it was left entirely to the *eta* to keep order in their own villages.

It is obviously no simple task to devise ways and means of breaking down not only the outer world's prejudice, but their own false pride. It seems certain that if this were done, the *eta* would in no time cease to exist. In a couple of generations they will doubtless be reabsorbed into the Japanese people. Industrialism is already bringing them out of their isolation. When I visited the detention prison in Kobe, where one hundred and seventy-five of the rice-rioters were being held for trial, half a dozen in a cell, the warden told me that many of them were *eta*. At present the government is merely resorting to a stop-thief method of reform. To do away with *etaism*, more than mere legislation is necessary. It means doing away with the pride which, even to-day, when the samurai is no more, permits a Japanese to put into the 1918 *Who's Who in Japan* the information that *he* is the son of a samurai and *his wife* the daughter of one of the *Heimin* (common people). The government cannot be blamed entirely for this situation. A society for equality of treatment has been organized and meetings held, with many prominent officials and *eta* attending, but it is still too soon to prophesy. *Etaism* is a matter which the people as a whole have supported and which they must destroy.

The government is trying to improve these conditions and to a very small extent has succeeded. But prejudice is too deeply rooted. Marriage between *eta* and other Japanese is becoming more frequent, though it is said that recently a shoemaker offered ten thousand yen

to any man outside the *eta* who would accept his daughter in marriage, but there was none so poor as to accept. A student of mine informed me that one pupil in his village school was from that class. He was exceptionally bright, of fairly well-to-do parents. Still the others would not associate with him, and often called him names. There are frequent quarrels among the children of *eta* and other poor, and it is the delight of the latter to trick the *eta* children into saying the word "*Etajima*," the name of a large island, in order to get them to make the sound "*eta*" so offensive to them. (The name, however, has no connection whatever with the *eta*.) One story is extant of a man who, *eta* by birth, married a woman of good family. Later they discovered that they were both of *eta* origin. And a well-known Minister of the Navy is said to have come from these outcasts. I know a professor, one of the finest types of men I have met in Japan, of whom it has been said that he is of the *eta*.

Christian missionaries have tried to work among the *eta*, but even they must be diplomatic. One American told me that in the district in which he lived some little work has been done among them by native Christians. But they are confronted with the question as to which would net them more souls—work among *eta* or among the ordinary poor—for if a Christian mixes too freely with the *eta* his chances for work among his equals are hazarded. This missionary tried to justify his case by comparisons with work among the negroes in the South, but the cases are not parallel, for the *eta* are not a separate race, as is the negro. No Christian worker would stay at an *eta* home if there were no hotel within reach, nor would he eat cake or drink tea with them. The *eta* once gave a tea for missionary purposes and were incensed because the guests left the food untouched.

Only one act of gratitude shown the *eta* for anything

done by them is legend among the Kobe people. The selling of flowers in the streets has been allotted to them. The story is that when officials were searching for the grave of Kusunoki Masashige, the celebrated warrior and arch-loyalist of the ill-fated Emperor Go-Daigo, they discovered that it had been kept in order and flowers placed upon it regularly by the *eta*, whose village was close by.

XXII

WHERE SLUMS ARE SLUMS

"EVEN the back alleys in Japan are invariably clean and sanitary." So wrote an American woman tourist for a magazine published by and for one of the Japanese steamship companies. This and similar statements have been the subject of not a little reflection on my part as I wandered about the streets of Japan. Yet I never realized how far from the truth it really is till I spent a few hours with Mr. Toyohito Kagawa in the slums of Shinkawa, Kobe. There is not a large city in the world which is without its poor districts, while some, like New York and London, are confronted with very serious conditions. But it is safe to say that in no civilized country in the world would just such conditions be met with as swamp the slums of this town of little over half a million people. Some years ago a street-cleaners' strike in New York left piles of garbage several feet high upon the streets, but, bad as that was, it was not to be compared with the accumulation of filth which at all times vitiates the slums of Shinkawa. For not only is there no efficient system for the removal of garbage, but the absence of sewerage (universal in Japan) makes the situation unmentionable. In New York and London, with over seven million people, the streets are wide enough for two or three wagons to pass one another at one time. In the streets of Shinkawa you can touch the buildings with both hands, and the rooms in the

houses are seldom more than twelve feet by six, and there is never more than one room to a house. In these, on an average, four to five people shelter themselves from the wind and rain. The only light and air available is from the five-foot door, and the only protection from the damp ground is a little platform eighteen inches high which occupies most of the space and serves as a floor. The personal effects of the residents could be placed in a small hand-bag; and the only way of cleaning the *futon* in which they sleep would be by fumigation.

Thirteen thousand people live in just this way. No one passing through the few main thoroughfares would ever imagine that the narrow openings, wide enough for only one person to pass through, lead to human habitations. Had I not had Mr. Kagawa with me, I should certainly not have thought of going in.

The wretchedness of the conditions can best be told by giving a few figures. In the "olden times" when first these hovels were built they cost $2.50 per house; now, with the increased cost of materials, they are worth $7.50, and the land on which each stands is worth $7.50 per *tsubo* (thirty-six square feet). There are no privies, but open pits with but three mud walls and a straw roof—one of these for every hundred people. This sewage is removed not by the city, but by a special sanitary association known as the Ase Kumiai, the funds for which are subscribed by the people at two sen (one cent) a month. There are two public faucets for every thirteen hundred people. Naturally, the wells in the district are unclean and use of their water for cooking is prohibited. I looked into one and it was full of debris; another was murky and unhealthful. During the drought of 1917 people stood in queues of fifty and seventy waiting for the buckets allotted them.

As is to be expected, the lists of the sick and dead

are long, many times greater in proportion to the population than those in New York. Every two days three people die. So poor are the people that decent funerals are impossible, and in the case of deceased children the little bodies are placed in tea-boxes or orange-boxes and carried on the shoulders of some male relative to the crematory up the hill, where the city burns them for nothing, if the usual charge of three yen cannot be met. The birth-rate is nevertheless great. The children fairly litter the streets. In many cases they are not even registered, so that in 1918 there were ninety-three boys of whom the state had no record. Legally these were not even Japanese subjects, though from eleven to twelve years of age. As a consequence they were excluded from the schools.

There are four day nurseries, the one at One having been started by foreigners during the Russo-Japanese War and being still maintained largely by foreign contributions; and a Buddhist nursery recently opened. The Buddhists have also started a Salvation Army of their own, but its ramifications are still limited. There is another nursery belonging to a rag concern maintained for the benefit of the mothers sorting rags. The extreme fecundity of these poor people intensifies the sufferings of the little ones far beyond the normal.

About 60 per cent of the people in Shinkawa are capable of earning their own living. Twenty per cent are sick and can be seen lying about on the mats of these dirty, open shelters, a prey to the evil conditions about, and in turn spreading the contagion. The remaining 20 per cent offset disease and death by begging or picking the meager waste from garbage-boxes. There are about five hundred carpenters' helpers, such as earn their mite by carrying mud, plaster, and timber. Others work from twelve to fourteen hours a day in the dockyards and factories. A fair number make their few sen

by gambling. It is known to the police that one man is the "king" of about seven hundred gamblers. Unregistered prostitution affords not a few a "living."

Until the outbreak of the rice riots, practically nothing was done to better the situation. There is a dispensary to which from forty to sixty poor go daily for medicines. But food is what they need, not drugs. Lately the governor of the Ken established an employment bureau in Shinkawa, and a hospital was talked of. But what is necessary is that decent houses be built and the streets widened and straightened, to be followed by the laying of sewers which, progressive as Japan has been heralded to be, are still for the dim and distant future.

The poor themselves are the most helpful to one another. The gamblers, hounded so bitterly by the law, make it a point to give 10 per cent of all moneys passing through their hands for the relief of other poor. There is what is called the *moshiko* money club, the individuals of which contribute two or three yen, as the case may require, so that they may supply the urgent needs of another. This the debtor pays back month by month. Sometimes collections are made in sums of from five to ten sen from each household for the "unfortunate," who returns the amount as soon as he is able.

Kobe is not alone in the possession of slums. The governor of Kyoto Ken sent with me the man in charge of the slum department to the Hitchi-jo police station of Kyoto. I was introduced to the chief of police, who ordered the inspector to guide us, who in turn ordered the chief for the district to come along. Add a couple of Doshisha University youths who followed the son of a doctor friend—head of a free maternity hospital—and I had a retinue almost as long as that of a daimyo of old. Sufficient, indeed, to take all the naturalness out of the

timid poor and the *eta*. However, I appreciated the courtesy when I saw the places I was taken to.

The slums are immediately to the right of the great Kyoto railway station as one comes out of it. Their position was provided for in the plans for the city as laid out by the architects twelve hundred years ago. Our first stopping-place was a little private hospital on the edge of the district. The day before they had four patients; that day they had only three. One died that morning. It was not much of a hospital, being no more than a small house of five or six rooms run by a lone doctor.

As we left we began turning corners till we met the policeman of the district. The inspector took second place as cicerone, advising, in a semi-whisper, that I avoid using the word "*eta*," as we had come among them and they would resent it. As we penetrated the district the conditions became poorer and poorer. The mud walls in the houses began to be full of holes, like any fabric after careless wear. In the ditches lurked stagnant water and slime. The children, besides being dirty, were covered with sores.

Yet these ills were but secondary to that of idleness. One evidence of indolence was the great number of children. The grown-ups stood about, doing nothing, while the walls of mud crumbled and the ditches turned green. Idleness was also obvious in the shops, for the wares were primitive and sparse, evidence of craftsmanship almost entirely wanting. Aside from picking over some filthy rags or washing a worn-out garment, there was a neglect of doing which chilled one's sense of living. It seemed so cold in a world where nothing was being made, nothing sold, nothing done. It seemed they must go mad from very inertia.

Then there was the smell. The odor of unwashed human beings, even on that chill December day, was

sickening. The dirty garments, which hung across bamboo poles from house to house, and which the policeman ordered removed as we passed, smelled offensively. And they had just been "washed."

We have touched on the three worst features of the slums, but there was much more—or less. The little huts which harbored uncouth wretches rent for one cent a day. Yes, there was landlordism even there. Even these hovels, as next to nature as nature itself can stand them, were not owned by the people who lived in them.

As we went a little farther we came to the very bottom—to the beggar class. Even in the slums "class" distinction was to be found. They were set apart from the others. A pygmy of a woman with a baby on her back, her face covered with leper sores, stood at the door of her hovel. We passed her and went round the corner, thinking we had come to another house, but she emerged from that door like a rabbit with two holes to its burrow. She smiled complacently, as though trying to lead us away from something she wished to hide—perhaps the male, gambling or doing something to be a father to his child. I wondered what form ancestor-worship took in her mind. It seemed to me that ancestor curse-ship would be more appropriate.

Within ill-lighted hovels sat circles of men and women—doing apparently nothing. There was hardly any evidence of utensils in which they could prepare what meals they get to eat. Yet even here custom was so firm that, dirty and bare as the mats and huts might be, *geta* (clogs) were left outside, as in every other household in Japan. They lived next to nature, but with instincts of cleanliness like those of the cat.

Eight thousand people here limited the usefulness of the word "live." These were in the very pit of the slums. Round and about and scattered over the four

AFFECTED SORROW FORGOTTEN FOR THE MOMENT

WASHED GARMENTS HUNG ON BAMBOO POLES FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE AND SMELLED OFFENSIVELY

WHEN THE LEAVES HAVE FALLEN DAIKON (RADISH) ARE HUNG OUT TO DRY

THERE STILL IS NO SEWERAGE SYSTEM IN ALL JAPAN

corners of the city will be found similar conditions of poverty. Kyoto, strangely enough, presents the worst situation in Japan, though in details nothing could be worse than that in Shinkawa, Kobe.

Tokyo slums are not less degraded than those of either Kobe or Kyoto, but possess a feature which makes of them a source of greater danger. They are situated on land periodically washed by the tides. Looking at a map of the city, one would notice that the region along the bay has a considerable number of watered spaces, obviously unreclaimed shoreland. The rest of the region, though built upon, is as subject to the tides as the shore. There is no sewerage. Consequently, all the refuse which gathers, waiting for some official honorable cleaning-day to cause its removal, is inundated and spread out beneath the foundations of the slum quarters, where it festers and rots with time.

In these slums is a feature unique even for a country as profuse in oddities as Japan. It is known as the Tunnel Slums, rows of houses, each containing from twelve to twenty compartments arranged like a Pullman sleeper, standing back to back. Each compartment has three mats on which families of from five to six persons "dwell." As each mat in Japan measures exactly three feet by six, there is absolutely no privacy whatever for the individual members of the family, and inasmuch as these compartments open into one another, there is none between neighbors. At the end of these dark hallways are the communal kitchens and the privies. There is a space of only eighteen inches between these tunnels, and in consequence the light and air are negligible.

Such, briefly, is the condition obtaining amid the poor of Japan. As one of the families among the nations of the world, we cannot be indifferent to the conditions

there. Infatuated westerners have been too indulgent in their praise of Japan, praise frequently as undeserved as the statement quoted at the beginning of this study. Neither will harsh criticism do, for no people in the world are more sensitive than the Japanese. Japan needs social workers to go among her people and teach them modern methods of national housekeeping. Missionaries are too specialized. Japan has nationalized railroads and subsidized steamship companies, but mention of nationalized hospitals and sewerage is still regarded as utopian. The housing problem is a serious one. Japan needs better houses, but the substitution of our type for hers would only intensify the evil, for with such a change would have to come instruction in usage. Japanese in foreign-style houses would soon succumb to tuberculosis, a disease to which they are even now a prey. In the present chaotic state of the Japanese worker's mind and the evils resulting from having borrowed wholesale western industrialism, Japan needs guidance in welfare work, in removing conditions which make for cholera, plague, and pestilence, and in the general eradication of social ills.

As I wandered through the filth and squalor which are dignified by the word "slum," I thought that Buddha, as he revels in the sweetness of non-existence, must occasionally experience a pang of disappointment; for, after two thousand years of effort, his followers are still beset with the same evils as on the day he first went out into the world to see for himself. Yet as I emerged from that depressing environment I seemed to see the cleanliness, orderliness, and healthfulness of the ordinary life with wonder and surprise. By contrast, the general wretchedness in Japan seemed ideal.

XXIII

FIVE HOURS IN PRISON

LAY that night, snug in my bed, with Æolus howling without against the heavy burden of cold which had suddenly been thrust upon him, trying to imagine what the morning's experience would be like. I had received permission to visit the Kobe prison and was to present myself at nine o'clock. I took my time, leisurely prolonged the pleasure of bed under the pretense of studying Japanese, had the servant light my oil-heater, bring me hot water, prepare a warm breakfast, even warm my shoes, which in a Japanese house are treated as though something vile. I shivered as the first real blast of one of the coldest winds of that winter swept over me at the door. Then I ran hastily down the hill toward the street-car and made my way inside, a thing which only such a cold day could induce me to do. The cold notwithstanding, it was as clear a day as could be desired. At the other end of Kobe I got into an open *kuruma* to convey me to Kikusui-cho, ni-chome, where the *kangokusho* (penitentiary) is located. Still in good spirits, still unable to foresee just what would be my experience, I watched the rickshaw-man as he laid aside his coat to be able to run the more freely and to be more warm, and half wished I myself could run, for the cold was nipping at my hands and ears and feet unmercifully. We crossed two bridges over the Minatogawa. Pat, pat, pat went the runner's feet, and the sound of his bell sent people, huddling within their

wraps, scurrying out of the way. "Is not the wind enough to evade at one time?" they seemed to protest. The rickshaw-man turned to the left, and soon we were at the corner of a high brick wall which was as devoid of curve or grace as straight lines could possibly be. It seemed as though the Japanese had exhausted nearly all loftiness of structure in the making of their temples and what was left was put into their habitations, so that in all the world there was no more freedom of line left with which to soften the confines of the wretched.

A few children and women with babies stood at the gate, basking in the sun. As I stepped out of the rickshaw one of the wide doors swung open from within and I was admitted with a salute and a smile as though my coming had been expected. From the office building came a Japanese who greeted me cordially and immediately ushered me into the waiting-room above, where I was announced to the governor. A tiny little fellow of about ten—the errand boy—brought some tea forthwith and the "investigation" began.

As the sun shone brightly into the office, I half regretted all this cordiality. I wished I could come unnoticed and get some sense of what real prison life is. But beggars must not be choosers, and when they are treated like princes it were contemptible to complain.

The institution I had come to inspect is over thirty years old—one of the first to have been established after the Restoration. At the time of my visit (November, 1918) there were thirteen hundred prisoners incarcerated. The governor felt apologetic because of the inadequacy of the equipment in the way of buildings, and as though to counteract any bad impressions he first showed me pictures of the new structure attached to the *kencho* (court-house) and the larger one in Tokyo. These looked like model prisons. Then the governor himself set out to show me about the prison.

Impressions are dangerous things. One may be either unduly elated or unduly severe. But if impressions are of real worth, they indicate the general state without falling into either of these extremes. My impressions were that on the whole the atmosphere of this prison and that at Himeji (which I visited subsequently) was one of greater leniency than obtains in western jails. First of all, wood is the predominant material in use, and wood is much more humane than iron. What makes a western prison sound so hard is the clanking of keys and the sight of iron gates and iron bars. Here, though gates were in abundance, they were either of wood or of wire, and the locking and unlocking were not so noticeable. In a sense, one wonders what children are here confined as to be unable to get some way of ripping out this wood which obstructs their freedom. Yet the governor assured me that to his knowledge but one prisoner has escaped, and that some twenty years ago. However, that very year a Japanese "Jack the Ripper" made his get-away and was for a time the terror of all women.

The prison is divided according to the length of the term being served. First we visited the ward for juvenile offenders. These are from eighteen to twenty years of age. If taken younger than that they are sent to the Himeji branch. One little fellow, half frightened and half excited at my sudden appearance, crouched in the shadows of his cagelike cell.

All cells are on the open. Long cages made of posts four or five inches square, set two inches apart, stand within the prison walls. The cell is about twelve feet high, its floor about two feet above the ground. The posts are strung together by inconspicuous iron rods. Boarding about six inches thick separates the cages. More recently these cages have been partially inclosed by glass sheds. The governor explained that because

of the exorbitant price of glass, paper was resorted to on the western side. But for this shield, the wind and rain and sun could beat unmercifully into the cages.

From the point of view of light and air, these must certainly be more cheerful than stone walls and narrow apertures, but from that of comfort on just such a day as fate brought me there the airiness was rather unfortunately over-emphasized. It seemed to me, as I peeped into these giant cages, that the sun was never so benign and never a greater blessing. Had it been a dull, rainy morning, the impression I should have carried away would have been less commendable. I don't know whether I should have had the heart to look inside or to wander about even with so honorable a guide and one so pleasant and kindly. For it must further be remembered that to each prisoner, open as is his cell, only one quilt is allotted, though three or more men are generally confined in a single cell. For moral and other reasons, two prisoners are never left alone, the third being counted upon as factor against "company" or collusion. Food is passed in between the posts, and there, day after day, the object to be reformed broods over his misfortunes, never permitted to stretch his legs, except on order or for exercise, always sitting upon his knees twirling straw *geta* strings to comfort the feet of his brethren unconfined. About the only occupation the authorities can find for them is to twirl these *geta* strings.

Strange bits of innovation, almost humorous, suggest the slow progress prison reform would make were it seriously considered. To facilitate the serving of food, quarter-inch extensions have been cut into two of the pillars of each cell. Owing to the possible danger of a break for freedom when washing at the open troughs which are fed by the tiniest little baby faucets I have ever seen, the governor said he planned to bring the

troughs into the narrow passageways which separate the cells from their outer sheds. He has had wooden latticed sliding-doors placed across the opening which admits one to the prisons, an innovation which, it seemed to me, would stand about two minutes against the pressure of a healthy man. But then that is hardly necessary to guard against. Another innovation was the waiting-rooms, which looked like a series of American telephone booths. In these prisoners have to wait for examination.

The chapel was one of the first places I was taken to. Here the prisoners gather at stated times to receive instruction from Buddhist priests. A considerable library on religion, ethics, and some practical subjects is at their disposal, and they also have a special instructor, who at the time looked as though he were afraid of being examined. These clericals have abstracts made for them of each prisoner's record, which serve to guide them in the kind of instruction they should dish out.

A worse life than that of the prisoners is that of the guards, who are stationed in open boxes at all the four corners of the prison-yard. Though we appeared fully a block away, each one saluted the governor with a gusto needing no field-glasses to be made noticeable.

Thus we went from building to building, or rather from cell-cage to cage-cell, all virtually open to the cold and wind. As we emerged from behind one wing, we were met by a guard and half a dozen prisoners. They saluted and disappeared round the corner with the wind. At another place prisoners were drawing water, and their dirty-brown uniforms gave one anything but a "grandmotherly feeling of comfort and security" from cold.

We then passed the hospital. Peering in through a glass window about the size of a photographic quarter-

plate, I saw a man's head, but the body was beneath a pile of *futon* (quilts). He was reading a Bible. He noticed me, but turned his head away as though in hiding. He was a white man. I asked the governor if he would permit me to speak to this man, who, I learned, was an American just sentenced to a year's imprisonment for embezzlement. My request was granted and we returned. The officer opened the outer cell and then unlocked the wooden door of that in which the man lay. He greeted me eagerly and asked me two favors: one that I never mention his name to any one in America, and the other that I send him a missionary or a priest. Then he broke into tears. It was his first time. He had arrived at Nagasaki, and then, "You know what a man will do when under the influence of drink," he said. The governor said he would permit him to see a priest and to read anything I would send him, and we went on.

Our next turn was into the workshops. These are indeed elementary, if as much. The majority of prisoners are at work making *geta* (clogs) and *geta*-strings. The moment we entered the officer in charge emitted a yell which brought every one to immediate attention. They remained on their knees, heads bowed, and the governor saluted. Then the officer stepped before the governor and saluted us. We saluted in turn. The prisoners all sat in long rows upon round, thick straw mats. There was only the bare earth beneath the mats.

In the other workshops some weaving is done, some basket-work, some leather bags manufactured for the post-office, and in a small foundry a new kind of handcuff, invented by the governor, is made. Contract labor obtains, but it seems there would hardly be enough of it to make it worth the while of any manufacturer. The prison equipment is quite insufficient. Japan is still unconscious of the value of human energy,

and can think of no other way of employing it than by keeping these men at work twirling *geta*-strings. Again and again the interpreter regretted that they had no other kind of work for the prisoners to do.

At one cell the governor made some remark to a prisoner which set him bowing so profusely that I asked for the reason. He was to be dismissed the following day, I was told, having served his term of three years and four months. Therefore he was given greater freedom, and before him, on a little table, were some books from which he was reading.

There is much more to prison life in Japan than this. For instance, in the kitchen there was really something modern—an enormous furnace and tremendous iron kettles in which the rice is steamed. For the men eat. At noon they receive only rice and millet; at night there is a little brownish paste and some greens besides.

Though I saw no women about, there is, within the same compound, a women's ward. At the time about ninety women were imprisoned. No contact with the male prisoners is, however, permitted under any circumstances. They do not even see one another. The segregation of youths is a departure but recently instituted, and these, too, are now permitted no intercourse with confirmed criminals

I returned to the outer world with the same feeling of amazement at the orderliness of life and at its comparative cleanliness and sweetness as after my visit to the slums. The dreariness and squalor which are found in such places in Japan are so much more devoid of semblance of humanity than anywhere else in the world. The poor in the West have little enough to console them; in Japan they seem to show their ribs, metaphorically speaking, through their garments. There is such utter absence of creature comfort. To a westerner the

sight of bare feet in winter is more painful than solitary confinement. The portion of rice and the speck of pickled vegetable, however much it may please the native, seems so much more meager than the loaves of bread which seemed rather inviting in the New Zealand prisons I visited. A floor, no matter how bare, even cold concrete, bespeaks a certain amount of care which, in our eyes, goes a good deal toward seeming comfort. Take the hospital, for instance. There are two separate structures for the sick—one for contagious cases. In this a prisoner in an advanced stage of consumption lay beneath a mountain of quilts upon a board-bottomed bed. The doctor prescribes the number of quilts he should be given, and this one had several, but a person in such a condition can hardly be expected to keep warm, however many covers he be given. Yet there was no heat whatever in the room, not even a charcoal brazier. None of the wards had heat. The cheerlessness alone would kill a man, it seems. To the Japanese, accustomed to cold houses, this may not appear to be cruel. So perhaps the western observer is disqualified for impartial judgment in eastern ways. But there must be a standard which *is* better.

In truth, standards are already being set in Japan. Going from one prison to another gives one a basis of measurement. The prison at Himeji, thirty miles from Kobe, is a branch of that at Kobe. It is located in the open country skirting the town. Its walls have none of the shut-in effect of most prisons, for the hills to the rear give it a restful appearance of rural freshness. The structures are all of wood, but are real cells, not cages. Three long buildings running off from a common center, like so many spokes, permit the attendant to watch them all at once.

The prison is also more industrialized than that at Kobe. Everywhere looms were clattering away on

cotton flannels, knitting-machines making socks—all the cheaper grades of machine-work being done on contract prison labor. Manufacturers pay by piece-work, the rates of which vary as follows: cabinet-makers may earn 17 cents a day; cotton-flannel workers, 9 cents; knitters of cotton stockings, 6 cents; paper-hatmakers, 3 cents. They make wooden clogs, mats, straw rope, spools, sandals, matches, shoes, wicker baskets, and do most of the work for the government. In winter they work ten hours, and in summer twelve. According to the old rule, a portion of the wages was paid to them regardless of conduct or skill; now it is labeled "reward" and is given on a basis of both conduct and skill, and a portion is put to the credit of the prisoner against his leaving. All materials are supplied by the contractors, which must be furnished whether the market demands it or not. Machinery is also installed by the contractor, who is very eager for prison labor.

Accused convicts under detention, and prisoners under confinement or political offenders, need not work. Those sentenced without labor can work if they so wish. They receive from 40 to 70 per cent of their earnings, according to conduct.

Relatives and friends may visit prisoners once in two months. Prisoners may write letters once in two months. Those receiving a reward badge for good conduct may receive callers and write letters once every month. Corporal punishment is not allowed, though this is not a guarantee against its infliction, as may be judged by some of the revelations made of methods in vogue in Korea. The strait-jacket, reduction in quantity of food, solitary confinement in not completely dark cells, are extreme forms of punishment. Under hard labor comes carpentry, stone masonry, and breaking stone. Prisoners generally build the prisons, which nowadays are made of brick. The more recent prisons

are built entirely after western models, the Belgian taking precedence. The new detention prison attached to the court-house in Kobe is quite up-to-date.

The total number of prisoners accused and sentenced in Japan by the end of March, 1919, was 60,039, showing an increase of 609 as compared with the previous month. At Himeji, at the time, there were 518 adult prisoners, among whom were 76 women. Owing to the increased difficulty of earning a necessary wage in face of the advance in prices, crime increased. But strikes being in the category of crime in Japan, the crowding of prisons must be tremendous. When I visited the new detention prison in Kobe there were 375 rice-rioters awaiting trial. As a consequence, there were as many as six and twelve in a cell. The Himeji prison was almost full, too.

As we emerged from inspection, a muffled tread of feet was heard and a gang of boys shuffled into view. Forty or fifty young offenders in dirty blue uniforms—wadded kimonos reaching to the knees—and straw sandals on their bare feet, came past in steps anything but lightsome and free. They were bound for school. No straggling in late in this small world. Yet school here doubtless affords the most joyous moments of a weary life, for all day long they live according to discipline which warps what smoothness their life affords. Two hours of the day they attend class within a building like an old country schoolhouse. Forty wooden desks and benches as rough and ugly as possible were all the furniture, and a curtain separating the two classes. On one side stood a shriveled little old man who looked sorely in need of an education himself; on the other, a vigorous old patriarch with long beard and big eyeglasses. Both of them proceeded lamely to "educate" their charges. The one on our left, wrinkled, hungry-looking, talked to them about ethics. Japanese invari-

ably use that word instead of good conduct or behavior. They are constantly drilling loyalty, emperor worship, into the young, and these fellows sat listening, with not a single example of real morality about them. There were 118 of them in the prison. They work, drill, go to school, drill, and work—and sleep. Physically they did not appear to be too robust; their faces showed that their spirit was broken, and according to statistics most of them return some time after their release for another course.

I am still in a quandary as to the purpose of a certain institution for juvenile criminals supported by a Kyoto millionaire. The gentleman readily enough gave me what information I asked for—as to the kind of home and kinds of criminals he takes in. It has been in existence since 1913 and has seen ninety-five inmates come and go after periods of from one night to four years. The ages of these guests likewise vary from ten to forty-six years. Whether they are sent there by the court or not I could not ascertain. The crimes they committed were recorded as follows: theft, 25; embezzlement, 7; default, 4; disturbance, 1; receiving stolen goods, 1; forgery, 1; incendiarism, 1; petty larceny, 46; prison sentence postponed on probation, 1; awaiting court order, 9. According to these records, 5 were reformed, 5 were being reformed, 5 were still kept watch over, 5 indirectly cared for, 2 were earning money independently, 4 were turned over to another reformatory, 12 went home after receiving traveling expenses, 32 were delivered over to their relatives, 29 escaped, and 2 died. The noteworthy thing is that of sending delinquents home to their relations. So ingrained is the family system that upon the request of parents or relatives a third of them were released. Throughout this record such notes were made: "Dismissed by instructions of his father"; "Asked to be dismissed"; "Asked to return

to uncle's house"; "Elder brother's house, account of illness"; "Went home next day—very dangerous man"; "No hope of repentance"; "Father took him back"; "Brother asked to have him sent back"; etc. A number escaped within a day or so, while many secured positions. But this humane way of handling criminals leaves one somewhat in doubt. Why bother with them at all? No doubt it accounts for much of the crime prevalent in the country.

On this last thought it might be said that the attitude of courts to crime in Japan wavers between a certain vague indulgence and extreme cruelty. The governor of Kobe prison remarked that in America men are sentenced to terms of more than thirty-five years, while in Japan no sentence is for more than twenty—or for life imprisonment. Reports of leniency in the case of criminals who have "repented" are frequent, and confessed embezzlers have had their sentences stayed for years, virtually defeating the ends sought in having them brought to trial, simply on their word of honor. This has happened once in the case of a man who stole a thousand dollars from a friend of mine in Kobe—a foreigner. Partiality where natives are concerned against foreigners is not uncommon.

The severity with which the rice-rioters were treated shows to what extremes the judiciary can go, as does, for instance, the trials of Korean Christians. Yet accused are protected from public scrutiny by allowing them to wear wicker baskets over their heads down to their shoulders when passing from their cells to the court. Bail is rarely granted. A court scene is quaint indeed in the eyes of the westerner. Cases are tried without juries before three judges, each in a black gown and stiff-paper, black-lacquered "overseas" cap, of the Shinto variety. The process is simple, the presiding

judge alone hearing and examining the witnesses and the accused, all questions even from lawyers going through him to the prisoner. Holding court *in camera* is quite common, especially in cases where the offense is political. Considering that in olden days capital punishment was usually the reward for the simplest crime, one would feel rather uneasy about putting oneself in the hands of three individuals with such precedents to guide them. Until the coming of the foreigners and during the Tokugawa period the laws were not codified, but reliance was placed on the humanity of the judges. Since, the judicial system has been modeled after the German system. Japan only then secured recognition from the world as an equal, and extraterritoriality was abolished.

An interesting story was recently published in *The Japan Chronicle* (Kobe, January 1, 1919), a translation from the *Gokyo-Den* by Ito Chiyu, a popular story-teller from Tokyo. It gives vivid details of the attack, by a fanatic policeman in 1891, on Nicholas I, when as the young Czarevitch he was touring Japan. He was at Otsu, on Lake Biwa, near Kyoto. The policeman had seen the young Czarevitch put his foot upon the foundation of a monument raised to commemorate the spot from which the Meiji Tenno, Emperor of Japan, had once gazed across the lake. When, a little later, the young monarch passed him, the policeman pounced upon him with his sword and was only prevented from killing him by his two rickshaw-men pullers. Fearing the wrath of the Czar, the whole of Japanese officialdom was ready to have the policeman executed with only the semblance of a trial. The Emperor himself went down to Kyoto to call upon the heir to the Russian throne, and later gave a veiled hint to the chief justice that execution was to be certain. But that one man, and that one only, remained obdurate. Judge

Kojima, president of the Supreme Court, refused to have the judiciary tampered with by oligarchs or politicians. He even disregarded the wish of the Emperor. His fellow-judges were ready to bow the knee before the Ministers of State. But he refused. It ended, after a trial, in a fist-fight between one of the Ministers, Saigo, and Judge Kojima, both rolling on the floor of the Kyoto railway station. But Japan's judiciary was saved from political dictation.

Yet Japan's judicial system, according to foreign lawyers and editors who have made a study of it, has made little progress from the point of view of modern law and procedure.

WITH ALL ITS MODERNISM, JAPAN STILL HAS TIME FOR SUCH SLOW METHODS

AND THERE ARE MEN ENOUGH TO GIVE THEIR LIVES TO SUCH TASKS

THE LIFE OF THE WOMAN TOILER IN JAPAN IS RUINOUS. THESE WOMEN ARE PICKING PEPPERS WHICH KEEP THE NEIGHBORHOOD SNEEZING

XXIV

CONFLICTING SOCIAL FORCES—I

Labor Rises

ERE one to glance down a complete index to daily incidents in Japan, it would soon be evident that Japanese are as given to acts of virtue or violence as any other race. From A to Z it would read like a catalogue of incidents found anywhere else in the world —forgery, scandal, suicide, fires, strikes, marriages, divorces, and so on. The foreigner is apt to forget that when the Japanese yawns he puts his hand before his mouth; that when he goes visiting he puts on his best top-skirt; that he quarrels when he is crossed and smiles when he is pleased. We complain about the lack of Americanization on the part of the Japanese in America, while our own people residing in Asia seek by foreign schools to raise as great a wall between the East and the West by the preservation of their own customs and ideals. Socially, the Japanese are perhaps more clannish, but that is because they are more simple. They have been held for nearly three hundred years in fear and suspicion of one another by the most peculiar system of government ever devised. In dealing with the nation, no matter what the phase considered, this historical fact must not be lost sight of.

The difficulties standing in the way of a solution of the question of immigration, for instance, are admitted to

be economic more than social. But to one who has resided in Japan any length of time the racial factor is found to be as pressing. Japan's racial traits made for her isolation, and later for her emergence. And to-day, in the evidence of a bettering of her social conditions, one can see the possibilities of Japan coming abreast of other nations politically.

The fame of Japan's material progress has been widely advertised and considerably exaggerated. Acquaintance with conditions in Kobe and Osaka soon proves this. Kobe in the last two years alone absorbed the greater part of Japan's commercial growth. So with a few industries which have marked time with enterprise elsewhere. The drift is toward the cities. So rapid has this movement been that large areas in and about them until recently garden patches have become sites for homes. But the conditions have in no case been approximated by any remarkable increase in efficiency. As soon as the trams were taken over by the municipalities, the fares were raised and their efficiency fell. The crowding is tremendous, and to relieve the cars they removed half the seats. Three or four cars run close together, then you wait twenty minutes. They break down fairly regularly. And for a city of half a million and over there are only seventy cars. But fares are constantly increased to where they have become two cents a ride. On the railroads the rates have gone up 40 per cent. Outward changes there have been many, but fundamentals remain little modified.

Politically the change in Japan has been less rapid. Democracy is in the making. Imperialism may suppress it for a time, but Japan is undergoing internal change as surely as it has external. Its rulers cannot forever stave off mutation. Already the number of strikes and riots is alarming the government. They are almost insignificant compared with those of Europe

and America, but they make up for lack of numbers of laborers involved by their frequency.

There are many causes for the deluge of strikes which has flooded Japan in the last three years. First of all was war prosperity with the consequent drain upon the rural population by industrial recruiting and enormous increase in wealth of a certain few individuals in favored districts. Envy of the riches suddenly acquired by steamship men, manufacturers, and exporters, designated *narikin* (mushroom millionaires), and the absence, on the part of the government, of any experience or inclination for handling the situation, added to the predicament.

Japanese labor, for its own part, does not as yet know definitely what it is after. It demands bonuses and parties instead of a constructive share in industrial management. Consequently, without the shadow of a program, it is often as violent as it is innocent. Flare-ups have always been ephemeral. When a riot occurs, the police and soldiers are immediately called out to quell it. In Japan, the police take it upon themselves to act as mediators, by no means a bad proposition, for they occasionally hit upon admirable compromises. But even Japanese loyalty has its bounds, and both police and troops have been met with defiance.

The trouble is not always with either the police or employers. At one place the workers objected to certain bad characters among themselves. They wanted them removed from their midst. They also complained that the company's doctors were not kind in their treatment of them. The physicians must have insisted on something akin to scientific practice or isolation of contagious cases, or otherwise interfered with the superstitions of the people. At a certain colliery the workers of No. 1 shaft destroyed shaft No. 2, and forthwith the workers of No. 2 destroyed No. 1 shaft in revenge. At

a copper-mine in Niigata Prefecture the miners raided the stores and smashed things, because they claimed the headman of the stores was selling them rotten rice. A ship was to be launched and the owners thought they would have a little spree in celebration. The workers were, of course, not included. They complained that in view of their straitened circumstances it was not nice of the owners to display their profits. The garden-party was indefinitely postponed, and the police were called in to keep the workers under control. At the christening of another vessel a number of coolies came upon the scene with daggers and distributed their thrusts indiscriminately among workers and celebrants.

One hundred and fifty girls struck because the foreman had distributed the New Year bonus, declared upon the amalgamation of two large weaving-mills, with partiality. They gathered in the public parks to discuss their grievances and the steps they should take to protect their interests. A similar affair occurred at a mill employing twelve hundred girls. They claimed that the foreman had taken too much of the bonus to himself, and, besides, had favored the girls from another province. Workers in an electric concern resumed work only on condition that the mediators collect an additional bonus of a hundred thousand yen for distribution among the former employees of the company. An Osaka iron-works forbade *sake*-drinking while at the works and precipitated a strike by searching the men and looking into their little aluminum lunch-boxes (measuring about four by six inches by one inch).

In most of the cases the grievance is insufficient pay. The cost of living shot up by leaps and bounds during the war, but not so the wages. In many cases the employers pleaded they had just given a 10 or 20 per cent increase, but the men demanded another 30 or 40 per cent. All around them the laborers saw fabulous ac-

cumulations of wealth which they felt they had a right to share. Revelations were made in the Diet of profiteering in coal to the effect that coal was being sold for $8.50 a ton instead of $3.50. Even at the latter price the operatives would have realized a 40-per-cent profit. During one given period the sale was from four to five million tons. The Kyushu scandals resulted.

In various regions strikes have occurred because the mine operators were rice-profiteers. Recently there was a strike in Hyogo Prefecture copper-mine, because the operators felt that inasmuch as copper was going down in price they were justified in raising the price of the rice they sell to the mining community, though the men had examples of cheaper rice all around them.

Japanese are about as patient as any to be found anywhere, but even in Japan there is a last-straw possibility. Some miners in a gold district made their appeal for increased wages, and waited. Then they lost patience and resorted to cudgels and shovels. They used these strange weapons upon the residences of the officials.

Sometimes the men have well-defined grievances. For instance, the employees of the Osaka Ironworks presented the following demands to their firm: (1) improvement of structural defects considered dangerous in their present condition; (2) relief for the workers and their families when injured or killed while at work; (3) shortening of working-hours; and (4) distinction between workers on piece-work and those in regular employ, the former to be free from any restrictions regarding mealtimes and hours to begin work. The men won out in the first two demands, but not in the others; however, the company gave way in its opposition to the presence of the workers' wives who generally bring lunch to the men. There was also a strike of sixteen hundred men at a colliery because, after an explosion had occurred,

killing a dozen men, it was rumored that the allowances given the bereaved families were too small. At the time of the accident the management had announced an increase of wages, but after the excitement subsided the promise was not fulfilled. Hence the raid on offices and destruction of furniture.

Five hundred were dismissed from one zinc-mine shortly after the armistice. This caused considerable disquietude, but it was announced that twenty thousand yen would be distributed among them, and the trouble abated. In one case five hundred shipwrights were dismissed when the company went into liquidation without paying them their wages, causing a riot. In this case, to the credit of the police, their intervention on behalf of the workers secured justice. Like the cases of students striking because of dissatisfaction with some of the instructors, so five hundred workmen went on strike at the Bingo dockyards because they didn't like the new directors. The police were immediately sent "to induce" the strikers to resume work.

Most of the strikes have been for increase of wages to meet the increased cost of living, the demands ranging from 20 to 30 per cent. Some mechanics in a shipyard were earning only 90 cents a day and asked for an increase of 35 cents. However, it must not be thought that the workers, disorganized as they are, are altogether lacking in discipline and orderliness. The fact is that their resentment in the majority of cases is due to disappointment. They regarded their employers with the loyalty of serfs and found them *narikin* and industrial overlords.

Here in America strikes are usually attributed to the agitation of foreigners, but in Japan there is no foreign element upon whom any blame can be placed. There have been two or three cases of Chinese painters going out on strike against their exploiting Chinese

contractors, or Japanese and Korean laborers coming into collision. But Japan does not encourage immigration from the overpopulated neighbor empire, and has even deported several groups. So that she has no such situation to face, except perhaps in that all white foreigners in Japan set the natives a bad example —for invariably a foreign clerk in an office receives three and four times as much pay for the same work as does a native.

Strikes have occurred among the steel-workers, glass-workers, porcelain-workers, masons, spinners, and weavers, artificial-silk factory-workers, and among the employees of most of the industrial enterprises. Now the strike spirit has permeated the publishing world. Recently all the leading Tokyo papers had to suspend publication. Not a paper was published from August 2d to August 7th. But so far government undertakings have not been affected very seriously. There have been no strikes on the railways or steamers (these utilities being owned or subsidized by the government), because generally the government makes up in medals and badges for lack of pay. Such submission is primarily based on the deep-rooted fear of being regarded as disloyal to the Emperor. Strikes will take place on the city municipalized street-cars, but not on the railways. At the railway workshops at Takatori, near Kobe, the authorities got wind of disaffection, and immediately offered to divide the profits resulting from any increased efficiency of the workers. This settled the matter for a time. The last report has it that they again demanded increases. Upon denial, the workers attacked the shops with stones. Over a third of the men left their jobs entirely.

Yet of all the underpaid workers in Japan, those employed by the government are the most wretched. A man in charge of a level-crossing on the railway was

imprisoned for eight months. Because of his neglect three persons were killed and several injured. Yet one of the blotches on the whole government railway system is the type of person placed to protect the public. Decrepit old men and women who can barely see and must surely be hard of hearing, the sight of whom makes one want to give them a square meal, stand with dirty rags for signals, and lower the guard rails. While successful business enterprises were luring "English-speaking" post-office clerks away by offering $30 and $50 a month, the government allowed its post-offices to fall into a shameful state of disorganization by paying as low as $6 a month in wages. In Kobe the postmaster advertised for men at $9 a month and got five applications. At Osaka seven hundred telegraph operators had been working without holiday, owing to the increase in the number of telegrams. Two hundred and eighty quit work. The wages ranged from 23 to 45 cents a day, with a maximum wage of $20 a month and a minimum of $12.50. The work was so hard—the telegrams increased from 120 to 600 and 700 per man per day—that within one month seven of them died of overwork. The authorities denied that a strike had occurred, but admitted that 130 were away on "account of illness." They finally reduced the hours from nine and a half to eight per day.

The government is by no means quite free from industrial difficulties. The strike habit is growing. The Department of Communications has felt the rumbling of the coming change. In reorganizing its various departments, it appointed some young experts to certain important positions and thus placed them over men longer in the service and higher in official rank. As a consequence there was much rumor and considerable consternation about a threatened strike. The police didn't intervene here, as they do with ordinary mortals,

and the matter was smoothed over. The police have grievances of their own. They are the former samurai of Japan, who "never" gave thought to money. At Shidzuoka, 118 miles southwest of Tokyo, a few policemen got together in their police-office chambers and lamented with one another over their hard lot and the failure of the government to raise their wages from $9 a month to something nearer a full rice-bowl. Naturally, being well disciplined, they permitted this gentle zephyr of revolt to blow across the already somewhat overheated brows of the officials, and as a consequence were dissuaded from disgracing their country, so famed for loyalty.

To strike is still unlawful in Japan. Consequently, discontent generally ends in violence, seldom, if ever, evolving any constructive reform or benefit other than a small increase in pay or bonus. But recently the government, according to Mr. Tokonami, the Home Minister, has "deemed it a wise policy to leave things to take their own course without definitely encouraging the formation of unions. Under the laws now in force a labor union is neither prohibited nor recognized. It is not, therefore, absolutely impossible for such an organization to be brought into existence. . . . The government's attitude must not be construed, however, as unduly indifferent to the labor question. It is, needless to say, ready to give attention to the cultivation of harmonious relations between capital and labor. As foreign examples clearly indicated, the development of labor unions was due to the advancement and progress of the working-people themselves rather than to the promulgation of laws governing them."

On February 11th the director of the Police Bureau in the Home Department published a statement to the effect that inasmuch as Japan never had any law prohibiting the formation of labor unions, there was, there-

fore, none necessary for their regulation. The point he raised was that Article 17 of the Police Regulations is often misconstrued as being an obstacle against unions. If, said the director, "frequent recourse to strikes is the only way to secure the development of labor unions that police regulation may well be regarded in that light, because in Clause 2 of the said article enticement and instigation to strike are prohibited." Superficially this may sound extremely humane, but in a country but half a century out of feudalism a regulation so loosely constructed is a greater menace to the people than a definite prohibition. The attitude of the authorities to such questions has taken a marked change, however, since the defeat of Germany.

The *Yuaikai* is a small benevolent, friendly society with some forty thousand members. It has been in existence for several years. Its president is Mr. Suzuki Bunji, a man well known to labor men in America and Europe. The *Yuaikai* has been agitating for the abolition of Article 17. As a result, a public meeting was held on April 20th last, at the Central Public Hall in Osaka, to discuss the inauguration of the *Kwansai Rodo Domeikai* (Labor Union of the Kwansai district). The feature of the new organization is that all the officials are elected from among the workmen of the various factories. Some fifteen hundred members from Kobe, Kyoto, and Osaka were present at the meeting and the proceedings were carried on in an orderly manner. There are numerous minor organizations; many sprang into existence lately, but they changed in motive as readily as they appeared. One which gave much promise was the *Nippon Rodo Kumiai* (Japan Labor Union) with about two thousand members from about forty factories. But it has gone the way of most things in Japan—succumbed to officialism.

When the question of racial discrimination was de-

bated at the Peace Conference and Mr. Gompers pressed the Japanese to better their labor standards, they argued that labor conditions in Japan are different from what they are in the West. What they really meant was that the feudalistic spirit is not yet dead in Japan, and that as long as an employer acts the benevolent lord to his men they will remain loyal to him.

I was in Tokyo at the time of the rice riots. The streets were crowded with silent people. The police dashed across the length of the city in motor-cars, quelling an outbreak here and another there. The imperial troops from the palace sounded their bugle and their tread through Hibiya Park. But in the streets all was dark and silent. The riots had broken out from one end of Japan to the other. The price of rice had been rising steadily for some months. The people everywhere had watched the shrinking of their rather unexpected earnings with grave apprehension. What seemed like an hour of prosperity suddenly turned out to be a day of want. Even the impossible, but indispensable, *daikon* (a kind of radish) had gone up from a cent and a half to seven and a half cents apiece, while the general cost of living had doubled.

The cause of the riots lies clearly enough in Japan's rigid nationalism. The consequences which may always be expected to result from monarchy and oligarchy are unexpected revolution coming at toppling speed. In a democratic country revolution could not be precipitate. There is altogether too much flexibility in its political structure. Revolution would have to come in cycles and waves of storminess. But in Japan, when anything comes it comes suddenly and universally, as in Russia, and as in the rice riots. Japan, when it examined the effects of that devastating storm, thought clearly for a moment, and then it shuddered.

It seemed that a flush of real life had come over

Japan. It seemed that the government would realize that the riots had a cause and that the cure was in loosening up the ties that bind the masses. But there was only talk of need of guidance. Bureaucracy, feeling itself threatened, clutched at its clumsy stick in anxiety. This menacing has just the opposite effect—it drives the people into mass-organization for self-protection. "The government does not allow strikes on a large scale," said a Japanese. So, of course, it must content itself with riots. Once I overheard a Tokyo official, who was asked how it was that postal employees, getting only $9 a month, got along and why they didn't strike, say, innocently and sincerely, "We must be loyal to our Emperor." A Japanese army officer may have a family of four, yet he has to live on $21 a month, which, according to the *Japan Advertiser*, he spends as follows:

	Yen	
For rice, fuel, shoyu and milk 7 2 2 2.50	13.50	
Side dishes	4.00	
Rent	11.00	
Wages for the nurse	2.00	
Income tax	1.50	
Husband's private expenses	3.00	
Wife's " "	1.50	
Social "	1.50	
Education of children	1.00	
Emergency expenses	1.00	
Saving	2.00	42.00

Teachers in 1918 received $6 to $60 a month, though the vast majority earned no more than $15. The government decided to grant a subsidy of about $150,000, so that when all divisions were made it would change the salaries to maximums of from $55 to $65. Policemen had been receiving as much as $6 a month. The most humiliating conditions in public service are to be found among these professionals. A school-teacher

may not earn more than $50 a month, but if he is allowed to call himself professor and wear a frock-coat, no matter how green with age, he is generally content.

Koreans by the thousands are working in Japan for from twenty-five to ten cents a day, and a very wise investigator, in making comparisons between Japanese and Korean laborers, observed that the Koreans did not save anything, whereas the assumption was that the Japanese did. Not a very great recommendation that.

The seamen through the *Yuaikai* made demand for a 50-per-cent increase on the ground that foreign seamen received from five to seven times the wages they did.

Of course, conditions are changing and salaries are rising, but that is because the professionals are leaving their professions and going into business where they may receive from $50 to $75 a month, and bonuses besides. Even servant-girls are demanding leisure and better pay.

The factories are drawing people out of their feudal helplessness, though the conditions in the factories are shocking enough. There is a shortage of labor even here where there are many more people than industry can provide for. The naval arsenal at Kure was short of skilled shipwrights and had to borrow five hundred to a thousand men from the Kawasaki people in Kobe. Korean labor offers Japan a solution, but this creates the same situation in Japan as Oriental labor does in California. However, this loosening up of the system is the most healthful sign of things in Japan, notwithstanding that it is bringing in its wake a series of disquieting conditions. Figures don't tell anything. One need only look about him on the streets of Japan, one need only walk down Minatogawa, the theater street of Kobe, after the Kawasaki dockyard laborers turn home from their shifts—to see that Japan is undergoing rapid

industrialization. These very laborers have since gone on strike with the rest.

Though organization is prohibited the workers, co-operation is not unknown in Japan. At the Kobe Higher Commercial School there is a small co-operative book-store in which almost all the needs of school life, and even clothing and such things, are bought and sold on a co-operative basis. The amount of money students usually have to spend is so low that, were they not to find some such means of decreasing their cost of living it would be impossible for them to attend school at all. The Civil Service Supply Association and the army and navy stores are co-operative undertakings meant to offset the wretched pay officials submit to for the sake of prestige.

XXV

CONFLICTING SOCIAL FORCES—II

Bureaucracy Acts

NO great nation has gone in so completely for government ownership of many of the big public utilities, the railroads, telegraphs, post-office, and even the subsidizing of steamship companies, as has Japan. Of course, with the reorganization of the government of the country, which up to 1878 had not only been feudalistic but paternalistic, it was a simple matter to think in terms of public ownership. Everything belongs to the Emperor, was the thought. And though the right of the individual to private property was guaranteed by the Constitution, it was not far from the national mental attitude toward property in the Tokugawa period (1600 to 1868) to the running of the railroads by the government in the Meiji era (1868 to 1912). Furthermore, had not the government undertaken these several industries there would have been none in Japan financially able to do so.

The government tussled with the problem of the high cost of living last year in the same fatherly way. Speaking in the Diet, an M.P. said: "Unless some radical methods are devised for the regulation of prices at the present juncture, it is to be feared that some very serious results will be produced to society in future. No sooner does the government take steps to regulate them than

they go down, but the instant the government relaxes its efforts in this direction they go up. The question is, which must receive more serious attention: the uneasiness of a small batch of speculators or that felt by 50,000,000 people? The prices of provisions and daily necessaries ruling in London are far more moderate than those quoted in Tokyo." But speculation continued, nor were members of the House of Peers themselves above profiteering.

The consumer was at the mercy of the intermediary. Led to a very great extent by the agitation set going by the foreign residents, various cities began to consider the establishing of public markets. Osaka established ten at a cost of about $150,000. The Hyogo (Kobe) Agricultural Association set up a market, and so great was the rush the first day that the Red Cross had to come on the scene with a special tent to give aid to those who could not stand the strain. Within forty minutes of opening everything was sold out. And later the Kobe Chamber of Commerce set itself on record as in favor of permanent markets. It must be remembered that this is as revolutionary a step in the life of Japanese as railroads or airplanes, for the home life and house conditions of Japan have heretofore made it imperative that venders bring their products to every door. No home is safe with the housewife gone to market.

Further to find some solution to the problem of poverty, the Osaka municipal authorities established cheap eating-houses where they served what were regarded as fairly substantial meals for ten sen. Kobe also built a model communal kitchen back of the recreation-grounds, which, at its inception, at least, was vastly cleaner than the so-called restaurants all over town.

Where there is lack of co-operation or organization during a period of great change and development, riot and scandal are unavoidable. And scandal enough in

WHERE THE PNEUMATIC HAMMERS WERE THUNDERING AWAY AT THE STEEL HULL OF THE SUPERDREADNOUGHT

WHILE THIS PUMP PUMPS THE FIRE BURNS

BUT THIS INSTRUMENT MIGHT SCARE IT TO DEATH

THIS WAS LEFT OF PART OF YOKOHAMA AFTER THE FIRE

business and government circles there has been in Japan these last few years. Hardly a day or week went by without a report of a fresh scandal or an addition to reports of old ones.

The president of the Wakamatsu State Steel Works in Kyushu, a government concern, committed suicide because he was being drilled too severely on the matter of a contract for 30,000 tons of steel a year, which was to have been delivered to the Tokai Goyo Kaisha for ten years. The contract had been made before the boom in steel, but the government wanted to know why the president insisted on living up to the agreement of supplying steel at a low rate when it could not be purchased at a premium elsewhere. An endless chain of corruption followed, with 117 arrests, 6 suicides, and 1 murder. High dignitaries were involved, even an ex-priest, who, it is said, gained a reward of 100,000 yen in the deal. Besides the irregularities that went on in these steelworks, there was a case of 10,000,000 yen graft in steamer charter. There were arrests for bribery in which big shipowners were involved (not to mention the geisha, who were also searched). Railroad officials were arrested and sentenced, or their sentences stayed, for receiving bribes. The giving and receiving of bribes in sums as big as 100,000 yen are little less common in Japan than tipping. The Kobe City Assembly was entangled in a real-estate scandal. The mayor of Kyoto went to prison because of an election scandal and his connection with the Kyoto Electric Light Company affair. In Nagoya 320,000 yen disappeared from the Prefectural Bank, resulting in another scandal. There were still other scandals involving schools, telephones, waterworks, the patent bureau, jails, and the disappearance of a bank director—and out of 477 factories investigated in Osaka, 315 were violating the factory laws.

During the war theft, purse-snatching, stealing of cargo, lifting of drains from the street gutters to sell them as iron junk (even a Shinto priest was caught shoplifting), pickpocketing by children and grown-ups, burglarizing, stealing clothing from homes (especially foreign clothes, which until recently were considered a white elephant among native thieves because the natives didn't wear them so much and the thief could therefore be more easily detected), breaking into houses and using daggers—no neighbor would think of coming to the rescue—were common. Though I never felt in the slightest degree uneasy, day or night, anywhere and everywhere in the Empire, still considerable misgiving was felt because of the sudden increase in crime which followed in the wake of the war prosperity and war poverty. But with the salaries of members of parliament only a thousand dollars a year, and only 2 per cent of the population having an income of a thousand dollars a year, bribery and its kindred scandals are inevitable.

Scandal in Japanese industrial life is only one phase of the present chaos. Another is that vast number of cases of breach of contract which torment the foreigner in the East. Japanese business morality, from the western point of view, is hard to get at. The matches which won't light, the shirts which won't button because the buttons have been pasted on to them instead of sewed, the shirts without sleeves, the brushes with bristles shorter than ordered, the failure to fill orders for socks because another has given a higher offer and, though coming late, gets them first—these and any number of other cases place the standard of Japanese business ethics upon a pretty low plane. True that foreigners have often enough earned this, and, as was shown at the time of the signing of the armistice, themselves acted in as culpable a manner. But this is not a book on the

world, only on Japan. And in Japan—whether it be the Oriental twist to a bargain or out and out dishonesty—morality is secondary to success. However, credit is due in other ways. Besides the spirit of commercial life being better, less harsh, less exacting, more trusting—as, for instance, Japanese dealers will receive checks from strangers even when the stranger says he is leaving port in a few days, as did one dealer from me—and when one deals with the large firms, such as the Sumutomo, one can be pretty certain that fair dealing will be the guiding principle.

Aside from the wide display of charities distributed Heaven knows where, little or nothing is done for Japan's poor, and much to make the moderately poor more so by way of industrialism. Three years ago it was the boast of Japanese that their "peculiar" system made strikes impossible, because the relations of capitalists and laborers were based on *bushido* and loyalty. The family system in factories, wherein the idea of kindness alias charity is the key-note, not independence and vigor, still obtains. This charitableness extends beyond a little, but emphasizes the state of affairs, as when an Osaka *narikin*, who had made vast riches during the war, donated half a million yen for the establishment of a free hospital, not for paupers, but for the salaried folk, who very often, when they become ill, are in a worse situation than even the very poor laborers.

Donating under duress would be an excellent title for a study of the charities of many of the *narikin*. The rice riots have shaken their faith in wealth as a source of happiness, though *Ebisu*, the Japanese little god of luck, has been very active these days. When the Suzuki and other buildings were destroyed in the riots, the timid among the profiteers at once began to dispose of part of their gains. They were ready to relinquish these in the way of bonuses and bribery upon the first bit of

pressure from beneath. On the other hand, some big firms have taken an interest in their workers voluntarily. The Mitsubishi Company contributed a million yen for the comfort and amusement of the workers employed at its shipbuilding yards at Nagasaki and Kobe. One of the first uses to which this million was placed was a theater-party, lasting seven days, at the biggest Kobe theater, to which the 15,000 workers and their families were invited. Some of the big firms are establishing athletic clubs, putting up buildings for rowing clubs and dormitories for their employees. Some are founding institutions. There is something obviously wrong about labor in a condition requiring a charity in the form of a week's outing at a theater. Yet that which would go farthest toward the elimination of just this kind of charity is the very thing which is not permitted in Japan. To make men and their families feel emotionally mortgaged is apparently considered good; to allow them to learn that their common difficulties can be met by common action is regarded as disloyalty.

Turning our consideration to the rich man—we find that as though it were not enough to have his house and goods threatened by the rising tide of democracy, he has had to face wordy admonitions from the government and press. They began advising the *narikin* how they could dispose of their money—by supporting the government's airplane construction fund, for instance, as did one *narikin* by a contribution of a million yen, by building public roads, and in other ways. Ministers in general are extremely solicitous of the welfare of the country, as was Baron Goto, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, when he called a conference of all the governors of the Ken of the Empire and spoke in soft and appealing terms, showing how bad it is for men to speculate, how unjust, how they who hitherto had wandered from the paths of imperial righteousness should

wander back again. The *Mitsui Bussan Kaisha* made about $20,000,000 war profits in 1917; yet when a war-profits tax was proposed, the *narikin* threatened to stop their charities in the event of its being imposed.

More than most people, the Japanese have many deep-rooted prejudices, which cannot be shaken even in the face of serious consequences. The government tried to introduce foreign rice, but it was received scornfully. A mixture of rice and wheat is the latest dietetic innovation. Potatoes have been put forth as a substitute, but in this, too, the fame of the Japanese for loyalty is waning —they balked.

The Terauchi administration, then in power, sold cheap rice and discussed the prohibition of the use of rice in brewing *sake*. Speculators were made examples of, but not really punished. The government attempted to handle the purchase and transportation of rice. It set aside riceless days. It opened public markets for the sale of cheap rice. These markets were patronized by long queues of poor. Tokyo put $20,000 a day into cheap rice. But it seemed of no avail. The Terauchi Cabinet, regarded by the masses and part of the press as indolent, stupid, and weak, was unmercifully severe toward the rioters. In dealing with the question, more socialists were arrested than profiteers, the *eta* were blamed even more, and public morality was despaired of. But the administration could not save itself. Shortly afterward it fell, and was replaced by the Hara Cabinet, now in control. But, truth to tell, Japan's population, increasing by 800,000 a year, is fast outgrowing its ability to feed itself. Its resources are limited and industrialization—which alone can save it—is seriously hampered—hampered by nature and by the limitations of an oligarchy and the short-sighted military and naval clans who run this Oriental world. With the regions of the Hokkaido (the island north of Yezo) still

practically untouched, the claim of overpopulation falls to the ground. Militarism has no plan except expansion. Industrialization, properly handled, is the cure.

Voicing the spirit of the rising, though still faintly heard, protest against bureaucracy, Mr. Yukio Ozaki, one of the oldest members of the Diet and the idol of the people, says that, though no actor can hope to hold an audience for longer than two months in the same place, "the bureaucrats in their slipshod manner have held on against the interest of the people for fifty years. No wonder the people have become thoroughly sick of them. That the overthrow of militarism in Germany is the result of the present war may be regarded as a foregone conclusion, yet the militarists of Japan want to tread in the footsteps of the German militarists. They do not understand freedom of the subject and the rights of the workers, and try to keep them in subjection by force." Yet when Mr. Ozaki left Japan he said that he would start a labor party, but that laborers in Japan were not sufficiently trained and independent to support one.

Viscount Kato, leader of the *Kenseikai*, the largest party in Japan, now admits that labor problems must be faced courageously. The present Ministry pretends to be sympathetic to unions, but laborers may organize only with the sanction of the government. Many of the newspapers are clamoring for greater liberalism. One learned doctor advocates that only when a man spends his wealth intelligently should he be permitted to keep it, but paying thousands for an old vase is to him unpardonable. Certainly there is an outcry against *narikinism* in Japan, and for better relations between labor and capital. There has been a tremendous, though essentially selfish and undemocratic, demand from the students of the universities for greater share in the political activity of the country—though it was suppressed by the police. People are getting tired of

contributions of a million yen here and another there as a solution of a grave economic problem.

Though the peers' parties all united, the leader of the *Kenseikai*, a so-called commoner, came into power on the wave of liberalism following the upheaval of 1918. I venture to say that Mr. Hara is not much more of a liberal than was Terauchi, even though he does come from the "people." But this selection of Hara for premiership by the Emperor was a great step in advance for a country ruled as is Japan. For a country in which women still work on an average of from fourteen to sixteen hours a day under shocking and immoral conditions; where three-fifths of the people are engaged in agriculture and 90 per cent of them on patches of land from two and a half to five acres in size, though even this is rapidly disappearing—a commoner in power is prophetic. So-called politicians and leaders refer to their Emperor, who politically is an autocrat of autocrats, though personally he is without blame, as a great "socialist." Still, he is the ruler of a country in which, even were the tax making a man eligible for voting one dollar instead of five, there would still be only four million voters out of fifty-five million potential citizens.

Though there are not many in politics in Japan with a real understanding of what democracy means, the rice riots have opened their eyes. They are giving considerable attention to labor problems, but they are now too old for any actual constructive work. In the student lies the hope of Japan. Since the armistice there has been more real thinking and acting on behalf of labor than in the whole of Japan's past history. Mr. Suzuki, the president of the *Yuaikai*, returned to Japan from Paris where he represented his country at the International Labor Conference. He was heralded everywhere, crowds meeting him with cheers of enthusiasm. As an indication of the awakening, there is already

considerable difference of opinion among laborers since his return.

Though the papers here have hardly more than noticed the International Labor Conference which has been in session at Washington all through this weary month of strikes—November—our little island empire at our left—Japan—has been in a perfect hubbub of excitement. Japan took the matter very seriously. Some seventy or eighty men made up the delegation, including as its leaders doctors and capitalists—a motley array of personages and their inevitable retinue. Since the reports in the American papers on the agenda and the deliberations were almost scarce, the findings of the conference must in no wise have compensated Japan for its fine-tooth-comb process of selecting delegates who should neither know enough about labor problems to understand what was toward nor present too manifest a desire to learn which might indicate lack of experience at home. Thus it came about that while we hardly heard the voice of these proletarian confrères above the din of strikes and social unrest, in Japan it seems everything else was laid aside to select representatives who, as stated above, might give the impression of unstinted concern on the part of paternalistic Mutsuhito for his little sons, his *kodomo*.

When visitors come, does the teacher call upon her backward pupil for exhibition? Japan was careful. Every other country can be as stupid as it likes. Governments everywhere may do as they will. Japan has great consideration for its toilers. It will not let them founder. So Baron Shijo, director of the Industrial Bureau of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, approached a certain Mr. Masumoto, a university graduate and one of the principals of the Harima and Toba shipyards, with the offer of the post as delegate to the conference. Mr. Masumoto's qualifications

lay in his having spent some time as workman in English shipyards. Mr. Masumoto found it necessary to consult with Mr. Yamamoto, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. An atrophied form of *harakiri* still exists in Japan, and because his status as a labor delegate was questioned, Mr. Masumoto forthwith resigned his places in these companies and accepted the delegateship. But Japanese laborers also know how to "die" in good form. Knowing this, the government found it advisable to guard Mr. Masumoto against harm. And Mr. Masumoto, opposed by labor, stood his ground as labor's representative.

Had Japan been content with one delegate, my story would end here. But there is much more to be told.

Doctor Takano was also approached by the government, but he declined on account of his lack of knowledge of labor matters, and because he knew that the two strong labor organizations—the *Yuaikai* and *Shinaikai* —would protest. Not that they objected to Doctor Takano, but they argued that the government had not consulted them and that therefore they would block any attempt to send delegates unaccredited from them direct. "The government, however, failed to take steps in the direction of negotiating with labor organizations," said Doctor Takano. "As for the attitude of the *Yuaikai*, I calculated that it was not opposed to me as Japanese labor delegate, individually, but it evidently determined to remain faithful to the original contention that the conference which selected candidates was lacking in qualification." Now here is indeed a dilemma—a doctor who is pleasing in the eyes of a strong labor organization and approved of by the government, but is opposed for the post because labor had not been asked for its recommendations. Feeling that he could not afford to go protested by labor, he resigned. And thus ended the second episode in the little farce.

The *Yuaikai* (Friendly Society) explained its position. It could not possibly compromise at the very beginning of its existence as part of an international labor conference. To accept a delegate selected for them by the conference of the Bureau of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce was in their eyes destructive compromise—and they would rather not be represented.

This opposition to the government aroused internal trouble in the labor organization. Doctor Yoshino, a professor of Tokyo Imperial University, and Mr. Kitazawa, a professor of Waseda University, withdrew from councilorship of this Friendly Society as a protest against its unreasonableness. This is the interlude in the little labor comedy.

But where was the mass of labor in this performance? It organized processions or proceeded disorganized, wore mourning, and hired bands to play a funeral march (which, if my knowledge of things Japanese is not warped, meant that it must have been a rendering of "Alice, Where Art Thou Going?"). Miners and other laborers gathered in the park in Tokyo with emblems and placards calling upon their fellow-laborers to *awake!* and enjoyed themselves most properly. The hero of the drama—Mr. Masumoto—stood firm.

The curtain drops here. The world's applause brings our hero out in front of the curtain. We, the world, shout our convinced approval of the progress of Japan. We see not only the hero, but the whole cast—barring the multitude—and we think that labor conditions in Japan will now be so bettered that we will soon be able to discard our legislation against the importation of cheap Asiatic labor. But Japan smiles. Once more she has "put one over on us."

In the mean time it is well to consider that back in Japan these delegates were prompted by a goodly portion of the press in not uncertain terms to push the

question of the elimination of racial discrimination for all they were worth. As they were feasted before their departure, the Prime Minister, Mr. Hara, and others emphasized in the same breath that as delegates they should remember that labor conditions are not the same the world over and that they should work for recognition as Orientals without discrimination. This is the beginning of the tragedy which may some day be re-enacted on earth.

Strikes are continuing to harass Japan as much as, if not more than, even here in America. The government is changing its attitude on suppression of labor organization, is tussling with the problem by direct and indirect methods, is giving earnest consideration to the acute and intensified problem of the housing of the poor, establishing public markets of unexpected magnitude. As an indication of the awakening there is already considerable difference of opinion among laborers since the return of Mr. Masumoto.

Japan has done many remarkable things for herself in the past fifty years, but notwithstanding her trains and her telegraphs and all her modernism, Japan is still very far from being a perfect country. Inefficiency is as rife in the practical affairs as in political methods. The post-office went as near complete disorganization as it could have done. Letters posted to one's neighbor took days and weeks to reach the addressed, and packs of them were delivered wherever the boy chose to leave them. The confusion was so great that hundreds of cases of delay were reported from day to day in a special column run by *The Japan Chronicle*. The officials came down and we gained the information that insufficient pay was the first cause—and sheer stupidity the second. The railroads are now so crowded that travel with comfort is impossible. Telegrams have been sent from Kobe to Tokyo by train, that method being safer

and more rapid. Telephones cannot be secured at a premium, many firms having waited years for installations. The roads simply aren't roads in Japan. The list could be made as complete as could be desired.

Yet when all is said and done, one suffers from a twinge of conscience; for returning from Japan, where one acquires the habit of criticizing everything and praising nothing (justified as that may be in detail), one soon finds that one can do so just as much in his own country.

An American offered the Imperial University at Tokyo an endowment for a chair in American history. The government hesitated; it shifted. Then suddenly a chair in Shintoism—emperor-worship—was established. . . . Japan may keep her Emperor for years to come if the monarchy survives the difficulties ahead of it. But the surest way for Japan to bring about her own eclipse as a great nation is by obstructing her people in their efforts at self-uplifting. Japan cannot be excused because, as some one said, the Japanese do not lie awake at night plotting to extend their country's sway. They must lie awake—and plot their own development.

One might forgive the various administrations which have run the government during the last few years if they had at least so bettered internal conditions as to justify their aggressive foreign policies. But while leading the country into serious international difficulties, they are giving the people at home little or nothing with which to console themselves for their sacrifices. Two things remain for Japan to do if she is to solve her domestic problems: she must institute universal suffrage and remove the ban on effective organization.

XXVI

EDUCATION BY RESCRIPT

N countries like Europe and America, where education has been specialized for so many centuries, to attempt to treat it in a single chapter would be to become vague and lose perspective; for the present methods are as dissociated from the ancient as modern mechanics and engineering are from man's first experiences in drawing water with a pole. But in Japan it is just the reverse. To ignore historical perspective while trying to understand *our* problem would be to act like children who tease a Rip Van Winkle because he is strange to his new environment. The analogy must not be taken too literally. Japan was not asleep during the three hundred years of seclusion. We have made no progress which can rightfully be placed above theirs. They have not slept all the time; neither have we been awake throughout. Japan during that age of isolation was quite active, and from an educational point of view did more constructive work than at any time previous. But we must go still farther back if we are to understand the Japanese of to-day. Whatever criticisms we of Europe and America make must be done in the light of their past. Japan's past is so close to its inexplicable present that neither is at all clear without the other. Japan's political and social ideals, its standards and conditions, if rightly understood, will help us to judge that which is before us, and say truly whether things have

been bettered or made worse by sudden contact with the outer world. We must at all times remember that we are judging largely not what is of Japan, but what Japan has tried to do with things not hers. All that we see to-day in every walk of life is a development duel in make-up trying to achieve unity. And in education, none the less. We see not a nation of children ready and willing to accept from a kind teacher, but a nation of grown-ups who, like many immigrants in America, have been kept too long away from normal development and are now trying to make up by night school that which they could easily have learned in childhood.

From time immemorial Japan has had her arts and crafts, which developed as normally as anywhere else in the world. Japan's actual schooling began about twelve hundred years ago. It was at that time that the youthful Kobo Daishi made the startling pilgrimage to China and there acquired knowledge of Buddhism and of writing. Two hundred years earlier Shotoku Taishi, the Prince Regent (572–621), had become a great patron of Buddhism and did more than any one to spread its influence in Japan. At that time education and learning may be said to have had their real beginning. But, oddly enough, while it took on such definite forms in Europe, in Japan it was limited to the study of the Chinese classics. In Europe the universities became the centers for political strife, a force and factor in life. More than one war was fought between rival factions within the universities. But here learning had no such sway. In later years the Buddhist monks often took things into their own hands, and as late as the time of Nobunaga (1534–1582) were a menace to the state or daimyo in control. But learning was little more than existent, there being only one university, in Kyoto. What its effect was, what its teachings were, little is mentioned in official and unofficial histories. Of scien-

tific investigation, or invention, little was accomplished. The learning fostered was for the compilation of histories by order of the government. The first history of Japan[1] was compiled under the direction of Shotoku Taishi, but even in this matter it seems that the university had no one who took an impartial and literary interest in keeping records of events. This history is little more than a chronological list of sovereigns. Medicine and art were taught, and mathematics to a certain extent, but even these and other educational efforts were essentially limited and existed for the benefit of the children of officials and not those of the masses. The great age of Japanese art and literature reached its climax in the Heian epoch, between the ninth and twelfth centuries. During that period most of the classic Japanese literature and painting found birth, though they were indulged in completely by the upper classes and courtiers. Here women contributed much if not most of the great works in literature. The poetry of that period was, however, to a very great extent, of a dilettante nature. There were some private schools in Kyoto, but they confined themselves to the study of the Chinese classics, and even up to the time of the Restoration, reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught only in the temples. Aside from these and the general social arts such as music, dancing, and the tea ceremonies, education may be said to have been trimmed even more closely up to the time of the first Tokugawa shogunate in 1613. General histories of Japan make little more than mere reference to such educational pursuits.

During the three centuries preceding the closing of Japan to the world all education was virtually at a standstill, on account of internal strife. These, not the three hundred years of isolation, should be called the

[1] *Kojiki*, or "Records of Ancient Matters," A. D. 712.

dark ages. But with the final cessation of strife after Hideyoshi conquered the warring daimyos and real peace came to Japan education began to be regarded with more favor.

The closing of the doors of Japan to foreign intercourse was followed by the opening of the transoms of thought. The arts of peace were wisely substituted for those of war by the governing class. The fifth Tokugawa shogun was the most zealous in the advancement of learning. So much so that the various feudal barons became converts and established schools in their separate fiefs, going even so far as to include the sons of farmers, merchants, and artisans in the study of the three r's. Interest in literature virtually became rampant, and some men issued hundreds of books on the classics, history, law, astronomy, and botany. Some authors are credited with as many as three hundred volumes, and some groups with as many as a thousand. The period is considered by the Japanese as the golden age of literature.

Though it would be the height of ignorance to assume that Japan was an uncivilized nation till the coming of the foreigners, still it is safe to say that in comparison with European culture as derived from the Greek and Latin scholars Japan was wanting. In her arts and industries her beauty and charm were exceptionally fine. But it now remains to be seen what Japan will do with such borrowings as she has made from Europe and America.

With the second coming of the Europeans, Japan entered upon a stage in her history the consequences of which are as infinite as is world progress itself. No nation can live alone, and Japan has proved it. Had she not been so rudely wakened by American "push," it is easy to estimate what would have been the unfortunate state to which she would certainly have fallen. The stimulus given to education and learning by a sudden return to peace was incalculable. In learning

THE SOROBAN (COUNTING-MACHINE) RACE PREPARING THESE COMMERCIAL STUDENTS FOR THE RACE TO COME

SEND-OFF TO YOUNG CONSCRIPTS. THOSE WHO DON'T GET THE "LUCKY" NUMBERS ARE GIVEN CONGRATULATION DINNERS IN SECRET

as well as in natural law, perpetual motion is a dream impossible of realization. No matter how eager a man may be, his scholarship must be revived by contact with the world about him. Japan, left to herself, could not but reach out to the world beyond or die. And when the knockers at the gate were finally answered it was none too soon, for in a little while longer Japan would have died of self-strangulation. No wonder, then, that when the pretense of not wanting foreigners was finally swept aside, Japan took to western art and thought like a healthy young epidemic.

The Meiji era will probably be the most outstanding of all in Japanese history. Since the "sneaking" away to Europe for the sake of an education, as did Ito and Inouye, there has been a steady stream of students to Europe and America from Japan. Most of these went to America, and every student who returned came flushed with the hope of regenerating his fellow-countrymen. True, many, if not most, rapidly reverted to Japanese ways of thought and action. But the consequence is that now there is hardly a subject either of a practical, social, or theoretical nature that is not being taught in the schools of Japan. How they are being inculcated, what changes and transformations they undergo in the hands of the Japanese in order to adapt them to their "special" needs and character, no foreigner will perhaps ever know. What interpretations, what trimmings, what refutations occur I cannot tell other than that this very thought is stimulated by the reports issued by the government.

In the government reports it is interesting to read the General Remarks. Perhaps in no country in the world would a Minister of Education preface his report with such a statement as this:

"In making a record of the chief affairs transacted during the fourth statistical year of Taisho, we dare say

that the *most distinguished* fact, besides the work which had been carried on under the old régime, is the preparatory measures for the Coronation. The selection of the songs and musical notes to celebrate the occasion in all the schools, the compilation of the 'outlines of the Accession Ceremony' and the observance of a congratulatory ceremony in every school, were the chief undertakings."

The whole of the general remarks are such as show clearly that education in Japan is a process of inculcation of the spirit considered by the government to be essential. Of course, every country is more or less guilty of the same thing. For instance, we discovered that all histories in America were unduly severe in their accounts of England's culpability to the colonies. But these remarks are so obviously paternalistic as to evoke amusement and wrath alternately.

It is common knowledge that readers in the Japanese primary schools instil, with not a little vim, faith in the divinity of the Emperor. All books used in the early years of childhood cannot be other than those copyrighted by the government and passed by it. In the other schools greater liberty is allowed, and I am indeed surprised at the liberality in selection of books for reading (in English) which may be found in higher school libraries, the *Life of Bebel*, *Lassalle*, *Socialism*, etc. But any serious criticism of Japan is summarily suppressed. Every Japanese child is said to know about Washington and Lincoln, but as heroes only, not as democrats. Of course, all governments the world over are arbitrary in the choice of books permitted in the education of the young, but Japan certainly seems to go as far as it is possible.

One of the outstanding features of the Japanese educational system is the stress it lays upon the teaching of such morals as it deems advisable. "A constitutional

spirit" and "national morality" are constantly reiterated in government reports of educational work, and the establishment of young men's societies (there are over twenty thousand with a membership of about three million), and their effects, are given account of in frequent newspaper reports. "From the point of view of a statesman," says the last (43d) Annual Report, "the development of these societies is most desirous on account of their contributing much to the advancement of localities. If we observe how Boy Scouts in foreign countries have been developed, and see, further, how they are of use to the state, we realize that more pains must be taken to promote young men's societies in Japan. To this end the Minister of Education in cooperation with the Minister of Home Affairs, despatched instructions to every local government to foster these societies most suitably, according to local circumstances, and to encourage in the members the spirit of loyalty and filial piety." These societies have become one of the most reactionary forces in the country. The extent to which the government goes out of its way to foster imperialistic ideals is, to the western way of thinking, amazing. Just before leaving Japan I made a "pilgrimage" to the national Shinto shrines at Yamada Ise. These are the special shrines of the Mikados. An empire of school-children marched past, class by class, halted, right-faced at command; the instructor-driller took five paces in front of them, left-faced, bowed jerkily a twenty-degree bow, took three long goosey strides, kicked his heels together in German fashion, made a forty-five-degree bow, his hands stiffly at his knees, giving to his arms a mechanical motion, retreated three steps, bowed again—at which all the youngsters also bowed—left-faced, strutted to the end of the line, and ordered his "army" to march. They turned about face to the left, straightened out their line again, and repeated the

bowing in the opposite direction. Beyond the hill stands the greater shrine of Naiku. Every year thousands of the little children of the Empire are taken in long trains from all the ends of the dominion to pay homage at these shrines to the Mikados.

With a people like the Japanese this most likely works famously, nor can any one complain so long as in achieving their own national ideals they do not affect the ideals of other nations. There is still not a little of the clan spirit obtaining in Japan, and the government aims to supplant the disintegrating influence of loyalty to one's feudal lord by loyalty to the Emperor. How these counter-currents sometimes result in tragedy is seen in the fate of Viscount Mori, Minister of State for Education in 1888. The Minister was a radical, yet he was a great leader. He dared to push aside the white sheet which hangs before the shrine at Ise to show his disregard of Shintoism and its gods. Two years later, on the day of the celebration of the granting of the Constitution, February 11, 1889, Arinori Mori was treacherously assassinated. The murderer became the hero of all Japan. When one contemplates these strange turns Japanese psychology takes, one is simply horrified, and looks with fear upon a nation so set in superstition. For not only was that the sentiment of the moment. To this very day the murderer is exalted, and Marquis Okuma, the "Grand Old Man" of Japan, last year praised this act.

The path of the foreign instructor in Japan is now no more the path of glory. The days when he was the idol of new Japan are gone. To-day he is an inconsequential drudge. He carries his "professorship" with what little pride is left to him, and is grateful to the gods that his years of patient effort are not being rewarded with a medal and dismissal, as has been the case with sea-captains, engineers, and all the other foreigners who

have educated Japan. One of all that vast troupe of educators alone is still the monarch of the regeneration of Japan—and he is the teacher of English. For whatever the genius of the Japanese may be along other lines, when it comes to learning English it meets its Waterloo. So that the way of the English instructor, though minus all the romance and prestige which garlanded his predecessors' way, is still one of pleasure profusely mixed with pain. His days are numbered, however, and some are no more.

I had entered upon my duties as instructor of English in the Kobe Higher Commercial School with all sorts of notions about methods. Nothing in all my life have I unlearned so quickly as those useless schemes. One very worldly schoolmaster, without the shadow of an illusion circling round his bald head, puts the situation exquisitely to his students when they ask him which is right: "English people say it this way; Americans, that; Japanese say it as they like." I was not given a single hint as to how much English the students knew nor what I should teach. And I had to find out. To get them to talk is as difficult as driving an artesian well; you sometimes go a thousand feet through rock and then get no water. They simply will not open their mouths. Yet most of them have had seven and eight years of English study. One of the first peculiarities I noticed was that when looking straight into the eyes of a student, and asking him a question, he will invariably think you are talking to his neighbor and regard him as the guilty person. And behind and around him half a dozen will bob up as though they had been called upon. This most likely comes from the native habit of never looking into a man's eyes when speaking to him.

The problem of teaching Japanese boys is not an easy one. From the moment of birth, a boy is not only his

own master, but master of every one with whom he comes in contact. So that when he comes to school he is the lordling—and you just try to revolutionize things, if you can! Student strikes are quite frequent and many a professor has been forced out of his position because the students didn't favor him. As a consequence no student knows what his grading is, nor which professor flunked him. But the students still take matters into their own hands much earlier. They leave the classes *en masse* if they are in any way displeased with either the method or subject-matter. The strange part of this is that when such a situation takes place the few earnest students will follow in the wake of the rest. Those who have put in an appearance will ask that either the whole class be marked present or all absent, including themselves. This loyalty in defense of wrong is illuminating.

On the whole, however, I found the students respectful and earnest, sometimes touchingly so. Here and there a young man shows such qualities as make a man troubled less he misdirect him. Some are the personification of humility and gentleness. On the other hand, there comes the boor whose boldness and impudence are trying and puzzling. They are sensitive to a fault. The slightest correction of speech drives them back into a seclusion such as their nation lived in for two hundred and seventy years. They are ready to criticize you or your ways. Wrote one student, "As above said, taking note is very uneconomical and such method must be given up at once." They resent any method which seems to put them in the elementary class, yet what they know is little more than elementary. I have never come across such national self-consciousness in any people. They cannot write an essay of twenty words without using over and over again some reference to Japan in the most elaborate terms.

The commercial school is of utmost importance in Japan. The students are simply bursting with commercial ambition. It is business from one thought to another. Only eight hundred pupils can be accommodated, but every year there are over two thousand applicants trying the entrance examinations. Of these only two hundred or so gain admission. Recently the government undertook to improve and extend its educational system, making of Higher Schools universities. Intense agitation was set going at the Kobe Higher Commercial School because the status of their rival, the Tokyo Higher Commercial School, had been raised. Students would discuss the university situation during class periods, telling their instructors not to hold the class, because they were busy. This went on for a couple of weeks. So far nothing definite has been achieved.

The meaning of this promotion is clear. Morally Japan is reverting to her own conceptions of right and wrong, but that will not interfere with her acceptance of foreign ways of doing business. Japan frankly places the Commercial School on a par with schools of liberal arts, in that following the tendencies becoming pronounced even in western countries. During the war New Zealand spoke quite seriously of doing this. New Zealand reasoned that Germany had almost captured the trade of the world because commercial education was part of her system. And New Zealand did not intend to lose the advantages of a blood-won victory over a superior German commercial educational system. But, of course, though putting the arts and sciences in the background in this way, New Zealand is western in thought and morality. Japan is Oriental. Japan accepts all the sciences and practices in education which have made the great western nations and uses them to foster her own national ideals. No student of things Japanese would for a moment deny that Japan has

traits and characteristics which would appreciably help in making this a better world. But along with lofty ethical conceptions comes the faith which has been christened *bushido*, the faith of the sword, which is being inculcated in the hearts and minds of Japanese youth.

For, in spite of this absence of direct control, the government has a pretty firm hand on its student body. Students are much more unruly in the lower schools, which are controlled by the municipalities or by the prefectures. In the higher government schools the students are not allowed to discuss politics or criticize the government, though I have on one or two occasions had them go off at a great rate in conversation classes. I was once listening to an embryo orator rehearse his oration. He had to refer to the rice riots in a word of warning to the world, but would do so only as "the event of last summer." I told him it would be more definite to say "rice riots," but he declined, saying that even mention of the word "riot" was prohibited in the school.

Sometimes, when I came into the cold, dirty classrooms, my heart sickened. The dust, dirt, and dilapidated desks and squeaky floors—cheerless, colorless, and not odorless—I could have fled in despair. And the ill-clad, untidy, black-uniformed students aroused my pity. The janitor was in the habit of pouring water on the wooden floors and mats at 9 A.M. instead of sweeping the halls and rooms, so that the place was cold and dungeon-like. I once asked a native professor why this was done. "You see, Japanese are not so sensitive to cold as you foreigners," he answered. I thought of the padded coats and shawls, so common to both male and female attire in Japan, the frozen fingers, and the shivering—and smiled at the chronic vanity of these people.

The life of the student is not to be envied. It means

years and years of grinding application to work, with not always a lucrative reward in the end. Most of the students seem pathetically poor, their health is not of the best, and one often contemplates the seeming privations with sadness. This is doubtless due to some extent to the fact that they are compelled to wear foreign black uniforms with military collars, which are generally ill-fitting and cheap, secondary garments, as it were, to those native to them. Hygienically, their own would be much more serviceable.

They live very cheaply, the average cost of a month's schooling being about thirty yen for board and all. Some live with country people round about or in boarding-houses, at which they pay about twelve yen ($6) a month for food and lodging. At the school dormitory they are housed for two yen a month, and their board comes to about fifteen yen. The poverty of some is extreme.

The general educational work of the country differs from that in other countries. Though at first modeled after the American educational ideals, it later fell under the influence of German practice. The period of schooling extends from the seventh to the twenty-fourth year, and no student graduates before the latter age. To attain a doctor's degree requires hard study up to a man's thirtieth year. All subjects are compulsory. Students put in from thirty to thirty-two hours classwork a week, besides a considerable amount of collateral reading and home-work which is entailed. That this has been the cause of many a ruined constitution is almost proverbial with the students. Ask them to write a composition about the value of exercise, and all seem faced with the same fear of breakdown in health.

Education in the East is essentially a lecture system; that is, the student listens and absorbs what he can. He follows the professor, trying to take down as copious

notes as it is possible with such an inconvenient system of writing as Japanese. There are only two Higher Commercial Schools in the country, and to them students flock from all over Japan and even from Korea and China. Some try the examinations over and over again, even after their thirtieth year.

The total number of schools in the Empire is 38,000; of teachers, 196,000; of students, 8,540,437; and of graduates, 1,514,038. This for the year 1915–16, and shows an increase over the previous year of 660 schools, 4,432 teachers, 264,761 students, and 45,682 graduates.

There are 68 schools for deaf, dumb, and blind, 62 of which are private. They taught music, acupuncture, and massaging to 2,645 pupils during 1915–16, but this is only a bare fraction of the total number. The number of blind people seen wandering about in the hustle and bustle of unregulated street traffic without being run down is simply amazing.

Girls receive instruction just the same as do the boys, and there are two Higher Normal Schools for women—one in Tokyo, the other in Nara. These aim to teach women literature, science, and domestic accomplishments, specializing in such subjects as students may elect *which are not contrary to the educational policy.* Kindergartening and nursing are among the special courses. All students must be over seventeen and under twenty-two years of age, and unmarried. There are schools for almost every branch of learning—literary, scientific, and technical.

As to school hygiene, the government confesses that "it must be owned that the result is far below perfection," in spite of its increased efforts. Knowing what poverty and hunger prevail among the poor in our own schools, I have wondered not a little what it must be here. The following is of interest: "As regards the development of the spinal column, constitution, and

eyesight of students and pupils in the institutions under the direct control of the department, they cannot be given a word, owing to the difference of the school, sex, age, etc. Generally speaking, there was an increase of male students and pupils who had strong or weak constitutions, when compared with the previous year, and a decrease of the medium, and in female pupils the case was the reverse; while respecting the development of the spinal column, those who had abnormally curved columns decreased in male students and pupils, and increased in female pupils. As to eyesight, there was an increase in both sexes of those who were defective in one or both eyes." The general tendency as regards cases of illness that year was "a little worse than last year," says the report. Out of 21,735 children examined, 54.5 per cent had decayed teeth.

One of the first things in hygiene the Japanese will have to learn is how to live in foreign-styled houses, as most of the schools are built that way. Unaccustomed to the use of foreign clothing, especially shoes, they encounter one of the first evils. The dust kept down by perpetual sprinkling of the floors must be a strain on the strongest constitution, yet they seem to pride themselves in the practice of such methods as invoke the law of the survival of the fittest.

There is considerable dissatisfaction with the methods of education in vogue, just as there is with us, and this will tend to increase until those who have hitherto been dependent upon foreigners for direction and advice learn to handle the tasks they have but recently assumed. Hard as it is for those foreigners who find their services only half appreciated, still for the good of Japan it must be admitted the present assumptions of native teachers are the best for the future of education in Japan. A Japanese teacher must protect himself against the competition of the foreigner (especially in

European languages). The results of native effort are often most amusing.

The Emperor's birthday is an occasion for more than mere cessation of work or school. Throughout all the institutions the portraits of the Emperor and Empress and Crown Prince are set upon the platforms, veiled. At our school the faculty stands before it, in front of the assemblage of students. The director, in full-dress with gilt embroidery and sword, takes his place, half facing the portrait and half the assembly. At a word from one of the faculty the students rise to be welcomed. Then the *Kimigaya* (national anthem) is sung. So sacred is this hymn that singing it has been prohibited except on national occasions. Without formal announcement, the director steps solemnly in front of us to where he faces the pictures; then, just upon the sound of "*yo wa*" in the song, he advances, and upon the word "*sazareishi*" he pulls the curtains aside, having at due intervals bowed reverently. The song is sung twice over, a lacquer box is opened and the Imperial Rescript on Education is read:

Know ye, Our subjects:

Our Imperial Ancestors have founded Our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue; Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of Our Empire, and herein also lies the source of Our education. Ye, Our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and wives be harmonious, as friends true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation; extend your benevolence to all; pursue learning and cultivate arts, and thereby develop intellectual faculties and perfect moral powers; furthermore advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the Constitution and observe the laws; should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State; and thus guard and maintain the propriety of Our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth. So shall ye be not only Our good and faithful subjects, but render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers.

The way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by Our Imperial Ancestors, to be observed alike by Their Descendants and the subjects, infallible for all ages and true in all places. It is Our wish to lay it to heart in all reverence, in common with you, Our subjects, that we may all thus attain to the same virtue. The 30th day of the 10th month of the 23d year of Meiji (1890).

After a short address by one of the faculty and the reading of a slight paper by a student, the ceremony is over—and the curtains are again drawn across the portraits. There is nothing shabby nor affected about it. It is done thoroughly and properly and with reverence.

I had once unwittingly led a class in general discussion from one thing to another until, under current events, I contrasted the freedom of movement of the President of the United States with the King of England. It had been reported that returned soldiers on parade broke ranks and shook hands with the King. I then contrasted the easy simplicity of Prince Arthur with the rigid formalism of Prince Nashimoto, both of whom I had seen while stopping at the Nara Hotel one summer. Then I added that formerly, when their Emperor passed, they were not allowed to look at him, any one caught so doing being in danger of losing his eyes. Even to-day no one can be on an open balcony, but must be on the ground when royalty goes by. I made no comment on this. Up spoke one student, "You must not mention our Emperor in the same breath with kings and presidents."

Picture reverence is not limited to royalty. One of the instructors had died while in New York, and we received cabled information. Everybody assembled—as is done only on special occasions—and we appeared in frock-coats. The man's wife and children came. A large portrait, framed, was set upon the platform, speeches were made to it and to the assemblage. But most effective of all was the reading of an address by

one of the students, from sheets almost the size of a newspaper. His tall body, ill-fitting clothes, and worn, unpolished boots, made of him a most pathetic figure. He bowed, looked at the picture, and commenced reading. I have never heard a more effective address. His voice at times fell to a whisper as though choked with emotion, and when it rose there seemed to be a mustering of earnestness. No one need say the Japanese show no emotion. Throughout the assembly faces of students were red with weeping, and one visitor was grieved to tears. The wife smiled sadly. And in his soft, well-modulated voice the student went on. Every time he said the word *sensei* (teacher) one felt a world of love had gone out to cheer his departed instructor.

So strongly developed is their national pride that when in a play given by the students they represented Cæsar and other great generals kneeling before Emma, the ruler of their underworld, the student dressed as Hideyoshi wouldn't kneel as did the others.

Indeed, one of the most offensive traits of the Japanese is this chauvinistic self-conceit. One cannot read a statement that is not simply stuffed with self-glorification. In *Japan to America*,[1] by Japanese notables, one is amazed at the naïveté. Such statements fairly stare at one out of the pages: "They look upon their kings or emperors as sovereign apparently as we do; but—to speak figuratively—theirs are the hat, while ours is the head." "The Japanese are a people with peculiar characteristics." "While we are busily engaged in importing good things from foreign countries, we are not foolish enough to forget the beautiful characteristics original with Japan. Below I shall enumerate a few of our characteristics." "So in Japan

[1] *Japan to America*, edited by Naochi Masaoka.

there is no need for such an undertaking as the ethical movement that is seen in Europe and America. We are practising what is preached in these ethical movements." "We are not fettered by traditions and conventionalities. . . .Thus in forty or fifty years we have arrived at the present condition of perfection, after so many changes and reforms." "In this respect, our system may be superior to that of European schools, whose relations to one another have been a process of growth." "In short, Japanese education is the most democratic of all the nations in the world." "There is much more that I should like to say about Japanese education, but lack of space forbids." And there is three-quarters of a blank page beneath it.

The beauty and wonder and excellence of Japanese education exist largely in the minds of the proud educators. The exaggerations which have gone abroad about the 98-per-cent attendance must be understood in the light of examples. Japan has done remarkably well, but there is no need of putting on a false face. Pride in what they have already done is amply justified; but not boasting. The result is a hampering of such faculties as would otherwise yield readily enough to training. The outstanding fact of Japanese linguistic failure is proof of this assertion. Were they more modest in their assumptions they would acquire a better grasp of a language; but pride, sensitiveness to a fault, keeps them from using what they know or accepting correction in what they don't know. Again this may be regarded as somewhat of a universal trait, but it is more generally true in Japan.

There have been innumerable examples of Japanese English. I could produce a volume which would be most illuminating. A psychoanalyst would laugh at the attempted secrecy so peculiar to these people, for in their unwitting use of words their unconscious is

easily revealed. But here only the grammatical and humorous phases will be regarded.

A student in a commercial-practice class wrote, "Hideyoshi built the castle in Osaka and in that castle he engaged in advertisement." Another, "Will you be so kind as to pay us in three days in order to make us sorry to stop business transaction with you hereafter." But for a pleasant insight into what they think of their own educational advantages, here is a speech delivered by one young man before an audience in the English-speaking society:

Defects of Our Educational System

Ladies and Gentlemen:

You must widely open our eyes and must look into Our Educational System. This is, I believe, one of the most important problems when our Educational reform and expansion are going to be made. Surely, you will find out many evil influences, but I think, I have a privilledge in stating clearly and proving my words with utmost indifference. Because I am a student. I am a student under the present educational system in which I have been taught these 16 years.

Really, schools in Japan are the productions of mechanical process applied in our education. At the age of handicraft, some 4 centuries ago, articles were made one by one by the hands of workman, but at the present industrial age articles are made on a large scale. Such method, as manufacturing a great mass of articles was applied to our educational system and there, we found out our beloved schools. However, I have now an appeal to you which you must never forget. That is, human beings are not articles in any way, so, they should not be treated like articles. Don't you find any such tendency in our educational System? Indeed, the only way to refine our System is, to exclude evil influences, caused by such a mass producting method as fast as we can and the smaller the defects, the better is the school.

From our point of view, the endowment of each boy seems to be equal, but we find a good difference of capacity after they become 7 or 8 yrs. old. This, I believe, is due to the influence of their environmental education. While, if we consider this matter more seriously, we will find out many defects in our system. Our boys are pressed vigorously not to gain an opportunity of up starting. I think you have stil in mind the disturbance among the teachers of primary

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schools in Kyoto. This was no other than the matter that a bright boy was allowed a special promotion in his course of study. Of course, such a promotion is thought to be unreasonable in our prensent educational system, but there must be a proper institute for the clever boy to give the opportunity of starting upward.

We will now discuss our middle school education. There we find, all the boys are forced to receive the same education. Boys who are anxious to proceed to university, boys who wish to follow up their father's business, boys who has scientific genius or boys who has a peculiar instinct for art and literature, they are all restricted to obey the iron rules of our educational system. Therefore a boy who has a superior ability knowledge for philosophical matters but not so in mathematics must leave the school, for his failure in the examination. Such a tragedy is often seen in our middle schools. We should exclude this bad system of losing many prominent students. Proverb says, a precocious boy at 10, a clever at 15, a common at 20. This, I think, is repeated quite occasionally among our young men. Generally, a boy if he is healthy in mind, has a strong desire for intellectual pursuit but only a problem must be consedered in this case. That is, whether his interest for knowledge continues to a very long time or whether he is put into a circumstance of intellectual freedom in which he is easily supplied knowledge as he wishes to have. Of course, a boy in that environment is sure to become a great man.

Dr. Wener, a professor in the Harverd University is the man who has been trying his son in this way and, he has brought about a remarkable affair. His son named, Nower, entered the Taff University at 10 yrs. old. received a degree of Dr of Philosophy at 15 yrs. old. After that, he studied in the Cambridge University for about 2 yrs. and returned to America. He was afterwards appointed to the professor of Philosophy in the Haiverd University. Really he was then yet 20 yrs. of old. Such a method of education adapted by Dr. Wener is never a new one. In olden times, thus was common among Greeks. If you read the Greek history you will amaze to find many geniuses, as if we see thousands of stars in the night of Autumn sky. This is certainly due to the good breeding among the Greeks.

If our ideal is named "the genius education" that is,- to let a boy induce to have interest for considertion for natural principles and give him a sufficient knowledge as he demands and kindle a fire on the top of his endowments! I now say, for the sake of boys of real ability, we must ulter our institute so as to enable them to under the university at 10 yrs. old. At present, cramming seems to be the only mottoe in our education especial in the middle schools. Why

we can devote ourselves to our lessons? Such method of teaching, can only educate fools, only fools. Of course, this is due to the misunderstanding of teachers. the most natural and the most important thing in education is, not merely cramming but far more necessary is to cultivate the ability of students, and lead them easily to acquire new knowledge. In other words, the means of education must be the systematic training of the brain on the part of students. This method, I believe, has a remarkable good result, that is, to enable boys to use their penetrate judgement and reasoning. From this point of view we don't need so many lessons as we have now.

I have told you that schools in Japan are the production of mechanical process applied in education but the one who has brought about this process is certainly the economic principles. While if we consider like this, without money, the school education must be limitted to a certain sphere. The substancial scarcity, is one of our present difficulties in our educational matters.

There are so many of teachers who deplore their ill-treatment and a good number of patriots who are grieving of the public for their indifference for educational matters. But what is the origin of their ill-treatment? or what has caused the public indifference? Their are a few who understand these. In our country there is a party who are always oppressing the educational expansion. They fear, this expansion, for the safe guard of their bodies. They usually take away a greater part of the national expenditures and leave a small portion to the educational undertaking. We are told that the present Governmental schools can be doubled by the money, wasted by the explosion of late battle ship "Kawachi."

We must, now, from this moment, push in to the heart of our education and improve the defects of our system. I now say, "Open your Eyes", "Penetrate the defects decisively and earnestly hope you will reflect upon your mind.

I thank you for your kind attention.

Difficult of management, proud and unyielding, proud in their superiority to their own uneducated brethren and proud in the consciousness of belonging to a proud race, Japanese students provoke one to intense dislike. Yet when you meet them in private and learn to know what they think and aspire to, you find among them types not easily duplicated in any country. When I announced my resignation from my position, class after class simply flooded my ears with rhetorical re-

grets, but when I put them to the test which determines the sincerity of most associations I found that all the sentimentalism vanished in thin air. During the war they strutted the word "democracy" about. The wave of liberalism which swept over the country found its greatest response in the students. The franchise was demanded by them throughout the country. But it petered out as a class issue—they as students rather than the people as a whole should be liberated. However, the students are the leaven of freedom in Japan. At times lovable and openly affectionate, ready to sentimentalize over you, one never gets away from the feeling that they are using you for special advantages in the study of English. Missionaries have found this to be true to such an extent that they now conduct their services largely in Japanese, realizing that the sop of English study produced conversion too readily. I may sound severe, but I am only trying to give as true a picture of the Japanese as I can.

XXVII

SUPPRESSION

Press Censorship

ITH the whole world practising press censorship, it seems hardly fair to pick out one particular country for special observation or criticism. Whether Japan is better or worse than any other country in her effort to keep thought in check is debatable. One thing she is beyond measure—unique. We of the West do not exempt a man from punishment because he didn't know the law, but we generally so promulgate our laws as to make it possible for the law-abiding to steer a safe course. Not so in the case of publicity in Japan. There, no matter how willing a person may be to respect certain existing statutes, their interpretation in accordance with whim makes obedience well-nigh impossible.

For instance. You are a publisher of a foreign newspaper. You have lived for years in the country, respected and feared. You have tried to understand the ways of the people among whom you have chosen to live. You insist, however, on publishing news when it comes to you.

But, "No," says the censor. "You may surely publish news, but you must take your chances in the matter. It is not unlikely that the news you publish in your newspaper may not be to our advantage, and in consequence it will be suppressed."

"But if that is the case," you plead, "kindly tell us what kind of news we may not publish."

"That we cannot do," admits the censor, "for we do not know what news will come in for you to publish." And, indeed, even a censor will admit his ignorance sometimes, and not all can be expected to be prophets.

"Then," you pray, "will you please tell us what of that news we have already published is objectionable. Point out specifically why you have suppressed our issue?"

"That is also impossible," says the censor (or, to be exact, the police official who happens to have been detailed on that job), "because, if we did that, then you might make use of the point in an indirect way and thus expose our desire for secrecy."

"Then what shall I do," says the editor, despairingly, or turns to his desk with an idea.

Publishing news, like everything else in Japan, is an altogether new thing. During Japan's seclusion from world contact there was no news to publish. Even curiosity was killed. If on occasion some leading lord had a quarrel with another lord and one of the lords' heads came off, well, it was not such an unusual event as to require large type. That little world could live and wait until some historian-playwright would turn the incident out in dramatic form. Then another would print it, a third would memorize it and proceed to recite passages from it to such crowds as dared to gather. And copies would be sold.

Since then a Mr. Black has been to Japan and has taught them how to publish news. Consequently ideas spread so rapidly that the government became alarmed. They offered Mr. Black an easy job. Well, like the dog and the piece of meat, he soon learned what it is to take a well-paying job that didn't exist.

The trials of the foreign editor above described are not phases of racial discrimination. The native editor knows as little what he may do with his paper as does anybody else. So true is this that each newspaper which regards its editor as more useful in the office than in jail keeps a "dummy editor" on the job, who, though seldom in the office, is ready and pleased to be in jail as occasion demands.

It doesn't always pan out that way, as Mr. Maruyama of the *Osaka Asahi* (*Osaka Morning Sun*) can bear witness. When the question of sending troops to Siberia came up, he—plain, ordinary, unknowing editor and proprietor (or president) of the largest newspaper in Japan—dared to say that he didn't approve of this expedition. And he said it without honorifics. Well, did his "dummy editor" just quietly go to jail? Alas! things have changed in the Land of the Rising Sun. There is now a group of young ruffians called the *soshi* whose patriotism knows no bounds. They will die for their Emperor and the government—even if they have to take some erring Nipponese along with them for judgment before the divine ancestors. And so these *soshi*, young and sprightly, made an attack on the venerable Mr. Maruyama, beat him up as far as their courage held out, and went their ways. Mr. Maruyama had them arrested. A number of them were found "guilty" and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. And when all the form was duly carried out and all the available honorifics exhausted to soothe the injured feelings of Mr. Maruyama (his bones needed some more substantial balm)—their sentence was stayed on promise of *good* behavior. Considering that their organization is fostered by the government, one need not exert much mental energy to decide on the meaning of good.

This occurred under the Ministry of Count Terauchi.

Months went by. Count Terauchi resigned on account of "illness." Whether it was a physical or political complaint no one took the trouble to diagnose. But Mr. Hara, the man of the people, became Prime Minister, and one of the first things he promised was relief from *unfair* press censorship. As in the case of the word "good," however, the definition of unfair is problematical. The first thing Premier Hara did was to follow in his predecessor's footsteps, as a very cautious politician should. His gray hairs and swarthy complexion are not without just reason for their existence.

The editor of the *Osaka Asahi* was assaulted during the Terauchi administration. Mr. Hara, shortly after his investiture, asked that editor to come to Tokyo for a "chat" and received a "voluntary" promise that his disloyal attitude would not appear again. During the Terauchi administration, an issue of *The Japan Chronicle* in Kobe was suppressed for reprinting from *The North-China Daily News* a reference to the famous Twenty-one Demands; during the first months of Mr. Hara's Ministry the editor of the little *Kobe Herald* was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and five hundred yen fine for reprinting from *The Pekin Gazette* an article by Mr. Putnam Weale in which a casual reference was made to the Emperor as being "inexperienced." During the rice riots which precipitated the downfall of Terauchi, mention of them was at first prohibited; in Hara's day, now that Korea has taken to rioting on a large scale, *The Japan Chronicle* says, "The suppression of the press has hindered the government from knowing what is going on, though it knew long before the present trouble broke out that it was brewing, *for it issued instructions that nothing was to be mentioned on the subject.*" And on March 14th last *The Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo) was suppressed for reprinting a manifesto from Japanese socialists to socialists in Europe protesting against Jap-

anese troops being sent to Siberia and expressing sympathy with the Russian revolution. The sentence said to have caused the trouble was, "The Mikado's mailed fist has fallen heavily upon the Japanese proletariat."

In 1918 Baron Goto, then the Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressing a convention of governors which is regularly called in Tokyo, let slip a bit of advice on the matter of their duties to the state. He made reference to the increase in the number of suppressions of newspapers and emphasized the necessity of the governors using their influence to "guide the press." He made some very open statements besides, which brought down upon him the wrath of newspaperdom. He was compelled to retract, which he did indirectly. But one of the Tokyo journals—*The Yomiuri*—went to some lengths to show that in Japan journalism is feared much more than it is respected. It urged that Japanese journalists, receiving special treatment, should also show themselves worthy of it. The general cry against the Japanese press is that it out-yellows our yellow journals. But there is this to be said in its defense: considering that scandal and libel go unpunished, while a reference to the Twenty-one Demands on China meets with suppression, what can be expected?

The amusing part of all this suppression is that while permanent periodicals and books must be passed upon before they can be published, newspapers, when suppressed, have already passed out to their subscribers. This is especially true of papers published in English. But the fear on the part of the Japanese seems to be more that the news will go abroad than that it will affect the natives.

The foreigner in Japan, however, finds that his way is fairly clear before him. Though English is read by many Japanese, the government feels that the mass of its subjects is sufficiently screened against infection

with real western thought by the vernacular. Language is indeed a Chinese Wall between Japan and its friends of the outer world. Yet, when one least expects it one finds amazing surprises. I have seen what seemed to me a most liberal selection of books on all subjects, such as the *Life of August Bebel*, *Lassalle*, etc., at the Kobe Higher Commercial School library. But Mr. A. M. Pooley's book, *Japan at the Cross Roads*, has been prohibited from sale or distribution in Japan. President Wilson's speeches were censored even while Japan was professing a great love of democracy. And I have since learned that books unfavorable are bought up from American book-stores by Japanese agents. A gentleman in New York, prominent because of his pro-Chinese leanings tells me that the moment his name appeared signed to a letter criticizing Japan, several years ago, his *Japan Chronicle* stopped coming to him. The government allows general criticisms to float about, but all reference to the Emperor must be in the nature of reverence. The slightest suggestion of criticism likely to reflect upon the divine nature of the Tenno is still as taboo as though there still were czars and kaisers snugly on their thrones.

Intellectual life in Japan is no "dark Russia" to the foreigner. To the native, "dark Russia" must be unknown. According to statistics given out by the Director of the Police Affairs Bureau, there were 1,927 suppressions under the Okuma Ministry (1914–16); under the Terauchi Ministry (1916–17), 391. What it has been under the present Minister is not yet to hand. These are not all cases of curtailment of the newspapers, but include art and the movies.

This brief survey may give the impression that liberty of the press is unknown in Japan. Not at all. One may say what one likes, providing one doesn't hit upon something the government doesn't like. Democracy

was so overwhelmingly self-assertive during the war that it could not but reach the ears of Japan. But it was passed off as a foreign importation. It may be good enough for such countries as America, but for Japan it is not necessary. Rather, Japan has been a democracy from Jimmu Tenno's time, it is alleged. A few socialists are arrested in Kyoto for publishing and distributing some pamphlets. The latest reports are that socialist post-cards have suddenly and mysteriously appeared, throwing the officials into general consternation. Thus it will be seen that, suppressions notwithstanding, "dangerous thoughts" are filtering into the country.

Those of us who hope for a better understanding between Japan and the great West (especially America) know that it will come about only when uncensored news and opinion with regard to the domestic and foreign relations of these two countries will be fact and not merely the doctored-up and glossed-over emanations which are now creating utter confusion among us. The number of publications subsidized, encouraged, and distributed is legion. Talking to the manager of one of the publishing houses in New York I was told that the Japanese government bought, as a subsidy, 800 copies of a book his firm published. And since Japan bought out Reuter's Agency and established the *Kokusai Tsushinsha* the government has had control over all news to and from Japan.

XXVIII

EXPRESSION

Drama and Art

ONE frequently hears the remark among foreigners in Japan that it is just as well, especially for women, that they do not understand what is being said to them as they pass or what the point of the humor is at the theater which has caused such an outburst of laughter. Vulgarity is to be met with as unexpectedly in certain quarters as politeness and decency are certain in others. Especially on the stage. As with us, acting and loose living have been almost synonymous terms, regardless of what cleanliness and decency may be found in that profession. In Japan the position of the actor has been, until very recently, even much lower than with us. Literally, the word *shibai* (theater) means sitting on a lawn or grass-plot, and was used to signify the primitive theater—that is, actors would perform from the river banks and be observed by the upper classes from their pavilions above. Now there was more than mere physical position in this arrangement. The actors during the Tokugawa period were treated very poorly. They came from the social element known as *kawara-mono*, the vagrants and homeless wanderers who lived under the bridges upon the *kawara* (river banks). Until the Meiji era, when all class distinction was legally abolished, they were not allowed to marry any but

kawaramono. And that is why all the theaters are generally situated near the banks of the rivers. Minamiza, the largest theater in Kyoto to-day, stands right upon the east bank of the Kamogawa, and the Shurakwan of Kobe is on the spot which was formerly the bank of the Minatogawa. The former is the direct descendant from the old *kawara* theater. Some of the modern actors are likewise quite likely the offspring of *kawara* actors, and even the famous Danjiro the ninth was a *kawaramono*. Vagrants as they were, it is easy to realize they would pick up an understanding of human nature and indifference to established form, together with stories and happenings which would make them the delight of the dull stay-at-home Japanese. Even to-day it is amazing to see how long natives will sit upon the floor of a cheap theater and listen to the droll stories which the story-teller reels off without end, with but here and there a silly attempt at mimicry.

Why the actor should have been forced into the class of butchers, leather-tanners, removers of night-soil, and *geta* merchants is too complex a problem for the student of things Japanese. Except, perhaps, that the women-degrading Oriental felt that for a man to take to entertaining in the fashion of the geisha was too mean and vulgar to be tolerated. Yet in the classic No, which in art and beauty transcends many a western histrionic accomplishment, no woman is ever allowed to take part.

The popularity of actors to-day knows no bounds. The fortunate ones become the idols of the geisha and others who vie with one another in the presentation of stenciled curtains which are drawn to and fro across the stage to the edification of the populace. During the influenza epidemic a millionaire died, leaving a famous actress, his mistress, in distress. She "suicided herself," as Japanese say, asking that she be buried with her lover. All Japan was in consternation as to whether

her wish should be respected or not. They compromised, burying her at a distance, but putting her lover's picture in her grave.

I am now seven thousand miles away from Japan. All about me is the clatter of typewriters and the grinding of motor-cars and trains. Yet I need but shut my eyes and forthwith the melancholy sweetness of the No murmurs within me. Nothing I have brought away with me from the Far East beckons me to return more than that classic visualization of emotion. For nothing in all Japan is more of the very heart and soul of that select few which in every country is its everlasting glory, than is this ancient untrimmed dramatic art. The No is not the art of the people—yet it is not the expression of the aristocracy. It is the outpouring of the purest sort of emotion, of the simplest types of human experience, highly individualized, yet set firm in convention.

Its presentation is absolutely pure. The stage-setting is of the essence of simplicity. No people in the wide world know better than the Japanese how to make two walls and a floor effective, with the sky for a canopy. The pine-tree painted on the walls is the only decoration other than the costumes. There is no curtain, except that which hangs over the door at the end of a long and narrow passageway leading to the stage from the left.

As that curtain is opened the first actor appears. His movements are constrained. He makes short steps, seldom more than the length of a foot; he glides, never raising his feet from the floor; he hesitates as though he were depicting the progress of time, not the passing of an incident.

In the meantime the singers, flutists, and drummers have been reciting the prologue to the No. When the actor arrives at the prescribed place on the stage he begins to tell who he is and what he is after. Other characters appear in the same stately way. Their con-

versation reveals the story, the singers bringing in extraneous matter in the intervals. None of them just speaks; everything is told in a deep, bass, chanting tone which is far richer than the music of the West.

As in the singing so in the dancing. The movement is slow and constrained. There is little dancing. For instance, when a character is on a long journey he may take five minutes to cross the small stage. Sometimes the actors become more rapid as they advance to the end of their part, but never take on the abandon of the Greek classic dance.

Whereas with us art yields to the impulse toward disintegration and contains itself within the centrifugal limits of physical law, here the sense of motion, the world of flight, is brought within the most unyielding of limitations without actually losing any of the essence of swiftness. A comparison can be made in the velocity of the earth, which is almost visible to us, and the velocity of a comet, which seems stationary. The first brings us our day and night; the second has no such effect. Our art has its cycles: the No seems to have its orbit.

We go to the opera and enjoy it even though we may not understand the language in which it is sung. Not for its word-thoughts, but for its pictures and spirit are we audience. So with the No. The language of the No is archaic and little understood even by the well-educated Japanese. Some of the sounds are indeed harsh and meaningless, as, for instance, the ejaculations of the drummers. But after a while one comes to want these harsher sounds together with the more finely beautiful as one wants a coarser thread beneath the surface pattern of a piece of tapestry. So, too, one wants the relaxation of the farce which always enters between the three No dramas given at a single performance. The language of this Kyogen, or farce, is more simple.

I could almost understand it myself. The action is more rapid; in fact, the comedian hops about the stage. But the language of the No, being so ancient and so difficult, gives one the feeling of the birth of thought and the connection or relation of music and pure sound to thought. If fully understood and closely followed, there is no reason why music should not be as definite as words.

The No is rich in possibilities for interpretation. I found that in some cases knowledge of the story was a drawback. For instance, take the Jo-no-mai, or Plum Dance. I could not see where there was even the slightest relationship between the acting and the thing it meant to depict. Had I not been told, I should have enjoyed the whole because of its inventiveness, the costumes, and the motion. But to see a masked face protruding from a costume of marvelous color harmony and to be told that it is a flower dancing taxes my credulity and sense of balance too much.

The No costume is by all means the last word in dress. The blaze of color, the crowding in of fabrics obliterating the form but creating form—it is without peer. The man is lost beneath his art, emerging as a new creation. From his right arm may hang a sleeve of soft orange tints; from his left, gold lattice effect on a blue background. The skirt, or trousers, may be of gold on pink; streaming hair from beneath a black cap; tremendous embroidered *obi* or girdle; snow-white *tabi* or cloth shoes. The hands are always rigid, the fingers straight. And when he swings open the fan with his right hand he encompasses the universe. Frequently the actor stands in long trousers which drag out behind him as though he were on his knees. Or he is masked as a woman.

There is one feature of the No which is the essence of the Japanese terpsichorean art, and that is the fan. We talk of Japan spoiling such western art as she has

attempted to imitate, but how does it come about that the fan, which plays such an exquisite part in their art and life, should have been so degraded in the West—degraded to a purely utilitarian office, that of keeping overdanced ladies cool?

The quivering fan represents in the No world what the woman's hand is in the human world. Every No actor has a fan, and the way in which it is to be handled is as great an art as the music and dress. Sometimes it is supposed to be a mirror, sometimes a sword. But I think that it is more truly the outstretched palm of the authority of art hushing the seething multitude of impulses which crowd in upon the observer.

Though all these outer manifestations of this art are in themselves sufficiently worthy, still, when the motif, or plot, has to do with human relationships, knowledge of the story is essential. I have roughly noted the characters and actions of a few No, to give the reader a more vivid picture of its dramatic force.

A girl enters dressed as a priest, in black over-kimono with gilt breastplates. She prays. A child comes on, carrying a silk garment. Two men enter, notice the garment, and commence to quarrel over it. One recognizes the child and takes it aside. He is a buyer of people. The other appeals to the priest for the release of the child. The offer of the garment is meant to symbolize the means of escape from the sorrows of this world. The priest pleads for the child and throws the garment at the slaveholder's feet. The priest departs. The men give way, though not without anger. The patience of the priest is beautiful. Satisfied, the two slaveholders step to the side, pick up long bamboo poles used to push their boat, and, without any other setting, represent a departure on the water as realistically as has ever been done on a stage.

In Naniwa (Osaka) there lives a very poor couple. The woman goes to the capital to earn some money and there becomes the concubine of the lord. Her husband remains very poor, earning what he can by selling *ashi* (a kind of grass) which grows on the banks of the Yodogawa. The wife becomes very rich, and, remembering her husband, returns to Naniwa with several retainers to try to find him. Reaching the city, she makes inquiries everywhere, but no one knows anything of him. She is troubled. Just then a grass-peddler comes along, and she recognizes him. In the end, after sitting for some time and rehearsing their experiences under the plum-tree, he is given better clothes and together they return to where the lord's castle is, and become husband and wife again.

From a student of the No I learned that it was often the custom in Japan, and is even so to-day, for the wife in such circumstances to go to the castle and play with her children for part of the day, returning to her legitimate husband. And everybody seems to remain satisfied with the arrangement.

An old mother enters and seats herself at the *waki-bashi* (bridgeside). She is dressed in checkered kimono, very plain. She says nothing. Presently the *shite*, the hero or chief character, enters with black drum-shaped hat, black kimono, white *hakama* (pantaloons), white *tabi*, and the inevitable fan. The lapel of his kimono is made of brown cloth. He commences a sad, dirgelike recitation, during which he does not notice his mother sitting at the other corner. The mother listens and speaks up in most touching tones. Though the voice is that of a man (for no woman is ever allowed to play in the No) its emotional quality is full of feminine lament and longing, as beautiful an appeal as any piece of music I have ever heard. All the painful tragedy of such

meetings is in their songs, more forcefully portrayed than in any western theater, for, though mother and son approach each other, they do not embrace, as would we. Is it not the tragedy of a mother's life (and a son's, too) when age has raised the barrier between them which even an actual embrace could not break down? She pleads, but her power to persuade him has gone. Her ability to lead and guide him is lost for ever. She can only plead. Her reward is in being listened to, but he remains set in his determination to avenge himself.

The chorus comes in as a world foundation to each man's regret, a universal admission of like suffering and like incapacity to affect the ways of mankind. He is the first to speak after the chorus finishes; then, as he is about to leave, he turns on the passageway and touches his hat, moves in a pace and turns again, while the mother stands staring after, half shielding her eyes with the back of her hand. Slowly she follows after him—but he is gone.

A little boy with a sword comes in first, dressed in purple and gold. Then comes a priest in black, another in gold and white, a third in a profusion of color, and so a fourth. They sing a Buddhist hymn, then crouch; the little boy makes an announcement in a boyish, high-pitched voice, and then they rise and repeat the chorus. The fixed, rigid control seems to hold in check a mountain of emotion, while the splendor and lavishness of color are released of that same emotion in ways of unselfish, selfless beauty.

The warrior enters, dressed in white, with undergarments of soft color and gold. His sword shows his station, while in his right hand is a broom of rough twigs. He sweeps, stamps his feet, and, suddenly recognizing the little boy, rushes at him, but is warded off by

the chief priest. The men argue, the priest partially disrobes, revealing a beautiful plaid undergarment. He defies and challenges the intruder, who draws back slowly and beats a hasty retreat. The priest pursues a step or two, speaks of the samurai, and calls upon the soldier there, who undergoes a change of costume on the open stage. The priest chants beautifully. The soldier has now thrown off his outer garments, revealing his brilliant armor; the priests also draw their swords; there is a pitched battle in which two flee and one is slain. He is covered from the audience with a cloth and rolls off stage. The priest is triumphant.

In the early days the No was essentially the pastime of the nobility. Every lord or daimyo had a stage of his own and a subsidized cast. The cost of costumes and masks was simply tremendous, some three hundred masks being required for a complete No outfit. The revolution of 1868 came very near obliterating the art, but, according to Ernest Fenollosa, it was preserved by one man, Umewaka Minoru, who succeeded in reviving interest in it some three years after. Since, the passion for the No has widened, doubtless to its great advantage. From time immemorial its secrets have been passed down from fathers to sons, just as the secrets of any art or craft are handed down. But in the days following the revolution not only did the No pass out of the hands of the direct descendants, but to-day *narikin* of no blood-connection have, through their vast wealth, succeeded in breaking down this exclusiveness. So in that way art is becoming democratized in Japan.

While Europe was doing its best to destroy its finest works of art, a Japanese *narikin* was calmly buying up all sorts of paintings at whatever price was asked. His judgment, according to reports, was by no means contemptible. He picked out the best—and not merely

from a monetary standpoint. As he made his purchase he had it stored in England against the day when, the war being over, he could take it back with him to Japan. That was Japan retaliating for the despoliation by white connoisseurs of her greatest works of art while civil strife was creating havoc. Almost all of Japan's fine art-works are to be found in the British Museum. Japan as yet has no real National Gallery. Artistically, Japan is still as closed to the world as ever. What remains to her of her treasures are locked within the godowns of millionaires, shut away from the eyes of man and only on occasion, perhaps once in a lifetime, are they brought forth. I was fortunate enough to attend a small exhibition of Japanese *kakemono* (hanging scrolls) in Kobe possible only on rare occasions. There were hangings there which had not seen daylight in twenty years. But democracy in art is invading Japan, and has taken form in a movement for the erection of a great national treasure-house for permanent exhibits.

In the meantime there is the *Bunten*, the Japanese yearly exhibit of the latest works. It opens in Tokyo and is then moved to Kyoto, and affords an exceptional opportunity of watching the progress of art. Half the section is devoted to oil-paintings, and the other half to Japanese screens and prints. The paintings must seem to the Japanese what the futurist and cubist paintings were to the West. But I failed to find any unusual note of strength or originality. They struck me as purely imitative.

The commonplace is seldom used as subject in art. For us nudity is covered so securely that our tendencies are toward its portrayal. But nudity in Japan has always been so common that no one pays much attention to it, except in the purely obscene. In all my attention to art I came across only one figure of a nude woman, and that at the exhibition in Kobe, mentioned above. It was a woman about to enter the bath. Her back

was to the observer. Japanese women are so indifferent to showing their breasts and nursing their babies in public that that found no place in their art. In consequence their handling of the nude struck me as crude and imitative.

But at the *Bunten* the breast came in for considerable display. Furthermore, I noticed that, in imitation of the languid expressions so typical of the western woman in art, these Japanese painters have given the same melancholy touches to their women's faces. They have forgotten that undisturbed resignation which sets off the Japanese woman's face from every other in the world. They have substituted indolent longing for resignation; restlessness for calmness.

None has so far excelled the Japanese in giving the fire of life to art. The outstanding painting in the whole exhibit was that of two Koreans. The two white figures were bent against the wind, while all the trees and growths, and the clothes on the human bodies were giving way before the wind. The contrast between the pliancy, the yielding of nature before nature, and the obstinate resistance of man to nature was a new conception forcefully depicted.

As is only to be expected, there is a division of opinion on the value of these efforts. The conservatives show an undercurrent of vindictiveness which is purely nationalistic and not art criticism. Some of the critics in their comparisons of native with western art forgot their art altogether in their endeavors to exalt their own and deride the foreign products. "Should any foreign artist have painted it," said one, "it would be very unpleasant to see." One merely sets a statement like this off by itself, squints at it, and says nothing. Art knows no such limitations. It is well for nations to glory in their artistic results. It is well that they should "raise temples to art." But they must be careful lest their galleries turn to tombs instead of temples.

They have opera in Japan, also, and an imperial orchestra. Western music is making slow progress. Because he disapproved of the character of one of his musicians, a Japanese *narikin* withdrew his support to the orchestra and it had to disband. The phonograph, however, is making its way into the inner regions of the Empire, and one foreigner informs me that he sells classic records as far from the ports as Nagoya.

One is not at all satisfied with western art in Japan, any more than one familiar with original European forms can enjoy many of their American manifestations. So one turns away from the ugly modern buildings and the screeching western music and languid, westernized Japanese maidens and plays with what fancies the past in Japan affords.

I was sitting in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel, alone. In the corner, his shoulder leaning against the wall, stood a weird little creature. Full of disdainful cynicism, his eyes looking with bewilderment, yet as though peeping from behind a shelter, he caught me by surprise. When first I met this little person I thought he was alive and laughed in fellowship with him. I felt as though out of all the people present at the hotel he was the only one with whom I wanted to be pals. But he didn't seem to know how to take my boldness, and in went his shoulder an imaginary inch farther into the corner. I noticed that he held a black ball in his red-lacquered hands, and it seemed to me it must be the very world I live on. And his cynicism and doubt became clear to me. Why should he bear the burden of my world? I thought. This sympathy in thought brought him a couple of imaginary inches out of his corner. I felt I could report progress. But here I had to go slowly, for he was rather sensitive to forced sympathy. I was afraid of losing him, but, having gone so far, I couldn't help going on

with it. This time I got up from my easy-chair and met him part way. From close by I could see he had trouble enough to bear—what with only three clawlike fingers to each hand in which to hold a world. A little fire-demon was dancing about with his four legs in the locks of flame-hair on his head. With full hands, this was worse than insult. This thought won from him the following unspoken remark: "Yes, I call that treachery. Don't you? All I have to protect myself with against the flame coming lower is a heavy breastplate of fraudulent iron and a *sulu*, or skirt of leaves. Fine comfort that for an overburdened fire-god, isn't it? My knees have become knotted from knocking and my legs stiff and bony, and all the satisfaction I can get is digging my three claws into the flame-source upon which I stand. Nice thing for a creator to do. I'd get another job if I weren't too old now. At my age one mustn't complain."

By this time I caught sight of the other fellow, likewise hiding in the corner on the other side of the fireplace. He stood fairly shrieking with soundless laughter because he had locked a dragon's head against his hip and held the tail streaming over the left shoulder in his left hand. Really a funny situation for a dragon to be in. I laughed, too, but it seemed funny that at the same time a similar little creature of a dragon was making fun of an ambidextrous freak from the top of his head. Somebody had eaten his brown eye out, poor fellow. His scaly belly and arms were his only protection, unless one were to regard the leaves on his thighs as such. What a funny devil!

"I'd go back home," said the other devil, "if I weren't too old now." I looked at him again, wondering where home was. It then occurred to me that he was indeed an importation, as is well-nigh all the art in Japan, and I laughed to myself. A foreigner! An importation!

XXIX

CONCERNING JAPANESE PERSONALITY

HERETOFORE I have been treating things and places and individuals. In this chapter I shall attempt the more difficult and perhaps hopeless task of generalization. At most a traveler meets a thousand individuals in a country. Even if he has watched closely the trend of events, how does he know the motives which precipitated them? Which one of us, seeing smoke, would be safe in saying why the fire was started?

Japan is in a state of transition, and all our observations of yesterday are somewhat belated "I told you so's." Most of my impressions were written during the early period of my residence. The first of this book gives account of what I saw during the first six months. The rest is the Japan I saw after the morning glow had merged with the full sunlight. However, I cannot remember a time when I did not see both the good and the bad in this complex little world.

The thing the observer resents is not that he finds both good and bad, but the bold assumption of perfection, a shrinking from acknowledgment of this mixture. One becomes impatient with the laggard waiters, the cramped disharmonies of modern Japanese life, the affectation and striving, the bartering of fallacies for fame. Everywhere the resultant discord between the old and the new Japan is evident. Everywhere the incongruous mixtures of modern manufacture with primi-

tive handiwork are wracking the bones and the spirit of Japan. Whether these tendencies will finally vanquish old Japan it is too early to predict. Whether the result will be mutation to an entirely different species *japonicus* it is wise to contemplate, but wiser to keep from professing.

The strangest thing withal is to what a slight extent westernization has really affected Japan. Almost all the friends the foreigner makes are people who have spent from ten to fifteen years in the Occident—the early years of their lives. The wife of one was born in America and did not see Japan till she was nearly twenty. She is American in a repressed sort of way. Her voice is American, and some of her facial expressions are. Yet since her coming to the home of her ancestors she has been Japanese entirely. How resigned a reversion to type! Had her birth and rearing in America eradicated her inheritance, no Japanese custom would be able to bind her. A Chinese woman with such acquired characteristics would in the same position influence at least a limited circle within her new sphere, as did Princess Der Ling after her coming to China from the first nineteen years of her life in Europe. She was a dynamic force in the very midst of one of the most crystallized forms of Orientalism. She even effected changes in the habits of the Empress Dowager.

But not so the Japanese woman. Nor the man, either, for that matter. Though the germ of westernism takes hold somewhat, still he is through and through Japanese. It is impossible completely to Occidentalize him. True that the white man is as unyielding when it comes to being Orientalized and that in consequence little blame need attach itself to the Japanese. But it is considerably more reactive in the case of the Japanese. He takes on the protective coloring of his environment easily enough. He manifests certain traits peculiar to his new

environment, but they disappear almost immediately after his return. I have met a number of Japanese who told me that they intend to carry on their business in American ways or quit Japan again. But soon enough that is forgotten. And in this chapter I shall point to some of the reasons why this is so.

Sociability is one of the most living characteristics of the Japanese. When they meet you they don't know what to do to show you how pleased they are. Their mixing proclivities are marvelously pronounced. In my residence of two years in Australia and New Zealand I did not receive a hundredth part of the kindliness —though it was profuse enough—accorded me during the first four months of my stay in Japan. The Japanese interest in my comfort and happiness was remarkable. Some observers have attributed this to a well-devised scheme of showing the West their best side for purposes of "advertisement." And to a certain extent this is beyond doubt. But it is deeper than that. It is the latent ceremonial natures of these people, their love of crowds, and dread of loneliness, or what under another head I have called their communal make-up, or clannishness. You have asked one to go somewhere with you, and presently you are in a crowd, you have a retinue. This spirit is obvious to the most casual ôbserver. They ask you to dinner and soon you have a dinner-party with geisha and comrades galore. Their houses are built with thin paper partitions because they enjoy this mingling even when they seek privacy. It extends itself even to their prisons, where what we call solitary confinement is virtually unknown.

This sociability has its expression in the courtesy for which Japanese have been so far-famed. Self-assertion, which often compels a man to be discourteous, is as foreign to the Japanese as their kind of courtesy is to us. One soon learns to discount Japanese politeness, simply

because it is manifest even where one would really appreciate discourtesy and honor it. One does not like to associate with a menial. Yet their perpetual smiling and fawning, though not meant as such, but simply as an expression of their conceptions of form, leaves one with the sense of having dealt with inferiors. On this account is there so much bullying from the foreigners which I shall refer to later in this chapter.

Japanese courtesy is an outgrowth of Japanese feudalism. It has left its impress on the Japanese character to such an extent that there is much less differentiation of the sexes than is found in the West. Though in detail there is a great contrast between the clothes of the man and the woman in Japan, still in essence they are the same—the skirt and the kimono. But where there is even less distinction is in their social status. Wherever rigid social cleavage is found between the sexes it seems that one sex is more apt to take on the characteristics of the other. In America, for example, where men and women are free in their social relations, for a man to show any signs of effeminacy would earn for him the term of mollycoddle. But in Japan, where the life of the woman is so distinct from that of the man, it strikes me that the man assumes feminine traits with much less fear of social consequences.

Just as the court fool was free to be as radical as he pleased in Europe so the geisha in Japan. They were the mainstay of a political system which for hundreds of years never tolerated the development of the individual. During the Tokugawa era intrigue and treachery had been developed to such a fine art that no man's thoughts were his own. And men turned to one of the safest outlets for their spirits—the public woman. Even the leader of the heroic Forty-seven Ronin is alleged to have used her as a blind to his intentions. And even earlier, when Hideyoshi, the great general,

wanted to show the besieged and stubborn Baron Ujimasu that he could wait for a surrender, he ordered entertainments with geisha to take place within his camp, to the delight of most, and the disgust of some, of his warriors. The decline and fall of empire is often attributed to dissoluteness and immorality; but as much, if not more, is it due to the suppression of thought, the fear of rulers of the ideas of their subjects.

The political suppression of the man created the geisha; and the geisha brought about the suppression of the woman. The Japanese mother is a lovable creature indeed, meek and unthinking, patient and self-sacrificing. But humble, insignificant, helpless as the Japanese woman may be, degraded she decidedly is not. Within her own sphere she is supreme. The widowed mother obeys her eldest son even if he is only a child; but the old man worships his mother long after she is dead. Yet to this very day she is not allowed to attend any political meeting.

The thing moves round in a vicious circle, and ever and ever the circle narrows, the scope becomes limited. Japanese life is indeed a pyramid, a cone, but imperialism moves round on the outside while the masses are on the inside. Every time humanity attempts to rise it finds its space limited and narrowing, and free as men may be within that compass, they gradually sink into submissiveness. With sociability an expression of the clan-spirit of the Empire, and courtesy and politeness circumscribed by fear and form, submissiveness finally breaks out in various forms of fanaticism and hysteria. I have often felt that were a Japanese ordered to kiss his wife five times a day, it would be done with the regularity of an electric clock. I have often been amazed at the childishness of the Japanese in their various forms of amusement. They make children of themselves in their games with the geisha, clapping hands and shouting

in ways western men would regard as ultra-feminine. Go to the amusement districts of the large cities and you will see at all times crowds of young men from eighteen to twenty-five, bent over small concrete pools of water about six feet by four by six inches deep in which tiny little fish swim about. Over these the men will stand for hours with eighteen-inch rods and four-foot lines, fishing. Nor is this childishness limited to the poor. Japanese poetry, beautiful and expressive as it is, lacks vitality, lacks force, and seems to me to be again the manifestation of this imperial suppression under which Japan has lived for centuries.

Just as this affects the status of the Japanese woman so it does other things in Japan. One is inclined to think of the Japanese as by nature cruel, because of his neglectfulness. He is not by nature cruel; he is obedient. Obedience often results in cruelty and comes from weakness rather than strength. Were the Japanese atheists, and not merely without religion, they might be a most gentle and most kind race. Their hardness comes from lack of positive conviction.

I remember passing down a side-street one day where I saw a crowd pressing round a restaurant. Within was a husky fellow, raving furiously and staggering about. He was either drunk or insane. The people about him in the room did not once reply to his ranting, but looked silently at him in a kindly spirit. They were waiting for authority (a policeman) to intervene. It was remarkable. Half a dozen men continued at their business as though no quarrelsome drunkard were pouring volleys of threats upon them. Then the officer with his sword arrived. His presence was like oil on troubled waters. The insane man adjusted his tongue and his manners to the new situation with miraculous alacrity. The doors and wooden shutters were closed, the electric lamps from in front removed, and a mysteri-

ous, awe-inspiring seal was set upon the place. I could not learn from any one the cause, but it seemed as though death had suddenly paralyzed the erstwhile living establishment.

Hysteria among Japanese (especially women) is one of the most serious complaints in the Orient. Japanese are not always quiet and calm in the presence of strain and difficulty, for they are not all strong and free. Contrasts and conflicts are always to be met. The danger is generally when they let themselves go. They have controlled themselves, or have been controlled, so long that when released rage is often blinding.

It is natural to grieve. That civilization in its numerous forms has sought to veil the torments of the heart is often due to fear of further torture. It is never written that one mustn't show his grief—except, I think, where social conditions are unstable. The vigorous Maori in New Zealand tattooed his face so that his enemy would not know his fear. In rigorous Japan, where a samurai's face was as often as much as his life was worth, it is little wonder that he developed a "false-face." This selfsame Japanese, upon whom we sometimes look as one not to be trusted because he does not show in his face what he harbors in his heart, is he who through ages of the severest subservience to daimyo or samurai learned how not to jeopardize his desired end by too frank a confession of his mood or impulse. Subordination to the whims of his superiors engendered circuitous ways and traits. Knowing treachery—because himself a past-master in it—to be at his elbow day and night, Hideyoshi several times disarmed it by handing his sword to Ieyasu at the very moment he expected him to strike. Jack London in his *Iron Heel* shows that one can completely change one's physiognomy at will. In this light the Japanese spirit, which is their pride and the world's mystery, is easily explained. As

mysterious and inaccessible as is the Japanese mind, a little study will help one to detect the heart's impulse as readily as in any man.

In all the "scare" talk about Japan's militarism—essentially true from the bureaucratic angle—one must not lose sight of the basic character of the people. Japanese chauvinists try to impress the world with the word *samurai* as symbolic of something latent in the Nipponese breast. But it has now come to the point where Japan can no longer withhold the truth that distaste of the army is as prevalent in Japan as elsewhere. The number of young men who have themselves "doctored," starved, and bled to be found ineligible for service is increasing everywhere. That is because *bushido*, or the way of the soldier, is not as component a part of Japanese nature as they would have us believe. It must be remembered that soldiering was a class profession and that it is only a matter of sixty years since the mass of men have had anything to do with war. Hideyoshi prepared to send about 200,000 men in all to Korea. In the struggle between his son and Ieyasu, in which the greatest number of men ever massed in Japan at any one battle-field came in conflict, there were only about 150,000 all told. Military figures are hard to handle, for gross exaggerations were always reported by both sides. Of course the number of samurai in the country was much more than those concentrated at any one place. Yet military life in Japan was too severe for additions of wounded and disabled who returned to civil life to count for much. A man went into battle to die, and prisoners were scorned, though often taken. So that even if the number above were doubled it would only mean that half a million or more of men were samurai out of a population of some forty millions. Released from the hold the military clan still has upon the country, Japan would become as peace-loving as it ever was.

One of the reasons Japanese journalists and politicians boastingly and sincerely put forward against the sending of troops to the European battle-fields was that Japanese soldiers do not know what it is to turn back, and that to send them to Europe where British and French soldiers were advancing and retreating was not right. A Japanese soldier would not retreat. Yet there is any amount of historical evidence to the contrary, such as the case of Ishida Mitsunari, Governor of Lower Kyoto, Minister of Criminal Law and Administration, and at one time the right-hand man of Hideyoshi. Ishida exulted in being ready to become a prisoner, though planning always to escape.

What that boast really signified was not exactly what the Japanese intended. It shows an absence of individuality, a blind execution of order, a fanaticism which is happily dying out in the world. It is only half a century since that selfsame zeal spent itself in defense of a local daimyo against a contending daimyo in another section of the country. The national idealism, of which so much is heard, is after all only a recent affair, yet today the Japanese is lost in the pursuit of nationalism as blindly as he was in feudalism. The pitiable part of it is that that same enthusiasm can be used by whosoever is in power for good or evil, for there has as yet sprung up little counterbalancing force for individualism.

The spirit now prevailing among the more idealistic is for mutual understanding between peoples. There are humanitarians in Japan, lovers of peace, unselfish and generous, healthful and courageous. But their efforts are largely nullified by chauvinists, who rely upon the vanity of the people for gaining their ends. Only vain people would have permitted themselves to accept with pride such sugar-coated nonsense as has been written about Japan. And they gloried in it. It is amazing that instead of resenting diminutives and

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adjectives such as were used in connection with Japan they should have taken them with relish. And now one cannot call their attention to a single inconvenience which they will not immediately defend with, "It is Japanese way," and think that that puts the stamp of perfection upon it. When morality is discussed they retort, "We don't need to be taught morality; we are naturally moral." There is a grain of truth in this. One Japanese writer on *The Nightside of Japan* says that foreigners bathe because they are dirty; Japanese, out of habit.

This nationalism has become a mania with the Japanese. In fact, they are no more patriotic than any other people on earth; in attitude, they affect veneration beyond anything to be found anywhere in the world. The Japanese are still a very superstitious people at bottom, and that is why mikadoism can maintain so firm a hold upon them. The influenza is attributed to a double suicide, the girl seeking her lover taken from her two centuries ago bringing this disease to every door at which she makes her inquiry. Hence it is called after her, *Osome-kaze*, and during the early days of the epidemic people pasted slips of paper on their doors with the words, "*Hisamatsu rusu*" (Hisamatsu—your lover—is absent). Ghosts are still seen and heard, and the announcement of their having made a visit will ruin a bath-house financially. People still inoculate themselves against malaria, cholera, and other diseases by eating *doyomochi* or "twentieth day of the month of each season rice dough." One of the difficulties the authorities meet in the suppression of plague is the apathy and fear of the people. In this officialism, in a manner deservedly, meets its Waterloo, for were it less rigorous and more understanding of modern practice it would clean up the streets first and lay sewers and handle what cases come to it with more humanity. As

it is, having once tasted of "paternal care," the people avoid it with fear. Thus, in the end, will the people come to look upon bureaucracy.

Bureaucracy begets exclusiveness. Though by nature the Japanese are cordial and friendly, taught to regard themselves as superior to all people on earth, they have become exclusionists. They take you in, but you never become a member of the family. I have tried earnestly to obtain a grip. They are nice, polite, and kind—but they never let themselves go.

They place obstacles in the way of intermarriage which are, 'tis true, merely stumbling-blocks, but which make for confusion. As a consequence, the unions which result are seldom really desirable. I am speaking generally, but can be more specific. It is next to impossible for foreigners to meet the better type of Japanese women. The result is that what unions do take place are more often casual and undesirable. In a sense the Japanese are justified, for the attitude of most foreigners who live in the ports is anything but productive of good will; and the comparison between many foreign women and the modest Japanese type results in a decision favorable to the latter. After having mixed almost exclusively with Japanese for four or five months I went one evening to a concert. The faults the Japanese see in us stood out glaringly to me, who had become more or less adjusted to the restraint and modesty of the little Japanese woman. There were four of them present, a rich contrast to the boldness and forwardness in dress, speech, and manner of the foreign women. In contrast to low necks and bare arms and skirts almost up to the knees were these four little Japanese girls, well-shaped heads and fine faces, dark skins with massive black hair, clothed in soft-colored kimonos, which utterly and completely obliterated their sex. But the consensus of opinion among foreigners in

Japan, who have dealings with other than scholars and diplomats, is that the Japanese woman is a species apart from the men.

Unconsciously the Japanese are happy with the presence of the foreigner. They delight in him, and often make the way of the exile pleasant indeed. But in this it seems that they recognize in him a force for their own release. For five hundred years under the heel of usurping daimyo, out of touch with the person of the Emperor, who certainly was a symbol dear to them in former times, they seem to see in the foreigner a medium of escape. Mind you, it would be a shock to their pride if they were told so, and they would resent it deeply. They do not even allow themselves to think it, to admit it into consciousness. But it is there.

Take, for instance, this incident. A neighbor of mine agreed with me that the calling for rickshaws at two and three o'clock in the morning was an imposition. But his tendency was to let it go as others had done for years. At last he consented to come with me to make a complaint to the police. We met at the police station. Just outside the door he asked me for my card. I thought he would support it with his own. Not much. He presented mine only and spoke as though I alone were making the complaint—himself acting only as interpreter. He was obviously timid in the presence of the police, nor did he care to have the accused know he had voiced a complaint. He thus threw the whole responsibility upon my shoulders. I let him go on just to see how far he would carry it, and he left himself out of it completely. He felt that I, a foreigner, would have more weight in complaining than would he.

I complained to my landlord that the open gutter in front of my house was clogged and the sewage from three or four neighbors gathered there. But he told me

to complain to the city authorities. It was only after I laughed at that, saying that I as a foreigner should not be asked to complain for him, the native landlord, that he said he would do so. But he never did.

The foreigner is more dynamic, more bold, less timid in the presence of authority. This frequently results in discord. The truth of the matter is that the foreigner is not infrequently to blame. Take, for instance, one of the popular handbooks to colloquial Japanese. To read the brazen, bullying remarks this compiler places at the command of the tourist is a sad reflection on the nature and practice of westerners. Considering that we regard ourselves as superiors it is a sad commentary on our gentility that any one should think we would use the suggested remarks this little volume contains. The editor frankly heads them as "Some disagreeable assertions." Here are a few: "He is a terrible liar." "You idiot." "You're a liar." Here are two not in the above category: "Really, the fleas in this house are remarkable." "This butter smells horribly." And so on. I must say that there is ample occasion for such remarks, and confess that I have been more than once driven to using some, but in the ears of the erstwhile humble Japanese these must have sounded harsh beyond words, though I dare say he got as much and worse from his own superiors.

I generally had my ups and downs. One certainly grows to love these people with a melancholy love. Their courtesy does not permit you to treat them as equals, and their coarseness frequently repels you. Their humility is pathetic. It roots and draws its sap too much in old Japan—a time which was surely not a happy one for them. And since they have extended to foreigners, whom they did not understand and who in many cases played the parts of princes though paupers in spirit, the same respect, what can we expect, and

what demand? That is where the problem of our future relationship hinges.

What has been the effect of fifty years of contact? Are we any nearer to mutual understanding? I regret to say that my observations do not lead me to that conclusion. The flood of "inspired" literature, subsidized press, expurgated news service which, owned or controlled by the Japanese government, has sought to stem the tide of democracy threatening to undermine its bureaucratic power—there and there alone must the blame for misunderstanding be laid. While missions were touring the United States telling Americans how much Japan hungers for democracy an anti-American campaign was afoot in Japan and in her dependencies. And while I made friends with a strange Japanese at a hotel I saw how scoffingly racial intermixture was received by his own people. He had just come back to Kyoto with his American wife and husky boy. He was a dentist by profession and planned to open a factory on the basis of American efficiency. He had been assistant dentist to the Emperor, and had known many of the court people. In came a stream of the younger generation of Japanese officialdom. He knew them as mere boys. But they looked askance at his foreign alliance, treated him with scorn, and turned up their noses at the white woman.

One cannot single out one individual without contrasting that one with the rest. This much must be said: that the man who comes to Japan for reasons other than trade has a pretty lonely time of it. The few foreigners, who are of an intellectual bent, find themselves in isolation. The missionaries are too clannish—though however much one may differ from them one must admit that they form the best element among the foreign community. One cannot live with them, however, because they cannot live with themselves. Set in their own ways,

their intellectualism becomes stagnant. They do not care for personality, and unless you subscribe to their point of view they lose interest in you. Yet they are the dynamic force in the native life. They distribute leaflets among passengers on trains in exactly the same way as socialists and I. W. W.'s do in the West, pamphlets just as objectionable to the Japanese.

Christianity in Japan is making slow progress. There are to-day barely 130,000 converts, and these, as stated elsewhere, are sliding back into some sort of religious half-castism.

There have been many great men among those who have thrown their lot in with the Japanese, names like those of Hearn, Chamberlain, Aston, and Brinkley. One, however, has sacrificed his reputation on the altar of criticism, but he will nonetheless take his place along with the others. That man is Robert Young, the editor and proprietor of *The Japan Chronicle*. It is difficult to write about one who has borne the glory and the blame so modestly as has Mr. Young. As editor, he is of course responsible for all that *The Japan Chronicle* stands for, though this statement is unjust both ways. But few foreigners have done so much for Japan in general and the foreign community in particular as has Robert Young. A man of remarkable breadth of view, of shrewd insight into Far Eastern questions, a humanitarian in every possible sense of the word, he has earned the respect and the fear of native and foreigner alike. For thirty years a resident of Japan, he has devoted all his time to tussling with chauvinism and imperialism—at home and abroad. No newspaper in the Orient has fought so sincerely against subsidized information confusing the world; no newspaper is as ready to side with right as against wrong whether committed by his own country—Great Britain—or by any other as *The Japan Chronicle*. And though a man

frankly unreligious he took up the cause of the accused Korean Christians as earnestly as he would have done if they had been confirmed atheists. No one can get even a general opinion of Japanese questions without reference to the pages of *The Japan Chronicle;* and every one can rest assured that those opinions and accounts are reliable and tested by close study of Far Eastern affairs of the thirty years of Japan's most important history. The world would gain immeasurably if Robert Young would put his knowledge into book form to help solve the problems which will face the coming generations. He may have been unremittingly critical, but never unjustly so. It is not an easy thing to be an independent thinker, especially in a country where a newspaper is suppressed without notice or reason. And independent Mr. Young has been.

No western man is ever truly at home in an Oriental country. There is danger in living there too long, for then one becomes either utterly disgusted or quite indifferent. Japan is a sort of mirage. At first it seems a paradise; after a while the charm is gone. There are constant ups and downs, habits running counter to one another. A peck of little things and no ends of trouble. The whole impression I have of modern Japan is one of skimping. Shirts are short in the seams, the green-felt top to a desk short on the edges. I asked a carpenter who had done some work for me for a piece of wood one by three-quarters by one-half inch and he charged me a sen (half a cent). The landlord of my house was a Christian. I suggested that he have a carpenter cut some grooves in the floor for the glass doors I had ordered and was to leave with him, and he said he would have to charge it to me. It was ten cents. Everything is run on that basis—as near the edge as possible.

I have not meant to deride nor to idealize Japan. The geographer, the explorer is not a help to the world if

he fails to tell what obtains in a given locality. If he says that a district is level and well watered when it is mountainous or desert, he is leading innocent wanderers to misfortune. If the writer deliberately overrates or belies a people, he is an enemy of society, for this leads to animosity and conflict. It may lead to discouraging a nation instead of stimulating to betterment. I have met its evil effects in Japan. "Japanese were always anxious about what you foreigners said of us," one told me, "but now we don't care." It has somewhat poisoned the spirit of the people. Largely, if not entirely, it is their own fault. While the big concerns and the government have shown themselves in commercial matters eager and willing, the masses, the tradesmen and shopkeepers and small fry are inefficient and unwilling to learn. They would rather do without than do otherwise. And Japan seems on the very verge of breakdown. Inefficiency is as rife to-day as efficiency was ten years ago. There are not enough trains to move freight and passengers, not enough clerks to move the mail, and not enough schools to train the youths demanding education.

The effect of the transplanting of western ways to Japan is ominous. Artificial enough in themselves they are not bad when they are the outgrowth of ages of experimentation. But in Japan there is not that growth. The new is plastered right on to the old which seemed much grander in its ancient simplicity. The danger is that the Japanese begin to feel discouraged, begin to lose self-confidence. The danger of reaction is even worse. With primitive races, the stage of development is so elemental that it is not difficult for foreign culture and habits to grip them. There is no hard, ingrained custom to overcome. But here in Japan western civilization came in contact with a civilization as perfected and as rigidly formed into habit as it was itself. At

first the Japanese threw their own away as children do their toys. To-day they realize their mistake.

It is very difficult to get a Japanese to speak out, but sometimes unwittingly he says volumes in a phrase. "I sometimes am sorry I am Japanese." I've heard these very words from the lips of three different types, and a fourth said: "Japan not so great. Some say Great Japan, but Japan not so great, I think." I can see where the coming sorrows will cut their deepest wrinkles on the faces of these inexpressive people. Many the brooding day will see them saying to themselves such sad things, for exclusion and race prejudice are deeper even than economic selfishness. And Japan, having dug herself in, will find it hard to emerge.

There are some men to whom hatred and vilification are second nature. Some cannot see good in any one other than those of their own brood. But there are people in Japan, as elsewhere, who wish to abolish racial discrimination, not only as the politicians, who mean by that that discrimination against them alone be abolished —but against others by them. That is different. The Japanese character is set, but malleable. To save Japan from itself we must stop exalting it; to save ourselves from Japan we must stop condemning it.

XXX

HISTORICAL AND FATIDICAL

HAVE read book upon book of Japanese history, and, though the subject is extremely interesting as a study in human behavior, I must confess that it leaves me cold and unimpressed. The mythology seems to me without purpose, without aspiration; the facts without warmth and sympathy. Not a single instance of loyalty but that it seems tarnished with treachery and intrigue. European history is not one whit cleaner, but at least there seems a strain of aspiration in it; somewhere, somehow it was involved in some intellectual ideal, some moral reaching. The reasoning inquirer finds enough to condemn and to revile, but there is also something lofty, something ethical. But the whole history of Japan is one incessant struggle for selfish ends for the supplanting of one family by another. One reflects in amazement at the conceptions of loyalty. You read, for instance, with some thrill of the struggles of the Minamoto family to regain the position wrested from it by the Taira, and the loyalty in exile of the brothers, Yoritomo and Yoshitsune. You are ready to forget that even their family had succeeded to power by intrigue and by making the numerous boy emperors less than puppets. You are absorbed in the feats of Yoshitsune and enjoy his brotherly generosity—when suddenly you are shocked to the very soul by the hatred with which he is pursued unto death by his own brother.

First and foremost stand the clans, loyalty to which

is the basic principle of action. Of moral issues involved in the thing for which the samurai fought little or no consideration is shown.

A nation may be judged by the heroes it adores. The outstanding feature of Japanese adulation of its great men is that they followed the baser guidance of self-seeking men, for whom they voluntarily gave their lives by *seppuku*, while they worshiped an emperor stripped not only of all power, but of the ordinary comforts of life. It seems so strange that, though they gave proper emotional support to the Tenno, the material support flowed into the coffers of men for whom they cared but as man for man. Another striking anomaly is that though at heart Buddhism, the gospel of absolute peace, commands their devotion, they willingly turned to Shintoism upon rescript. These inconsistent manifestations of loyalty leave the interested seeker after the true nature of the Japanese heart and mind altogether at sea. Buddhism, a religion decrying all hurt, harbors for many a year the most vengeful pack of disgruntled soldiery, who give let to their desire for revenge in repeated murderous raids upon the ancient capital of Kyoto; while Shintoism, the offspring of conquest and physical prowess in the way of the exalted Jimmu Tenno, the first Emperor, really forms the nucleus of peace in Japan. Perhaps no throne in the history of mankind has remained altogether outside the storms of political dissension as has this; or perhaps no ruler of any kingdom has been so long the center of some of the most terrible scenes of slaughter and carnage without being affected one way or the other, as has the Tenno. Indeed, some are led to doubt whether his could truly be called an imperial throne, seeing how little it concerned itself with or was the concern of the real rulers. Yet it is not to be wondered that the Japanese hold their Emperor in such awe, for however little we may admire

the clan oligarchy, still the Emperor has been the center, the axis (be it real or imaginary) round which has wheeled the Japanese world.

It is indeed an imaginary point, for as hero-worship it has little foundation in fact. The Meiji Tenno can well be said to have been the only Emperor whose individual worth has approximated his position. The present Emperor has as yet had little opportunity and less inclination to show his capabilities. All others were generally shorn of their power before they had a chance to assume it to advantage. So that we see the anomaly of Shotoku Taishi turning aside the throne in his sister's favor in order to be free to do that which he felt he could do for his country. He wanted not praise and glory, but opportunity to achieve something worthy and lasting, and he knew he could do so better as prince regent than as Tenno. And he it was who virtually established Buddhism as the national religion of Japan.

What, then, to the casual observer, is the nature of *bushido* and loyalty as it exists in the mind of Japanese? To commit suicide by cutting open one's belly probably has its basis in a belief that the soul lies in the pit of the stomach. It typified the strength and the weakness of Japanese character, for though often done voluntarily as an act of devotion, it was more often submitted to out of fear of a worse fate at the hands of the conqueror or, when mere execution was the alternative, the pride (or weakness) associated with doing it oneself encouraged it. Even though a man realized that his race had run and that never again would he be able to indulge any of his physical desires, honor still dictated self-murder. Yet it should not be lost sight of that even at the sacrifice of honor thousands of "superior" Japanese preferred degradation amid the outcasts to *harakiri*.

Having thus lightly touched upon the essential points

in their ethical conceptions, let us view, in biographettes, the men who stand high in the estimation of the Japanese. Whom have they exalted and whom have they emulated? First, whereas the Chinese regard America with the utmost admiration, the Japanese have taken Germany as their standard, and their development is in accordance with their choice.

Of the accumulation of celebrated personages accredited to nearly 2,500 years of history, Japan numbers but four mikados—one because he was drowned as an infant; another, Go-Daigo Tenno, because of his misfortunes; Jimmu Tenno, the first Emperor; and the Empress, Jingo Kogo; the descendants of four families —the Fujiwara, Hojo, Minamoto, and Taira; twenty-eight warriors (not to include the Forty-seven Ronin); eleven clericals; and some twenty-six poets, painters, dramatists, novelists, and sculptors. Only four women writers rank very high.

All of these cannot be said to be held in any great veneration, even though they are called to your attention as the cicerone leads you a tourist dance from tomb to tomb. The list of real heroes is considerably shorter and might, chronologically, run as follows:

Jimmu Tenno, the first Emperor and warrior; the Empress Jingo for her attempted conquest of Korea 1,700 years ago; Shotoku Taishi, Prince Regent; Kobo Daishi, a saint; the trinity ruling successively as shoguns—Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Ieyasu; and in very recent years General Nogi, who committed *harakiri* upon the death of the Meiji Tenno, the most exalted of the mikados. There rank in no lesser patronage such characters as Yoshitsune, the young man whose loyalty to his brother and whose military genius are incomparable. His brother, Yoritomo, knew loyalty so well that he ordered him done to death. To the Aino he has become a god, and some Japanese claim that he escaped to

China and became the great Kubla Khan. In cases where loyalty to the sovereign is pointed to as worthy of veneration, as that of Kusunoki Masashige, the illustration is glossed over, for Masashige was struggling against whom? Against those who were trying to undermine the power of the Mikado. It is therefore seen that all cases of loyalty to the throne are marked by parallel examples of disloyalty. The whole value of loyalty falls to the ground when it is divorced from ethical concepts. And in nine cases out of ten the Japanese mind regards loyalty *per se* the great good to be sought after, and will set upon an equal pedestal an act of loyalty which is mere revenge with one which has for its aim the attainment of an ideal.

Few heroes hold the adoration of Japanese more than Toyotomi Hideyoshi. To him they are as loyal as man can be. A brief sketch of his life will suffice. Though born of a nameless family whose antecedents have not been clearly traced and at a time when birth was everything, Hideyoshi achieved a prestige envied and emulated by the greatest and the best. It was a time in the history of Japan when being a samurai was the only guarantee of independence and happiness. Amid the glamour and show in which these two-sworded soldiers moved and had their being lived a childless couple. According to tradition, they went to the temple in the neighborhood very often and prayed for a son. One night the wife dreamed the sun had been with her and she was with child. On New Year's Day Hideyoshi was born. His childhood and early poverty, his apprenticeship to a band of robbers, his menial position as sandal-bearer to the great shogun, Oda Nobunaga, who came near bringing the numerous warring clans of Japan under his control—all these facts now add to the luster of Hideyoshi. Nor does the account of his very ugly face detract in the least from his renown. Hide-

yoshi came into his own as the result of his superior s assassination, but the political conditions were very unstable. Hideyoshi had the difficulty of taking the reins of government which had been almost completely wrecked by the treachery of Mitsuhide. And here is where the real greatness of Hideyoshi rests. Here is where the man appeals to me, for his likes are rare in the annals of great militarists. Hideyoshi's magnanimous treatment of his inferiors, his humanity and genius, are marred by but one horrible stain. All his life he had been face to face with brutality and butchery such as run through this period of Japanese history. Yet not a more humane, more generous leader could have come to the fore. Indomitable, vain, with an insatiable ambition, he nevertheless brought the daimyos of the land under his control by subterfuge, but also by force tempered with mercy. And the most pathetic incident in his life is likewise his most outrageous. He had lived for many years, with many wives, but failed to have a child. Giving up hope, he attempted to found a family by the not uncommon method in Japan—adoption. He selected his nephew, Hidetsugu, as his heir, and conferred upon him all the powers of shogun—the greatest in the land, not excluding the Emperor. But Hidetsugu turned out to be a renegade who, besides taking a keen delight in himself cutting off human heads as a hobby, turned to plotting against the great Hideyoshi. It happened that just then one of his wives, Hidegumi, gave birth to a son who was named Hideyori. Naturally, Hideyoshi regretted that he had so prematurely disposed of his powers and was not unwilling to find or make some excuse for regaining them for his own son. Discovery of a plot was sufficient, and Hideyoshi banished Hidetsugu to the Buddhist monastery at Koya-san in the ancient district of Yamato, and ruthlessly put his children to the sword and every one connected with him. His

vengeance knew no bounds. He did give Hidetsugu the privilege of a samurai to commit *seppuku*. This desperate yet pathetic attempt on the part of Hideyoshi to found a family, however horrible in our eyes, is still not so revolting as the act of his successor, Ieyasu, who, besides carrying out the same course on Hideyoshi's son, Hideyori, razed the temple Hideyoshi built to himself, which is said to have been the most beautiful ever erected in Japan.

Yet such is the nature of Japanese conceptions with regard to loyalty that Ieyasu shares with Hideyoshi the adoration of the country. Though Ieyasu had promised Hideyoshi to support Hideyori, the moment his opportunity came he brushed aside all sense of loyalty and justice. By subterfuge and deception he succeeded in conquering Hideyori. After a truce had been agreed upon, Ieyasu deceived the other and filled in the moats round Osaka Castle, a fortress built by Hideyoshi and till then absolutely impregnable. And when the castle fell the flames consumed the self-murdered mother as well as Hideyori. Then he set in motion a system of espionage and intrigue which secured for his line, the Tokugawa family, the ascendancy over Japan for 270 years. It was this method which kept the country in seclusion for two and a half centuries. And it is doubtless that selfsame training which to-day makes most people in the world so distrustful of the Japanese. As soon as they outlive the secretiveness and distrustfulness in which they still are submerged, the Japanese will take their place among the nations of the world without any drawbacks. But not till then. For no nation that can exalt such rank disloyalty can wholly claim to be a nation of *bushido*. The fact of the matter is that, according to Basil Hall Chamberlain,[1] the greatest living

[1] See Basil Hall Chamberlain's *The Invention of a New Religion*. Watts & Co., London.

NO IMAGE IN ALL JAPAN IS MORE HUMAN AND LIFELIKE THAN THE GIANT BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

ISE—THE FOUNTAINHEAD OF SHINTOISM. EVERY TWENTY YEARS THESE SHACKS ARE REBUILT—AND HAVE BEEN FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES

authority on things Japanese and Emeritus Professor of Japanese and Philology at the Imperial University of Tokyo, the whole notion of *bushido* is an invention pure and simple, manufactured and promulgated by the oligarchy of present-day Japan to secure its own position.

We have also the celebrated case of the Forty-seven Ronin. Their story is supposed to thrill us with examples of loyalty and devotion. A daimyo has been insulted and attempts to take the life of his superior. He fails and is ordered to commit *harakiri*, even though his act is in accordance with the spirit of the times. His retainers dispose of their property or have been dispossessed of it, and forty-seven of the most loyal of them determine to revenge their lord's death. How do they go about it? Openly would have meant destruction; so they determine upon deception. They scatter. They desert their families, in itself the most brutal sort of disloyalty. They affect dissipation to such an extent that the leader is said to have wallowed in the streets of Kyoto and to have made a certain house of prostitution famous by frequenting it. To this day the place is pointed out to you as one of the leading houses of prostitution. Having learned common trades, they succeed in getting close to their victim, who, by this time completely off his guard, falls victim to them. And where do they find him? Not as a lord and samurai, facing death fearlessly, but in the woodshed, hiding, and finally dragged out to be decapitated. His head is carried to the tomb of their master and they surrender themselves to the authorities. On the way they are feasted by the multitude and by the lords, all of whom extol it as an act of the greatest devotion. Yet they are ordered to commit *harakiri* just the same. Now this version of the story is not purposely colored to discredit their devotion. But in all such stories emphasis is so cleverly placed upon the acts of some as to make us

completely overlook those of the others. And if it is typical of Japanese to face death as did these forty-seven, why is it not equally as typical of them to face it as did that other—in the woodshed?

No act of loyalty in the whole history of Japan stands out more pure and free from personal advantage than the suicide of General Nogi. This self-sacrifice brings a thrill to every Japanese heart. A man of simple birth, he rose to fame in the struggle with Russia, and upon the death of the Meiji Tenno he and his wife committed *harakiri*. Their motive was twofold. First, the general wanted to be with the Emperor, who had befriended him, in the other world. Second, seeing the profligacy of his fellow-countrymen, their craze after wealth and power in recent years, he wished—himself a man of the most frugal habits—to impress a great moral lesson upon his people. He made himself loved and venerated and deified—but one wonders whether he accomplished his sincere aim. Girls still hanker after extravagant bows of silk for their girdles, and men dress in expensive silk clothes, though for a while the impression left by the general's act was great.

Other acts of self-murder out of a false sense of loyalty are not wanting. Once the Emperor's train went in a dangerous direction. The engineer committed suicide. People collected large sums of money for the suicide's family.

A fire broke out in a school, and at the risk of his life a teacher rushed in to save the Emperor's portrait—which could easily be replaced for a few yen. The whole Empire applauded. Another man left his wife and two children in a burning house to look after themselves while he tried to save the pictures of the Emperor and Empress. And once while watching the firemen playing at extinguishing the fire of the Kobe Middle School, a Japanese told me enthusiastically not to forget to report

to the paper that the picture of the Emperor had been saved.

Opinion is nowadays divided on this question. Some people are raising a cry against it. And, indeed, one wonders how much fear of punishment rather than genuine loyalty obtains in such practices. It is not more than a couple of generations since a commoner was cut down with nonchalance when he crossed the path of one of the nobility. In the Middle Ages it happened even when a person kicked a dog whose protection had been guaranteed by edict. People no more fall prostrate on their knees in the presence of royalty, but the check on Japanese impulse still obtains.

Yet the impulse rises well enough. It breaks out in spurts of fanatical devotion, a devotion which turns the footsteps of every Japanese in the direction of Yamada Ise, the Mecca of Japan. Thither the pilgrims go; thither the Emperor goes to lay before his "divine" ancestors all the joys and burdens of his heart. It is called the Fountain-head of Shintoism, but it is only a group of primitive shacks with thatched roofs set well within fenced inclosures and in one of the pretty wooded hills along the eastern coast. Every twenty years the shacks are rebuilt—and have been for over twenty centuries. And for over twenty centuries the teeming millions of the Empire have come and gazed and grunted the native "*Mah!*" of surprise; and emperors have brought notice of success in war and treachery, of sorrow and ascent. Before these shrines of the illustrious the ill-fated, the eclipsed and poverty-stricken rulers, succession after succession of mikados and succession after succession of generations, have bowed till the habit has become an inherited conviction. It is easy to convince a people provided you insist long enough, and though adoption, concubinage, and eclipse have broken into the line of sovereigns, it will take ages more or a serious

cataclysm to change the conviction of the Japanese that their emperors are of divine origin. And death will continue to add to the gallery of gods kept in the shacklike shrines as primitive as the idea of the divinity of rulers is primitive.

The hydra-headed monster of imperialism still menaces the world. In Moissaye J. Olgin's *The Soul of the Russian Revolution* we read on page 58:

> All power has its derivation from God, says Katkov. The Russian Tsar, however, was granted a special significance, distinguishing him from the rest of the world's rulers. He is not only the Tsar of his land and the leader of his people, he is designated by God to be the guardian and custodian of the Orthodox Church. The Russian Tsar is more than an heir to his ancestors, he is a successor to the Church and its conclaves, the founders of the very Creed of the Faith of Christ. With the fall of Byzantium, Moscow arose and the grandeur of Russia began. Herein lies the mystery of the deep distinction between Russia and all the nations of the world.

The Russian Czar is now not even able to reflect on the truth or falsity of this statement. Yet the German Czar, laid low, still dreams of resuscitation. Still triumphant and supreme stands the Japanese Czar, and the *Niroku*, a Japanese journal, repeats the blind blunder in the following:

> To preserve the world's peace and promote the welfare of mankind is the mission of the imperial family of Japan. Heaven has invested the imperial family with all the necessary qualifications to fulfil this mission.
>
> He who can fulfil this mission is one who is the object of humanity's admiration and adoration and who holds the prerogative of administration forever. The imperial family of Japan is as worthy of respect as God and is the embodiment of benevolence and justice. The great principle of the imperial family is to make popular interests paramount.
>
> The imperial family of Japan is the parent not only of her sixty millions, but of all mankind on earth. In the eyes of the imperial family all races are one and the same; it is above all racial considera-

tions. All human disputes, therefore, may be settled in accordance with its immaculate justice. The League of Nations, proposed to save mankind from the horrors of war, can only attain its real object by placing the imperial family at its head, for to attain its objects the League must have a strong punitive force of super-national and super-racial character, and this force can only be found in the imperial family of Japan.

There's nothing like being up-to-date without changing a vestige of one's old habits. And there's none more able to play at that game than Japan's imperialists.

Their gallery of heroes is to the Japanese not the tomb of the dead. Ancestors live in as real a sense as a brother gone to America still lives, and the part they play in life is not merely one of stimulus. Shintoism is the vehicle for all that is desirable to the government, and though missionaries try to belittle its influence and many natives profess their disbelief by declaring "it is my duty to believe it," still it is a force not to be ignored. Limited to mere adoration of a symbol, it is picturesque and praiseworthy; translated into a force for the furtherance of oligarchical ambition, its danger is illimitable. To this very day the dentist or doctor treating the Emperor or Empress must wear silk gloves so as not to touch the august person. There was a bridge in Japan in a dangerous state of disrepair, but nothing was done until on occasion H. I. H. the Crown Prince had to pass by, not over it. Then it was rebuilt entirely so as to remove an unsightly thing which the Prince might see from his train.

Whether Shintoism—Emperor and nature worship—will stand in the way of political and intellectual progress in Japan is doubtful. It is one of those bags of fable into which all manner of beliefs and policies may be put without overtaxing its assimilative capacities. Just as it took in Buddhism, so it may find a way of taking in democracy.

When Francis Xavier, the Jesuit missionary, showed the Japanese barons that it was to their advantage to adopt Christianity, they made a clean sweep of Buddhism and Shintoism. What will happen when they see the advantage in democracy remains to be seen. Japan has grown too much to be able to shut herself off from world tendencies. Her flag, a round red sun against a world of icy nothingness, can no longer be her real symbol. No matter how much she may consider herself superior to the rest of the world, she will find that she is made of the common stuff of humanity.

But where in all Japan is there to-day a great man, a person with the vision and the forcefulness of a Hideyoshi? Mr. Yukio Ozaki is the adoration of the people. He recently went abroad to study world conditions with a view to forming a party of labor and democracy upon his return. Japan needs a man and a cause. The people need awakening to the real meaning of life. Shintoism must be displaced. What mankind needs is world consciousness. Not exclusion, but inclusion. Not inclusion by conquest, as has been the aggressive, imperialistic policy of Japan since her first war with China —the breaking of her pledge to Korea and then attempting to cure the wound by Shintoist Christian Science. But Japan, desiring the elimination of racial discrimination, should step down from her pedestal and walk proudly among men.

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